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# TIXALL POETRY.

# TIXALL POETRY;

WITH

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

ARTHUR CLIFFORD, Esq.

EDITOR OF SIR RALPH SADLER'S STATE PAPERS.

46838

———*Sow, which from her spring,*
*At Stafford meeteth Penk, which she along doth bring*
*To Trent, by* TIXALL *grac'd, the* ASTONS' *ancient seat,*
Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet retreat.
*The noble owners now of which beloved place,*
*Good fortunes them and theirs with honoured titles grace:*
*May Heaven still bless that house, till happy floods you see*
*Yourselves more graced by it, than it by you can be.*
*Whose bounty, still my Muse so freely shall confess,*
*As when she shall want words, her signs shall it express.*

DRAYTON'S POLY-OLBION, SONG XII.

EDINBURGH:

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

# LADY HARRIET LEVESON GOWER.

MADAM,

I HAVE had the pleasure to be informed, that your Ladyship has frequently been heard to express your admiration of Tixall, and its situation. Your Ladyship has also favoured me with your approbation of a considerable part of the Poetry in this volume, which I had the honour, some time ago, to submit to your Ladyship's perusal. With such a decision,

therefore, in my favour, I can confidently declare, that I feel little or no anxiety in offering this Work to the Public.

I have the honour to be,

With the highest respect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obliged, and

Most obedient humble servant,

ARTHUR CLIFFORD.

EDINBURGH, *5th July*, 1813.

# PREFACE.

I. In the year 1809, I published, with the assistance of Mr Walter Scott, a work, in two volumes quarto, entitled "The State Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, Knight Banneret;" to which I prefixed an advertisement, informing the reader, that the original manuscripts, from a copy of which those volumes were printed, had been preserved at Tixall, in Staffordshire, the seat of Thomas Clifford, Esq. my eldest brother. That work has put the public in possession of many very curious, and interesting State Papers; and has rescued from partial obscurity, and restored to its just celebrity, the name of a man, who was one of the wisest, and bravest, one of the most active, and most able, among the many eminent characters in the reigns of Henry VIII. and of Queen Elizabeth.* . At the con-

* Of the power, and influence, which Sir Ralph Sadler possessed in the government, during the short reign of Edward VI. no greater proof need be sought, than what is contained in the following passage from Heylin's "History of the Reformation." Having stated, (p. 43, fo. edit.) that Sir Ralph Sadler was appointed Treasurer General for the war; and having given an account of the battle, and defeat of the Scotch, at Musselburgh, where Sir Ralph so greatly distinguished himself, he says, p. 47, "And now it is high time to attend the parliament, which took beginning on the 4th of November, and was

clusion of a "Memoir of the Life of Sir Ralph Sadler," prefixed to the work, there is an extract from Lloyd's "Worthies;" in which that writer asserts, that Sir Ralph Sadler "bequeathed three things to such as may have the honour to succeed him:

1. All letters that concerned him, since of years, filed.
2. All occurrences, since he was capable of observation, registred.
3. All expences since he lived, of himself, booked."

Of the first of these bequests, the public now enjoys the benefit, by means of the above-mentioned publication; but the two others have unfortunately perished. How these manuscripts of Sir Ralph Sadler were dispersed, and lost, amid the revolution of property, and the succession of families, which have taken place among his descendants, during the two last centuries, it would be now useless to enquire, and impossible to discover. The loss of both, but particularly of the second, is certainly much to be regretted.

Sir Ralph Sadler died at the age of 80, in 1587.

II. Sir Walter Aston, of Tixall, near Stafford, married, about the year 1607, Gertrude Sadler, the grand-daughter, and finally the heiress of Sir Ralph Sadler.* In the year 1627, he was raised to the

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prorogued on the 24th of December following: In which the cards were so well packed by Sir Ralph Sadler, that there was no need of any more shuffling till the end of the game. This very parliament, without any sensible alteration of the members of it, being continued by prorogation from session to session, until at last it ended in the death of the king." Sir Ralph even appears to have enjoyed the confidence of the bloody and bigotted Mary. See his "State Papers," vol. i. p. 368.

* I think it very probable, that Sir Ralph Sadler was acquainted with Sir Walter As-

dignity of the peerage, by the title of Lord Aston, Baron of Forfar, in Scotland, and died in 1639. His widow, Lady Aston, had an only brother, Ralph Sadler, Esq. of Standon Lordship, near Ware, in Hertfordshire; an estate, which was granted to Sir Ralph Sadler, by King Henry VIII. and on which he erected a stately mansion. Ralph Sadler, Esq. his grandson, married a daughter of the famous Sir Edward Coke, but dying without issue in 1660, Walter, second Lord Aston, succeeded, in right of his mother, to the inheritance of the Sadler property.*

From this period, it appears, that the Aston family were in the habit of residing alternately, at Standon, and Tixall. James, fifth Lord Aston, my grandfather, died at Tixall, in the year 1750, leaving only two daughters, among whom his property was equally divided. On this occasion, it was thought advisable, to sell the estate, and house of Standon Lordship; but the pictures, books, papers, and other valuable effects, were transferred to Tixall, where Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, and Letters, were carefully preserved, till they were at length transcribed by the Reverend John Kirk, of Lichfield, and finally given to the public, in the year 1809, as above stated.

III. Soon after the publication of Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers,

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ton's grandfather, Sir Walter, who died in 1589. They were both at the siege of Leith, near Edinburgh, in 1560: And Sir W. Aston was high sheriff of Staffordshire, about the time when Sir Ralph Sadler had charge of the Queen of Scotland, in Tutbury Castle; an employment, which would naturally bring him acquainted with the high sheriff, and the principal gentry of the county. There is, at Tixall, a portrait of Sir W. Aston, in black armour, in one corner of which are the Aston arms, and under them, this inscription:

"Walterus Aston, apud Leith in Scotia miles, in re militari Elizabethæ serenissimæ Reginæ Angliæ, A° regni sui secundo A° 1560." And in another place, "Effigies, A dni 1584, ætatis suæ 55."

* See Chauncy's History of Hertfordshire.

I happened to make a visit at Tixall. For some time before, I had been strongly impressed with an idea, that some valuable manuscripts were still concealed at that place; and, in particular, as I knew that Sir Walter Aston had been twice ambsssador in Spain during the reigns of James I. and his son, Charles I. and that a volume of his manuscripts, relating to his second embassy, was actually in the library, I naturally hoped at least, that his other State Papers might still be in existence, and that by a diligent search in the library, and other repositories at Tixall, they might still be found.

Actuated by these considerations, animated by these hopes, I determined to make every enquiry which might lead to the discovery of any hidden manuscripts, and to leave no place unsearched, in which there was the smallest probability of such treasures being concealed. My enquiries, and searches, were crowned with complete success. Besides an additional packet of letters, which had belonged to Sir Ralph Sadler, and which contain some further particulars, respecting the confinement of the Queen of Scotland, in Tutbury Castle, I discovered, 1. All the poems which I now offer to the public, under the title of Tixall Poetry; 2. A large quantity of letters, and other papers, relating to the Aston family; 3. A complete collection of the state papers, and letters, of Sir Walter Aston, during his two embassies in Spain.

Of the manner in which these manuscripts were discovered, and of the state in which they were found, I shall now give a particular relation.

On my arrival at Tixall, I began my search by enquiring after an old oaken box, covered with variegated gilt leather, and ornamented with brass nails, which, according to the tradition of the family, had belonged to Sir Ralph Sadler. It is certain, that Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers had been preserved in that box, both at Standon Lord-

ship, and Tixall, but they had been removed out of it, many years ago; partly, perhaps, for the purpose of depositing them in a still safer place, and probably, also with the intention of showing them to such visitors at Tixall, as might feel a curiosity to examine such ancient manuscripts.* The box, however, at that time, was not very closely examined, or many papers were purposely left in it, as the reader will be informed hereafter. I had often heard my eldest sister, Mrs Wolseley, relate, that my father, (who, when he was first married, lived in the old house, now a ruin,) determined, on some occasion or other, to make a great bonfire in the court; and to throw into it a large quantity of old boxes, lumber, and rubbish, which had been accumulating in the ancient mansion, perhaps for more than two centuries. Among the rest, this venerable diplomatic chest, which had contained the laborious negociations, and important treaties of so many ambassadors, and such various countries, was also destined to the flames; but that my mother, and all the female part of the family, strongly interceded for it; struck, perhaps, with the exterior beauty of its gilded leather, and hobnails; and still more, because my mother declared, that she had heard her father, Lord Aston, say, that that very box had belonged to Sir Ralph Sadler; and that therefore, it would be a kind of sacrilege, to destroy a venerable relic of such an illustrious ancestor. The ladies prevailed, and the box was saved.†

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* My respectable friend, Samuel Pipe Wolferstan, Esq. of Stadfold, near Tamworth, informed me, that making a visit one morning at Tixall, I suppose between 30 and 40 years ago, my mother showed him some of these papers, and spoke of them as very curious manuscripts.

† Here let me pause a moment, to pay the tribute of affectionate sorrow, to the me-

On enquiring for it, I was soon informed by the old housekeeper, who has been in the family near fifty years, that it was deposited in the lumber-room; but that, only a short time since, as she happened to be passing by it, she lifted up the lid, and perceived that the bottom of it was strewed over with dirt, and dust, and with little bits of paper, which appeared to have been nibbled into pieces by the mice; and she added, that she was pretty sure I should find nothing in it worth looking after. This information was sufficiently discouraging. I, however, desired the box to be brought to my apartment, and on opening it, I perceived, that most probably, it was originally constructed for the express purpose of preserving papers; for the entire cavity of the inside was filled up with two rows of deep drawers, three in each row, which could only be opened, by drawing them perpendicularly upwards. One of the drawers had been taken out, and never replaced; and, as the lid did not shut close, the mice had got into the place of that drawer, and had nibbled away some papers, which had probably been left there, and also the margins, and part of the writing, of some of the manuscripts, which protruded a little from the other drawers. The inside of the box was so contrived, that, if all the drawers had been in, this could never have happened. After having given a few moments to grief, and lamentation, for the loss of the manuscripts, which I thus saw irretrievably destroyed, I began, with no little agitation, to pull out the other drawers, and was delighted to find, that none of them were entirely empty. At

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mory of my dear departed sister, whose untimely death has taken place since I began this work. Often has she listened to my account of its progress, and often has she looked forward to the pleasure of reading it when finished. But, alas! she has sunk prematurely into the grave! Nor will she be gratified by its perusal, nor I by the approbation which her affection, and fondness, would have bestowed upon it!

last I came to one quite full, which, with the others, contained an additional parcel of Sir Ralph Sadler's Papers, and all the "State Papers and Letters of Sir Walter Aston," carefully tied up in small bundles; and, in short, in the same state exactly, in which, some years before, I had received the manuscripts of Sir Ralph Sadler. My satisfaction was now complete, and I hardly thought of searching, or enquiring any further. However, having communicated my discoveries to the old housekeeper, she informed me, that, if I considered the papers I had found to be of any value, and was fond of such things, she had a large trunk, and some boxes, quite full of old papers. The reader will readily believe, that I lost no time in desiring them to be brought to me; and, in fact, in about an hour afterwards, I beheld two men arrive, bending under the weight of an immense travelling trunk, and a third behind, with two small wooden boxes. These I examined first, and found them to contain chiefly, some books of travelling, and household expences, of my grandmother Lady Clifford, while she was in France, and at Paris, about the year 1740.* Along with these, were some French almanacks, passports, play-bills, army lists, and other papers and letters, both printed and manuscript; some of which, though interesting enough as family papers, were possessed of no further value. These, therefore, I soon dispatched; but when I came to open the great trunk,

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight! †

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* My father being a posthumous child, was always during his youth, under the immediate care of his mother, and lived with her at Paris while finishing his education. About the year 1750, he was an officer, in the French service, in the regiment, called "Les Mousquetaires du Roi."

† Gray.

I there beheld, what might have thrown a real, genuine antiquary, into extasies, and raptures. For my own part, I confess, I was at first, appalled, and daunted. It was a bumper, brimful, and overflowing; while the enormous mass appeared to consist of papers, of every sort, and size: the surface of which was most respectably defended, by a deep, and venerable layer of literary dust. Summoning up resolution,

> ——————— I bent
> Each corporal agent to this terrible feat;*

and, drawing a chair to the side of the trunk, I sat down, with a full determination of thoroughly exploring its contents; and resolved, not to let a single scrap of paper pass without examination, and without satisfying myself, as to the nature of the manuscript in contained. The papers which I first met with, were generally bills, and receipts, bonds, leases, and parchment deeds; then, perhaps, a single letter, then the back of a letter, or other morsel of paper, with verses scrawled on it; mixed with these, single printed sheets, proclamations, pamphlets, and small volumes; till at last I came to whole packets of letters, and entire volumes of manuscript poetry; but the whole tumbled, and thrown together, and mixed with so much dirt and dust, as if the trunk had been destined to be the repository of all the rubbish, sweepings, and clearings of the library, the study, the steward's room, and every cabinet, and writing desk in the house.

Thus pursuing my way "through strait, rough, dense, or rare;" † whenever I met with a bill, a bond, or the like, I threw it on one

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* Macbeth. † Milton.

side; the printed papers and books on another; while I carefully collected the manuscript poems, and letters, and every thing which appeared to be of a literary nature, or to have any relation to the Aston family, into a heap by themselves. When I had got completely through the contents of the trunk, I returned into it, all that I considered as useless, at least for my purpose. I carried the books, and printed papers, to the library, and put by the rest for further examination. The reader will judge of the vast mass of papers I had to wade through, and of the extent of my labour, and perseverance, when I inform him, that I was almost continually occupied for about ten days, from breakfast to dinner, and frequently an hour or more before breakfast, and another in the evening, before I beheld the bottom of the trunk. Such is the history of my search after manuscripts at Tixall, and such was the success with which that search was attended.

*IV.* The whole of the manuscripts thus discovered, naturally fell into three classes: 1. The State Papers of Sir Walter Aston; 2. The Poetry; 3. The Letters, and other papers, which seemed to have any relation to the private history of the Aston family. My attention was first, and principally attracted, to the poems, and letters. They were altogether an unexpected discovery; they were likely to be more interesting in themselves, and were more suited to the bent of my genius, and to the train of my favourite studies, than a diplomatic correspondence, or a collection of state papers. On examining the poetry, I found, as it was natural to expect, that it was of very unequal merit; but I still thought, on a more attentive perusal, that there were many pieces worthy of preservation. My first business, therefore, was to select these, and then to transcribe them. After this operation, I had the pleasure to find that I still had a sufficient number of poems to form a volume; and it then became my study

to arrange these in a suitable order. After many trials, and alterations, I at last determined on the order in which they appear in this volume. My reasons for this arrangement I shall now endeavour to explain to the reader.

When I came to select, and arrange the poems which I had thus discovered, I found that they might be conveniently classed in four divisions:—1. A small thin quarto, stitched, but without a cover, on the outermost leaf of which is written, "Her. Aston, 1658;" 2. A still smaller quarto, which has no cover, but opens with a little poem with this title, "Mrs Thimelby on the Death of her only Child;" 3. A small, but thick folio, covered with yellowish parchment, much discoloured; on the outside of which is written, "William Turner his booke, 1662:" and on the inside of the under part of the cover, over which the last leaf had been pasted, "Catherin Gage's book;" 4. A large quantity of loose scraps of paper, sheets, half-sheets, backs of letters, and the like, scribbled over with verses.

Having classed the poetry into the four divisions, just enumerated, I determined, after some consideration, that, that also should be the order of their appearance in print. The first quarto has a name, and date upon it; and I have every reason to believe, that the poems, of which it is composed, were written full as early, and perhaps earlier, than any others in the whole collection. Though the name "Her. Aston" is on the back of it, yet, as I have no proof that any one of the poems contained in it was composed by that person, but, on the contrary, have positive evidence, that some of them were the production of another, I have therefore thought fit to entitle the First Division, "Poems *collected* by the Honourable Herbert Aston, 1658.*

* I now think, that the last figure in the MS. is not an 8, but a 3; and that the date should be 1653.

The two first poems in the second quarto, are declared, in their titles, to be the production of "Mrs Thimelby;" while the titles of some of the others, together with the general resemblance of sentiment, and style, throughout the whole, seem to point her out as the author of them all. I have therefore ventured to entitle the Second Division, "Poems *by* the Honourable Mrs Henry Thimelby."

With respect to the Third Division, I feel it necessary to offer some explanation to the reader. I candidly confess, that, with the exception of the first, and perhaps three, or four more pieces, I do not believe there is one poem in the whole Third Division, but what has been in print before. Of this fact, however, I was not aware, till the whole plan of the publication had been arranged, and a considerable portion of the Third Division had been printed.

When I first began to peruse these manuscript poems, and to transcribe them, I took the precaution to consult some learned friends about them, who are well acquainted with ancient English poetry; and I also carefully examined the principal collections of poetry in our language. I looked over the early volumes of the edition of the "British Poets," by my friend Dr Anderson;* I searched the poetical miscellanies of Dryden, Pope, Dodsley, and others; I examined the collections of Percy, Headley, Ellis, and Ritson; and finding but two or three, out of my manuscript, among them, I fairly concluded at first, that they were original poems, composed, like those in the First, and Second Divisions, by some of the Aston family, or their friends. On further investigation, I have discovered several of them, in the numerous little volumes of poetry, which were published during the latter part of the 17th century;† though they are

* Chalmers's edition, in 21 volumes, was not then published.

† Of these there are no less than 60 or 70 in the library at Tixall.

mostly without any author's name, and the poems they contain, are frequently said to be written, "By a Person of Quality." As I knew that the family at Tixall, and their friends; were persons of quality, and that they were also writers of poetry, I saw no reason to suppose but that they might have been the authors of some of these poems. Such therefore I retained, but in the Notes, I have taken care to point out the volumes where they are to be found. I also discovered, that a few of these poems are extracted from some of our dramatic authors, from Beaumont, and Fletcher, Lee, Dryden, and others. I was induced to retain these, partly from a consideration of the following passage, with which Headley has concluded the preface to his "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry." "Had I given way to the temptation of enriching my work with specimens from older dramatic authors, I must infallibly have enlarged my plan for their admission. They afford a field for selection, sufficiently wide of themselves, to form a complete work. I have therefore, with the exception of two or three instances, totally avoided them." Such a selection, as is here alluded to, has, I believe, never been attempted, and I therefore felt no reluctance to publish such pieces from dramatic authors, as I found in my folio manuscript. I considered, moreover, that the whole of these poems must, to the generality of readers, be perfectly new; and that besides, it would be a matter of some curiosity, to preserve entire a poetical miscellany, formed by a lady of rank, and fashion, in the 17th century.* "Catherine Gage's Booke" is written at the end of the manuscript, and the first poem in it, is inscribed to her. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Gage,

* The growing, or rather, the confirmed taste for poetical antiquities, in this country, might alone be considered as a sufficient reason for the republication of these poems.

Bart. of Firle, in Sussex, and the second wife of the third Lord Aston. I have therefore entitled this Third Division, "Poems collected by the Right Honourable Lady Aston."*

The poems in the Fourth, and Last Division, consist of such pieces, as I found totally unconnected with each other, and written on backs of letters, or other scraps of paper. These, for want of a better designation, I have entitled "Miscellaneous Poems."† I have prefixed to them, a "Pindaric Ode," by Dryden; two small poems, by Sir Richard Fanshawe; one, by Sidney Godolphin; and one by Waller: all of which I found in the old trunk, and which, I believe, are now published for the first time. Of these "Miscellaneous Poems," it is evident, that many were written by individuals of the Aston family, and their friends; while others have been collected from a variety of volumes. Wherever I have been able to discover them, I have pointed it out in the Notes.

With regard to the internal arrangement of the poems, in each Division, I have endeavoured to dispose them in such a manner, as that too many of the same sort, and cast, should not occur together; but that the reader should be led, by a pleasing interchange of subject, and style,

> —— happily to steer
> From grave to gay, from lively to severe.‡

Having thus related in what manner these poems were discovered, and explained the order which I have thought proper to

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* She died, and was buried at Standon, in 1720.

† It has since occurred to me, that an appropriate title would be "Reliques," but it was too late for this edition.

‡ Pope.

adopt, in the arrangement of them, I should now proceed, to lay before the reader, some information concerning their respective authors. But before I enter on this topic, I think it necessary to declare the motives, which have induced me to give to this work the title of "Tixall Poetry." In the first place, All the poems in this collection were preserved and discovered at Tixall. 2dly, There is great reason to believe, that some of them were written there, and it is certain, that many of them were composed by persons, either born there, or closely connected with it. 3dly, Many of the poems I can ascribe to no author whatever; while of those, whom I have ascertained, none is so predominant, as to be entitled to give his name to the whole collection. Lastly, In addition to these reasons, I have the authority of Drayton, one of the most eminent poets of his time, for asserting, that Tixall has often been the favourite resort, and retreat of the muses.* What more appropriate title, therefore, or rather, what other title, could I have chosen for this collection of poems, than that of Tixall Poetry?

V. In proceeding to give an account of the authors, and collectors of the Tixall Poetry, I must begin, by requesting the reader, to recal to his recollection the name of Sir Walter Aston.

Sir Walter Aston, afterwards Lord Aston, Baron of Forfar, in Scotland, was descended from a long line of ancestors, of the same name, who had flourished at Tixall, and in the immediate neighbourhood, for several centuries. Camden calls them, a family of great consideration: "Near the confluence of the Sow and Trent," says he, "stands *Ticks-Hall*, the seat of the family of Aston, of great eminence in these parts, for its antiquity, and alliances."† And Fuller,

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* See title-page, and Appendix.

† Gough's Camden, vol. ii. p. 496.

in his "Worthies," has also noticed them, in the following remarkable expressions: "I have not met with a more noble family, measuring on the level of flat, and unadvantaged antiquity. They have ever borne a good respect to the church, and to learned men."*

Sir Walter Aston, eldest son and heir of Sir Edward Aston, Kt. by Anne Lucy, only daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, Kt. of Charlecote, in the county of Warwick, was born at Tixall, about the year 1580.†

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* Art. Staffordshire.

† There is a little book in the library at Tixall, entitled "The Poems of Ben Jonson, junior, being a Miscelanie of Seriousness, Wit, Mirth, and Mysterie, &c. Composed by W. S. Gent. 1672."

On the back of the title-page is the following dedication:

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WALTER, LORD ASTON.

ASTON, a stone cut from the marble quar,
Framed to out-live the flames of civil war;
With all the bounties of the heavens befriended.
Nineteen brave knights, two princely lords, descended
From this great stem, laden with honour's spoil,
That now o'erspreads Great Britain's fruitful isle.
Tixal, the fountain whence these heroes flow,
Where hospitality and bounty grow.
Here I my noble ancestors of old,
Tracing the steps of charity, behold,
By love's fair hand to mine own cradle led,
Aston and Lucy joined in one bed."

On the opposite page is as follows:

Being a minor at the time of his father's death, in 1597, he was given in wardship, by Queen Elizabeth, to the famous Sir Edward Coke, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the court of King's Bench. Soon after he came of age, he was made a Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of King James I. He was created a Baronet in 1611, with the first who were promoted to that dignity; and in 1619, was sent joint-ambassador with Sir John Digby, Earl of Bristol, into Spain, to manage the nice and difficult proposal of a marriage, between Charles, Prince of Wales, and the Infanta, daughter of Philip III. in which, says his grandson, "he proceeded with great prudence and warynesse, and with a sincere zeale to have served his prince, yet was a true and fast friend to the then Duke of Buckingham." * He returned to England, just after the death of King James, and

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" *To all the ancient Families of the Lucyes, and to all their Honourable Extractions.*

LUCI QUASI LUXI.

Lucy, bright morning-star, pure light divine,
Drawn from the Roman, and the Norman line!
In every revolution still the same,
Their countrey's honour and transcendent flame.
From this dear spring I am a little stream,
From this Apollo a derived beam.
In gratitude unto that root, and ground,
That noble being, I my being found,
Lamp of their countrey, to their endless praise
I dedicate these soft and humble layes."

I must not omit, that it was the threat of a prosecution for deer-stealing in his park, at Charlecote, by Sir Thomas Lucy, father of Lady Aston, which compelled Shakespeare to go to London, and to attach himself to the theatre.

* Ex autogr. Dom. Gualt. Bar. de Aston, nepotis, penes me.

was created by letters patent, dated 28th Nov. 1627, Baron Aston, of Forfar, in the kingdom of Scotland, with all the privileges belonging to a peer of that realm. In 1635, he was again sent sole ambassador into Spain, where he continued about three years. He returned to England in 1638, and dying the year following, was buried in St Mary's church, at Stafford.

" Hee was seised at the time of his going into Spaine, of divers manors and lordships, lying in the countyes of Stafford, Warwick, Derby, and Leicestre, to y^e^ no lesse value than of L. 10,000 per an. the greatest part of which he lost and dispended in that service." *

Lord Aston married Gertrude Sadler, only daughter of Sir Thomas Sadler of Standon Lordship, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, and granddaughter of Sir Ralph Sadler, Knight Banneret. † By this lady, he had five sons, and five daughters. Those who survived him, were, 1. Walter, second Lord Aston, who married, in 1629, Lady Mary Weston, daughter of Richard, Earl of Portland, Lord High Treasurer of England. 2. Herbert, who married Catherine, sister of Sir John Thimelby, of Irnham, Knt. in the county of Lincoln. 3. Frances, married Sir William Persall, Kt. of Canwell, near Lichfield. 4. Gertrude, married Henry Thimelby, Esq. third brother of Sir John Thimelby, above mentioned. 5. Constantia, married Walter Fowler, Esq. of St Thomas Priory, near Stafford. ‡

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* Ex autogr. præd. If we estimate together the depreciation of money, the increased value of land, and the customs of life, such an income then, would, at the present time, certainly be equal to L. 50,000 a-year.

† Sir Thomas Sadler entertained king James I. at Standon, when on his way to London, in 1603, with great splendour and magnificence, for two successive nights. (See Sir R. Sadler's " State Papers," Appendix, vol. ii. p. 603.)

‡ Tixall Evidences. Wood's " Douglas's Peerage," art. Aston of Forfar. Chauncy's " Hist. of Hertfordshire."

Sir Walter Aston, and these his children; Lady Aston, second wife of his grandson, the third lord; and Edward Thimelby, second brother of Sir John Thimelby, of Irnham—these persons were the authors, and collectors of the poetry, now published in this volume.

We will now proceed to a more particular consideration of some of the individuals here enumerated.

(1.) All the biographers of Drayton, (who was one of the most eminent poets in the golden reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in that of her successor,) take notice of the liberal patronage which he enjoyed, from Sir Walter Aston of Tixall, in Staffordshire. This, Drayton himself very gratefully acknowledges, in the prefaces, and dedications, to many of his works. As these, from their voluminousness, and antiquity, are but little in the hands of the generality of modern readers, I have thought it an act of justice, to the memory of Sir Walter Aston, and to the honour of his descendants, to collect together these testimonies of Drayton, which the reader will find in the Appendix. From an attentive perusal of them, together with the lines in the title-page of this work, as well as from the long and cordial intimacy which subsisted between the poet and his patron, I am induced to think, that Drayton composed several of his poems at Tixall. Sir Walter Aston appears to have imbibed, at an early age, a decided taste for literature and poetry; for we find, tha t Drayton dedicated to him, his "Epistle of the Black Prince," in his collection of "Heroical Epistles," in 1598; most of which appear to have been published separately, some years before.* At this time, Sir Walter Aston was about eighteen years old. In another dedication of his collected poems, published about the year 1619, he calls them "the workes of that maiden reigne, in the spring of our

* See Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica.

acquaintance, as it pleased you then to patronize, as I singly set them forth." It is observable, equally to the credit of the patron, and the poet, that in these dedications, there is no appearance of servile, or abject adulation, but that Drayton addresses Sir Walter Aston throughout, as an affectionate friend, as the companion of his studies, and an enlightened judge of his productions; which, by their immortality, would confer equal honour on his patron and himself. I have no ground, however, to assert, that Sir Walter Aston was the author of any of the pieces in this volume; but that he sometimes employed himself in poetical attempts, at least in his latter years, is evident, from a letter written in 1636, by Mrs Fowler, his youngest daughter, to her brother Herbert Aston, then at Madrid, with his father. In this letter she says, "I have receaved another from you some five dayes agoe, which you writ to my sister and mee together, and in it sent us most admirable verses of my lord's translateing, which are justly admired by all here."* Though I cannot, therefore, point out with certainty, any poetical production by Sir Walter Aston, yet, when we consider his early, and constant patronage of Drayton, who, in return, has helped to immortalize the name of Tixall, and, when we reflect, that he most probably gave to his family that poetic impulse, to which we are indebted for the poems in this collection: we must, in justice, and gratitude, assign him a high place of honour and distinction, at the head of the authors, and collectors, of the Tixall Poetry.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.†

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* These translations were probably from the Spanish, but, unfortunately, they have not been preserved.

† Hor. Lib. iv. Od. viii.

(2.) I find no reason to suppose, that Sir Walter Aston's son and heir, the second Lord Aston, had any particular turn for literature, and poetry. I have found a letter of consolation from him, to his brother Herbert, on the death of his wife, in 1658, which is tender, and affectionate; and also, three very interesting letters to his wife, Lady Aston, dated from Lichfield; of which he was governor, when it was besieged by the parliamentary forces, in 1646. These letters prove him to have been a man of high honour, magnanimity, and courage.

(3.) I now proceed therefore to Herbert Aston, Sir Walter's third son. Herbert Aston was born at Chelsea, in the year 1614. * In 1635, he accompanied his father, on his second embassy to Madrid; before which time, he appears to have formed a strong attachment for Catherine Thimelby, sister of Sir John Thimelby, of Irnham, whom he afterwards married. During his absence from England, his youngest sister, Constantia, or Constance Aston, (Mrs Fowler,) who was tenderly attached to him, did all in her power to promote this union. Herbert Aston seems to have felt, very early, the inspirations of the muse. Perhaps, the passion of love, as has happened to many other poets, first warmed his breast to poetic raptures; and he might say with Propertius,

> Non hoc Calliope, non hoc mihi cantat Apollo,
> Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.†

I shall now produce some extracts from his sister's letters, in confirmation of these remarks. In a letter, dated 1636, she says,

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* Lysons. I suspect he was called Herbert, after William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, with whom Sir Walter Aston appears to have been very intimate.

† Lib. ii. Eleg. i.

"I have not receaved yet those three copyes of verses you promised me for sending your box to Mr Henry Thimelby, therfore I beseech you not to forget them, for I have a longe time much longed for them. And indeed I could almost find in my hart to quarrel with you, and to conclude my letter with it; for I have written to you I know not how often, and beged of you most pittyfully that you would send mee some verses of your owne makeing, and yet you never would, when you know I love them more then can bee expressed. And in one of your letters, rather then you would send any of them to poore me, you writte word you had none, when I am sure you cannot chuse but thinke I know that is impossieble. And therfore pray see how hardly you deale with mee, when I have sent you all the verses that I could gett perpetuly, never omieting the sending of any that I could get that were good ones. Therfore I desire you will make an end of the quarrell, with sending mee some as sune as you can; for I assure you they can not come to one that will more esteme them then your ever most afectionat sister to serve you, Constance F."

"I receaved with this your last letter, which is dated the 1st of November, another letter which you had writt afore your being sicke; and in it you sent me a copy of your verses made to Mr Win—. They are much comended by all, as they deserve; and you have ganed the English ladyes harts extremely by them, to see you so constant a favorete of ther mirrits. For my part, I must confesse I am taken with nothinge but the prayses you give your Seraphina.*

* This was the poetical name of his mistress, Catherine Thimelby. I have an admirable poem by him, on her death, entitled, "Aspirations sent after Seraphina in Heaven by her distressed Supplyant." I have inserted it in its proper place, among the "Tixall Letters," after an "Account of her Death," also composed by Herbert Aston.

These "Letters" I expect shortly to publish as an appendage to this work.

I love her above my life, and vallew her infinitly; yet you conceale her from my thoughts, and tell me in your letter that I must understand she is but an imaginarie one, pigmalion like carved to your fancy. Oh pardon me if I complayne this is not kindly dun of you to make me such a stranger to your hart.

" For God sake lett me know when you thinke you shall come. Send me some verses, for I want some good ones to put in my booke."

In addition to these proofs of Herbert Aston's poetical efforts, I have found the following note, on a half sheet of letter-paper, in his hand-writing.

" My Mrs * havinge nothinge els to doe this winter, hath made a slight collection of all my workes. Wherfore you must make an inquiry into all your papers, and if you find any of mine that beginn not as this note, you must send them her by the first opertunity, that is, by Cannal† to us.

Oh the constant state of lovers.
Clorinda shall for ever rest.
Say would you know.
Receave this watch.
Hothams have lost ther heads.
Fairfax that erst.
Wher love commands.
A brimmer to you poets.
Your skillfull woodman.
No ill aspect of planitts.
Ime not ashamed.
Lett him that wants a cordiall.
Had I not once felt love.
Rise, glorious sunne.
Experience a great mistriss.
How strangely hards my fortune.
My great hart has undone mee.
The lover and the poett's store.

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* " My Mrs " was, I imagine, a familiar appellation for his wife.

† " Cannal " is Canwell, near Lichfield, then the seat of Sir William Persall, brother-in-law to Herbert Aston. This " Note " was probably addressed to one of the Thimelbyes, at Irnham; between which place, and Herbert Aston's residence, Canwell was situated.

Thy postures, Aritine.
There it was, my deare, you sett.
Make mee thy fancye.
Farwell my hope and fortune.
My hart lookes up.
Love, preethee helpe my hart.
I suffer and conseale.
Is this a mocke.
S^r^ as I had the honour.
Rivers are mett.
You that grimfaced death.
I laugh at those.
Forbeare, you grand Platonick hater.
Ile take my oath.
Tell me not, deare, I can not love.
All sorrowes dry.
Your antient augur.
'Tis not superstitious to pay.
Lett him that writt.

" All of the Third of May we have but the first yeare.

" These I remember you have: To my Lady Duches of the Blossome Colour. To my Lady Brett on her Marriage. On my Lady St Allbon's Death. If Love be a Pilgrimage, &c. On the Barr betwene. Læta, the above, and the Reliquary."

All these poems of Herbert Aston's seem to have perished; as well as those, which his sister Constance Fowler was so desirous to obtain.

(4.) Catherine Thimelby, wife of Herbert Aston, was a collector, and writer of verses. Some pieces, of hers, in this volume, I have pointed out in the Notes.

(5.) I now come to the daughters of Sir Walter Aston. Of Lady Persall's genius for poetry I have found no traces; but that her hus-

* After his marriage, Herbert Aston appears to have settled at Colton, a village about six miles from Tixall; near which he built a house on an estate left him by his father, and called it Bellamore. He died there about the year 1689, having survived his wife above thirty years. She died in 1658. They were buried at Colton; but there is no monument, or inscription, to their memory. The reader will find some further particulars, concerning Herbert Aston, and his poems, in the Notes.

band was an occasional versifier appears from the following extract of a letter by Edward Thimelby :—" I came into England with a slight leave, and leave it with as slight a farewell. Me thinkes I am now sorry that I saw you, and as glad not to have seene my deare sister Aston.* For love of God let her not know I was in England. If I have tyme to coppy it, I shal send you here enclosed a rare ballad of her husband's, if not I shall send it by the next, and in the interim stay your stomacke with this other of my brother Parsall,† from whose sonne's lodgens in Gray's-inne I am newly come from a treat, where he invited his father, mother, sister, Lord Aston, his sonnes, Lady Southcot and her husband, who are in earnest a happy couple, and he an excellent humor. Irnham and Corby's health went as rownd as the ballads."

Sir William Persall was of an ancient family, seated at Canwell, near Lichfield : but I am afraid that he fell into extravagance of one kind or other, and was obliged, some time before his death, to dispose of his estate.‡ Of his children and descendants I have found no memorial.

(6.) Gertrude Aston, fourth daughter of Sir Walter, who married Henry Thimelby, appears to have employed herself occasionally in writing verses, not with a view of being thought a poetess, but merely from a strong desire to pour forth her feelings on such subjects as excited her sensibility. With this disposition, therefore, and living among persons of cultivated minds, and with a taste for poetry, she endeavoured to relieve her own emotions, and to interest her

* Catherine Thimelby, Mrs Herbert Aston.

† Sir Wm Persall had been first married to a sister of Edward Thimelby's. Lady Southcot was daughter of the second Lord Aston.

‡ See Shaw's Hist. of Staff. vol. i.

companions, by poetical effusions on the death, or marriage, of relations and friends, on their parting or meeting, and similar domestic topics. Her husband, for whom she had a most tender affection, died young, and left her a widow, with an only child, which soon followed its father to the grave. They appear to have lived at Corby, near Irnham, in Lincolnshire. On this melancholy event, she sought the consolations of religion in a convent of English nuns, at Louvain, in Flanders, of which her husband's sister, Winefrid Thimelby, was abbess. Of this lady I found no less than sixty or seventy very beautiful letters, addressed to Herbert Aston; from which, the following affecting passages relate to Mrs Henry Thimelby. "For our dearest sister, though her eyes' deluge be not yet wholly ceaced, yet who can repine att so happy a flood which has raysed her to the contemplation of heaven, wher such pearlls as her tears contribute with other jewells to the ritches of that ocean of delight."—"But enouf of this sad subject, I must have place to communicate my ioyes. Our dear sister hath now changed murning into whight attire. Oh! had you seene the solemnity, I am confident y$^{r}$ hart wod not have contained all the ioy, but shed som att your eyes, no less than Hevin can dim the splendour of this glorious day. All things wear so compleatly acted, that my brother Ned and I wear not a little goodly."

Mrs Henry Thimelby died a nun, in the convent at Louvain.

(7.) Constantia Aston, the youngest daughter of Sir Walter Aston, was married to Walter Fowler, Esq. of St Thomas' Priory, near Stafford. That she had a great love for good poetry, is evident from the passages in her letters to her brother Herbert, already quoted: but that she wrote poems herself, I have no evidence to adduce. The reader will find a beautiful little poem addressed to her before her marriage, in the fourth division. *

* See page 256.

(9.) Of Catherine Gage, Lady Aston, wife of the third Lord Aston, I have given some information above.*

(10.) Of Edward Thimelby, the last in this poetical fraternity, (but though last certainly not least,) all the information I have been able to obtain, is contained in the following short extract from Dodd's "Church History:"—"Edward Thimelby, of an ancient and worthy family at Irnham, in Lincolnshire. Being sent abroad for education, he entered into an ecclesiastical state, and lived a considerable time in Rome, in the family of an eminent cardinal. He was afterwards made provost of the collegiate church of Saint Gery, in Cambray, where he died about 1690. He was a person of remarkable piety. Some verses of his composition may be seen in the beginning of Cressy's Church History."†

From his poems in this collection, and from a few of his letters, which have been preserved, he appears to have been, in his youth at least, of a very lively and sprightly disposition, and to have possessed a considerable share of wit and humour. That he was a classical scholar, a critic, a man of taste, and extensive information, his poems, though few, afford abundant proofs. I found several short poems on a large sheet of paper, among which were the following, not inserted in this collection: "To Mr Edward Thimelby, on the cutting of a grove of bay trees." "To Mr Ed. Thimelby, on a holiday." "To Mr Edward Thimelby, dissuading him from translating Dr Donne into Italian."

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* See page XVIII.

† These verses I have perused; but as it is a long effusion, and would not add to his reputation, I have left them where they are.

VII. From this slight history of the authors, and collectors of the Tixall Poetry, the reader will perceive, that they were individuals of five distinct families, inhabiting a line of country in the very centre of England, and none at a very great distance from the others. The Priory of St Thomas, is three miles from Tixall, which is five from Bellamore; and from that to Canwell is fifteen, which places are all in Staffordshire. From Canwell to Irnham, in Lincolnshire, is about five and thirty miles. They were all Roman catholics; and, what is remarkable, they are all, in the male line at least, become extinct.* Their very names and dwellings have perished!

VIII. With respect to the share which the different individuals just enumerated had in the composition of the original, and hitherto unpublished, poems in this volume, I have already given some infor-

* It may gratify the curious reader to be informed what are the families which have succeeded them. (1.) To Fowler of St Thomas, has succeeded Earl Talbot of Ingestrie, who, in that place, has also succeeded to the ancient family of Chetwynd. The Priory of St Thomas is demolished, and a farm house occupies the scite of it. (2.) To Aston of Tixall, has succeeded Thomas Clifford, Esq. who is great grandson of Walter, fourth Lord Aston, great grandson of Sir Walter Aston, the friend of Drayton. (3.) To Aston of Bellamore, has succeeded Edward Blount, Esq., who stands in the same degree of relationship to Sir Walter Aston; through his mother, the late Honourable Lady Blount, eldest daughter of James, fifth Lord Aston. (4.) To Persall of Canwell has succeeded Sir Robert Lawley, Bart. The old house no longer exists. (5.) To Thimelby of Irnham has succeeded the Right Honourable Lady Clifford. The old house at Irnham is still standing, and is a venerable structure. I had entertained great hopes that some valuable manuscripts of the Thimelbyes, together with the poems, and letters, of Herbert Aston, might have been preserved at Irnham; but the Honourable Hugh Clifford, and the Honourable Everard Arundel, who both did me the favour to search the house for that purpose, could discover nothing of the kind.

mation above.* To this, I may now add, that the principal authors may be reduced to three; Herbert Aston, his sister Gertrude, wife of Henry Thimelby, and his brother Edward Thimelby. The other authors of particular pieces I have pointed out in the notes.

Among the poets, their contemporaries, besides Drayton, they appear to have been intimate with Crashaw, Fanshaw, and Caryl; and I have reason to think that they were known to Sandys, Waller, and Davenant. Of their connexion with Cowley I have found no trace; but as he was the friend of Crashaw, and much engaged in the service of the royal family, during the civil war, and the usurpation of Cromwell, as were also the Astons, it is very likely that they were acquainted.

With the wits, and poets, at the court of the second Charles, it is not probable they would form a connexion. The second Lord Aston, though an earnest suitor to his majesty, yet obtained no reward for his own services, or those of his family. Mrs Henry Thimelby was become a nun. Lady Persall, and Mrs Herbert Aston were dead. Edward Thimelby, in an elegy on the latter, says,

> I've strowed, and stuck devoutly, on some herses,
> But here I burn, and bury all my verses.

and he probably adhered to this resolution. He was, moreover, now fixed in his ecclesiastical state; and would look back, perhaps, on his poetical effusions, as juvenile amusements, in which it was no longer creditable to be engaged. Herbert Aston, and his beloved sister Constantia Fowler, were sufficiently engaged with the cares of a family.

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* See p. XIII.

IX. In perusing these poems, or in forming a judgment of their merit, the candid reader will bear in mind, that they were not the compositions of professed poets and authors, of men of letters, and scholars, but that they were the occasional effusions of ladies and gentlemen, writing verses to occupy their leisure, and for their mutual entertainment: that they were never intended for publication, and probably never received the last corrections of their authors. For these poems, therefore, of the Astons and Thimelbyes, I am not unwilling to adopt the character which Pope has given of the poetry of Crashaw:—

"I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness than to establish a reputation: so that nothing regular or just can be expected of him. All that regards design, form, fable, (which is the soul of poetry,) all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts, (which is the body,) will probably be wanting: only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry,) may be found in these verses. This is, indeed, the case of most other poetical writers of miscellanies: nor can it be well otherwise, since no man can be a true poet who writes for diversion only. These authors should be considered as versifiers and witty men, rather than as poets: and under this head will fall the thoughts, the expression, and the numbers. These are only the pleasing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once: and (to express myself like a painter) their colouring entertains the sight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inspected too narrowly."*

* Letter to Cromwell.

To those readers who are unacquainted with the history and progress of English poetry, and who are not conversant with the writings of our earlier poets; whose poetical reading has perhaps never extended beyond the age of Pope, or Dryden, and who, therefore, may be sometimes offended by an occasional negligence of diction, or ruggedness of verse—to such readers I would submit the following judicious observations of Headly:—"The older poets disdained stooping to the character of syllable-mongers: as their conceptions were vigorous, they trusted to the simple provision of nature for their equipment; and though often introduced into the world ragged, they were always healthy. To cull words, vary pauses, adjust accents, diversify cadence, and by, as it were, balancing the line, make the first part of it betray the second, was an employment reserved for the leisure and coolness of after-times, whose poetical establishment was about to consist of a suite of traditional imagery, hereditary similies, readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables."

Yet, notwithstanding some occasional coarseness, and carelessness of language, and some harshness and roughness of versification, I shall venture to assert, that in justness, and solidity of thought, in propriety and delicacy of sentiment, in ease, and energy of expression, and in the selection, and exactness of rhymes, these authors will not be found inferior to any of the minor poets who flourished in England, from the period of the accession of King Charles I. down to the Restoration: and, with respect to musical flow of verse, and harmony of numbers, I could point out several passages, particularly in the first division, which need not fear a comparison with the boasted "sweetness" of Waller, and the "strength" of Denham; though they were probably written before any compositions of those authors had been published.

X. It remains, that I should take some notice of the orthography which appears in these poems. Like some other editors of ancient poetry, I might at once have adopted the modern spelling; but this, I was afraid, might take away something from the original air of the poetry, and from its native appearance of genuineness, and authenticity. Many of the poems were undoubtedly written before our orthography was at all settled. These, therefore, are a subject of grammatical curiosity. To the eyes of many readers, this antiquated dress may be an additional charm; and to an editor, circumstanced as I am, in publishing pieces which have never been in print before, it was perhaps a duty to transcribe them exactly as I found them. Though I am very sensible, therefore, that many of these deviations from modern spelling, are to be attributed solely to the ignorance, or carelessness of the writer, yet, when they did not obscure the sense, nor greatly deform the words, I have generally copied them with scrupulous *fidelity: and, in particular, where* I had reason to think that the manuscript was in the hand of a lady, I felt too much respect for the fair sex, even to attempt to correct their errors.

XI. The notes, which I have added to these poems, are explanatory, illustrative, and critical: and I have endeavoured to make them such as I should wish to find, were I reading such poems without them. When my memory or reading supplied me with parallel passages from other authors, I have freely inserted them.

"It is always gratifying, says Johnson, to trace a sentiment." * And indeed, this is a species of illustration, with which every scholar, and I believe, almost every reader, is generally delighted.

In the notes, I have found an opportunity to insert two short po-

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* Life of Waller.

ems of my own composition; not only for the reasons there assigned, but from an anxious desire to prove that the Heliconian maids still love to linger among the hills, the streams, and the groves of Tixall.

XII. Of the merit of this collection in general, and of the judgement which I have shown in publishing it to the world, it is not for me to deliver an opinion. I shall, however, declare, that having always felt an enthusiastic predilection for poetry, and having now consumed many years in a constant perusal of our English poets, I feel, that were I divested of all partiality for the authors, or collectors of these poems, and for the place where they were preserved and discovered, I could still take up this volume with as much pleasure, and return to it with as eager delight, as to any poetical miscellany in our language. And, with respect to those readers, who occasionally look into a collection of poems, for the purpose of amusing their leisure, or of recreating their fancy, I shall add, that unless my partial judgment greatly misleads me, I believe they will find as many fragrant flowers, and well-flavoured fruits, in these borders, as in any other garden of the muses, in which they have hitherto delighted.

At the same time, I am very far from flattering myself, that this work will be considered, as any valuable addition to our stock of ancient poetry, or that it will ever become extensively popular. I consider it, myself, rather as an object of curiosity. The poems of which it consists, were accidentally discovered; they were snatched from the very jaws of destruction; in a few years more, they would perhaps have sunk, with their authors, into the dark abyss of overwhelming oblivion: they would most probably have perished. Under these circumstances, it was to me a sort of religious feeling, a sacred duty, to attempt to give them a "habitation and a name."

To some persons this volume will always be interesting, in some libraries it will always preserve a place, to some families it will always be precious. My ambition is fully satisfied.

XIII. As this work is entitled "Tixall Poetry," and as the frontispiece is a representation of a part of the ruins of the ancient mansion of the Aston family, I shall conclude this preface with a short description of those ruins, and with a poem upon them, which I composed some years ago, and which, I hope, will not be found unworthy of a place among its companions in the Tixall Poetry.

The first story only of one side of the ancient mansion, but without a roof, is still standing, and was formerly almost hid by the most luxuriant growth of ivy which I ever saw. This of late years has been judiciously thinned, and lopped away, in order to shew the windows, with the form and architecture of the building. The south front terminated in a bow-window, richly decorated on the outside with roses, lozenges, and other Gothic ornaments. This bow-window, together with the east and west windows, and some part of the lofty, massy chimney-piece, are still in existence. The internal decoration of the great drawing-room was very singular; the lower part of the walls being wainscotted, while the upper part exhibited the naked stone, tastefully adorned with sculptured pannels, with the heraldic shields of the founders, and the initial letters of their names, all of stone, and rising in bas-relief from the sides of the room. Here, in particular, are the arms of Sir Edward Aston, impaling those of Bolles, with the motto, *Laus Deo;* and opposite, are the Aston arms impaling Sadler, which must have been added more than fifty years after the former. The east window is a kind of *oriel,* and the ceiling is elegantly ornamented with various emblem-

atic devices, and the heraldic coats of four of the principal families, to whom the Astons were allied; viz. Montfort, Freville, Byron, and Walsh. In the centre, is a buffalo's head, on a wreath, which was the ancient family crest; and in other interstices, are represented barrels, or *tons;* which, from the circumstance of their being placed in the *east* window, were probably meant as an allusion to the derivation of the family name: Aston, or Eston, from East-town. All these embellishments are beautifully executed.

The walls of two smaller rooms are likewise still standing; but they have now no roof but the thick branches of the ivy, and no floor but its fallen leaves. The space between the ruins and the modern house, is covered with a soft mossy turf, which in my childhood was strewed over with fragments of the ancient building. Nothing can be more delightful, than to contemplate, in the different seasons of the year, or at different times of the day, the mingled effects of light and shade among these dilapidated, ivied walls. But, above all, on a clear, moonlight night, when all around is still, and when the recollections, and emotions, which such a scene is calculated to excite, are awakened, and exalted by the solemn, congenial serenity of the nocturnal heavens, it is then that fancy and feeling will exert their influence, and take full possession of the mind and heart.

Such emotions, such recollections, I have endeavoured to express in the following Poem.

## A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION

AMONG

## THE RUINS AT TIXALL.

How sweetly on that mouldering tower,
How sweetly on that ivy bower,
Whose branches through the ruins creep,
The melancholy moon-beams sleep!
Bright queen of Heaven! thy solemn light
Softly soothes my wakeful sight,
To milder feelings tunes my breast,
*And lulls my throbbing heart to rest.*

What deep-felt charms these walls disclose!
While all around in dead repose,
On earth, in air, unheard, unseen,
To contemplation leave the scene.
So still the air—the balmy breeze
Scarce whispers through these aged trees;
So smooth yon limpid lake—it shows
Each star that in the blue vault glows:
A sacred calm pervades the whole,
A soft enchantment rules my soul.
What magic spell enchains my feet?
Why seem these midnight scenes so sweet?
Ye visions of my infant years!
Though dimly seen through sorrow's tears,
'Tis your entrancing thought supplies
The long-lost images that rise;

Which fix my lingering steps, and still
A sadly-pleasing joy instil.
'Twas here, alas! a weary round,
Through rugged, rough, and thorny ground,
My way-worn, pilgrim feet have trod,
Since last they prest this mossy sod!
'Twas here—a playful, prattling child,
When life, and nature round me smiled,
With loved companions—now no more!—
The frolic group one mother bore—
From morn to eve, in rival toil,
With fragrant flowers we deckt the soil,
Or pigmy castles raised around,
Till all appeared like fairy ground.
And sure, we simply thought the while,
The old majestic Gothic pile,
Compared with ours was babies' play,
The work and labour of a day.
The good old nurse prolonged the cheat,
And dear mamma, with kisses sweet,
And fond, impartial smiles, surveyed
The efforts of each tiny spade.
Where hope allured, or fancy led,
Eager in keen pursuit we fled,
And was the promised pleasure crost,
Straight in new joys the grief was lost.
So flew the laughing hours away;
So rose, and set, each blissful day.
Though vanished—as they ne'er had been—
The actors both, and flowery scene,
To sad remembrance ever dear,
They claim a sigh, a tender tear.

Hush, hark!—from yon sepulchral stone,
Methought I heard a hollow groan!

It chills my blood—so deep it came—
What horrors seize my shuddering frame!
Hark!—once again—'tis idle fear:
The place and hour such fancies rear.
It was the owl, within the bower,
The lonely tenant of the tower,
Molested in his dark retreat;
Perhaps, the echoes of my feet.

How vain are all the schemes of man!
How frail his wisest, best-laid plan!
Not man alone—his works decay,
His towers, and temples—pass away.
Behold those moss-grown, ivied walls,
Through which the glimmering moonlight falls,
Where screeching owls, and bats obscene,
And crawling vermin creep between—
*These once, with gorgeous hangings drest,*
*The blazoned shield, and towering crest;*
Where conquerors, with laurel crowned,
And patriots from the canvas frowned,
Or beauteous dames alternate smiled,
For whom those heroes fought and toiled:
See—o'er their tops the wild ash grows,
And each rank weed luxuriant blows.
The swallow, undisturbed, hath hung
Her nest on roofs, which erst have rung
With sound of harp, and minstrelsy;
Of pageants, pomp, and revelry,
When at the high-born lady's call,
The feast, and dance, in bannered hall,
At winter evening's welcome close,
To ancient warlike music rose.
No more—the mirth-inspiring song
Echoes the lofty hall along;

No more—to sprightly notes of pleasure,
Swims the light dance in graceful measure.
The festal spot can scarce be found:
While shattered arches strewed around,
And broken columns piled on high,
Confused with crumbling turrets lie.
Of sportive crowds the gay resort,
Is now a lonely, grass-grown court,
Where on each side, the time-struck wall
Tottering, threats a final fall.
The founders' deeply-graven name,
Which fondly hoped a lasting fame,
In love-knots carved on many a stone,
With noxious plants is overgrown;
The curious eye can hardly trace
Its proudly once distinguished place.
Perchance—where yonder casement gleams,
Just chequered by the moon's pale beams,
As waving through the lattice, twine
The mountain ash, and eglantine—
Some love-sick maid, at such an hour,
Sleepless within the silent tower,
Wrapt in lost scenes of past delight,
Or fancied visions of the night,
Gazing, has stood, with tearful eye,
While love has breathed his softest sigh.
Hard by this dismal, dreary room,
Where darkness spreads a death-like gloom;
And the foul, lurking adder breeds,
Midst sculptured fragments, choked with weeds,
Where solitude, and silence, reign,
And desolation leads her train:
Here, on this damp, encumbered floor,
Once stood the hospitable Door—

To want, and pining misery dear,
And loved by all the country near,
When, as successive ages rolled,
The steel-clad knight, or baron bold,
In arms, and well-fought fields grown gray,
Here calmly closed life's parting day.
For heroes, here their eyes have closed,
And statesmen from their toils reposed;
And sages, won by nature's charms,
Have wooed her to their longing arms;
*And poets, here have struck the lyre—*
*And caught the soul-inflaming fire,*
*Which, as it thrilled their nerves along,*
*And woke the hidden powers of song,*
*To distant times again addrest,*
*Shall raise the mind, and warm the breast.*

Now sinks the fading orb of night,
The stars withdraw their twinkling ligh
And seem in fancy's ear to say,
We too are fated to decay.

O thou! Almighty Power Supreme!
Whose bounty gives this nightly beam,
Who pourest on the wondering soul,
This boundless blaze from pole to pole—
Though hid from my imploring eye,
Thy works declare thee ever nigh.
O teach me clearly to conceive,
O teach me firmly to believe,
That, from this wreck of mortal things,
To which our sense so fondly clings,
That, from this dark, bewildered state,
Entangled in the maze of fate,

A fair, harmonious scene shall rise—
When, opened to our anxious eyes,
Cleared from all mist of doubt, and fear,
Thy perfect justice shall appear.
Guide me through life's perplexing way,
Cheer me with Hope's auspicious ray.
May simple joys my cares beguile,
May love and friendship on me smile;
Till my rapt soul, from earth set free,
Shall seek eternal rest in Thee.

# POEMS,

COLLECTED BY

THE HONOURABLE HERBERT ASTON,

1658.

# TIXALL POETRY.

## THE EXPOSTULATION OF

## ST MARY MAGDALEN.

As grief-enthraled Magdalen
Beheld him on the fatall tree,
Amaz'd she stood; her spirit then
(Returned from passion's extasie)
With interrupting sighs she vents,
And brekes aloud into thees sad laments.—

Is this the goodly worke in me
You so commended as you fed?
Is this the happy mistery
I blindly wrought upon thy head?

In powring precious oyle on thyne,
That thou shouldst showre more precious blood on myne?

Is this the peace thou gav'st my hart?
Is this the victory I winne,
For cheusing thee, the better part?
Is this the pardoning my sin?
Did my eyes wash thy feet t' intice
Thy bleeding feet to wash my blood-shott eyes?

Oh take thy blood and pardon back:
Restore the teares and sinnes I lost:
To me hell's dearer for thy sake,
Then heaven at so deare a cost:
Though my sight ran astray, is't meet
My wandring eyes should draw thy weepeing feet?

And have thees springs forgot to keepe
Their floodgates ope? What mountain stopps
Their currents, that they dare not weepe
With thee? Without thos corrall dropps,
Thees christall waves can be no sea;
Without thees perles, that blood no Erithre.

But Thou, who with thy powrefull word
Couldst draine that Ruddy Ocean dry,
And bid the rock full brookes afford
In such a wildernesse as I;
Oh stop that ocean of blood,
And turn my rocky brest into a flood.

Methinkes, in midst of all thy smart,
I heare thee cry thou thurst'st for me;
Then (wounded hart) speke to this hart,
That's sick to death as well as thee;
Speke to this hart, my soules Phisician,
And it will yeeld us waters of Contrition.

By this the tempest of her sighs
Had all her pregnant sorrow seas'd:
She clos'd her lypps, and op't her eyes;
She wrung her hands, and beat her brest;
She wayling tore her golden haires,
And spake the rest, more eloquent, in teares.

ON THE DEATH OF

## MR P——'s LITTLE DAUGHTER,

IN THE BEGINNING OF THE SPRING, AT AMSTERDAM.

---

Say not, because no more you see
I' th' faire armes of her mother tree
This infant bloome, the wind or time
Has nippt the flower before the prime;
Or what ere Autumne promiss'd to make good
In early fruit is withered i' th' budd:

But, as when roses breath away
Their sweet consenting soules, none say
The still deflowers those virgin leaves,
But them extracts, exalts, receaves;
Even so has heavens allmighty Chymike here
Drawn this pure spiritt to its proper spheare.

Sad parents then recall your greefes:
Your little one now truely lives,
Your pretty messenger of Love,
Your new intelligence above;
Since God created such immortal flowers
To grow in his owne Paradice, not ours.

ON THE DEATH OF

## THE LADY CATHERIN WHITE,

IN CHILD-BIRTH, AT ROME.

---

LADYS, would you have combin'd
Beauty both of face and mind;
Would you marry, hand in hand,
Strict obedience with command;
Snatch the low and high degree
Of greatnes with humilitye;
With chastetye calme appetite,
And with wisdome temper wit:
Would you reade the double story
Of beauty's wrack, and vertue's glory;
Teach lip-rethorik to yeeld
Silent eloquence the field;

Heare the best philosophy,
To dye to live, to live to dye?—
Study in one Epitaph,
What all tongs and voloms have.
Would you lerne your thoughts to move
I' th" upper spheire of hevinly love;
To find your home in banishment,
In warfare peace, in woe content;
No change of minds in change of time;
Not altring harts, though altring clime:
Or would you see, or would you know
The flowres that over graves may grow;
What miracles can silence verse?—
Goe sob and weepe o're yonder herse:
For everye sigh, and everye teare,
There lyes a grace and vertue there.

TO

## MR NORMINGTON,

UPON HIS EASTERNE VOYAGE.

You that have tasted Rhodanus and Po,
And now to Nilus and to Ganges goe;
That Alpes and Apenines by stepps have past,
And now to Caucasus and Athos hast;
Who, leaving Roman eagles, equall runne
With moones of Otoman, and Sophi's sunne;
When you have seene what all the world admires,
Rivers with gold, and mountaynes fraught with fires:
When you shall equally sayle, toyle, and wander,
With Jason, Hercules, and Alexander;
And every severall clyme, and every zone,
Make as familier to you as your owne:

When you have wep'd your elegyes upon
The carcases of Troy and Babylon,
And writt your grand child epytaphes, to tell
What monuments did once at Memphys dwell:
When you shall trace the genialogyes
Of Cyprian, Persian, Lymnian dyetyes:
When you shall see at Crete and Palastine,
False Jove his tombe, and true Jehova's shrine:
And shall discover the mechanick cheate
Of worthyly still hanging Mahomett;
Remember you are man, nor thinke to fly,
*Or scape th' immortal foe, Mortality.*
But thinke, that as you see the shadow doe
In each sunne-dyall full as much as you,
Yet, though it eastwards post, ther's none will say
The shadow gaines the light, or winnes the day:
So traveling but makes us here beneath
Resemble more the images of death:
Though Eagypts sunne may us to mummy burne,
Arabian fumes can nere to phœnix turne.
Oh three times happy that contented man,
Who, measuring all the world with one sole spann,

Contented with a single point of it,
Can quiet in his native country sitt !
And, as a stander-by at playes and shoes,
Sees better farr then he that acts or goes :
So he, in this our passing, acting age,
Sees better in a cell then on a stage.
And whilst you, pilgrim-like, bestirr your feete,
For new acquaintance with each starr you meete,
He hospitably stayes till each starr come,
And freely entertaynes them all at home.
Earth, syr, you know, was never worth your vew,
And lett but Heaven alone, twill come to you.
Or if you leane to that erratick skill,
Makes earth a planett, and the sunn stand still,
Say, therefore, that the sunn is the worlds eye,
Cause ever standing still, he all may spy.

TO

## CONONELL PLATER,

UPON HIS EASTERNE VOYAGE.

Now that the Thracean moones have left their waine
Of peace, increasing up to warr againe,
Threatning (at full) an universall floud,
And swelling tyde with us of Christian bloud;
Now every rustick hind, and every boore,
Forgoes his spade, and takes him to his oare;
Forsakes his teame, and getts the sterne in hand,
And plowes at sea, that us'd to steer at land.
Now every shepheard, every reaper dare
Turne hooke and sickle to a semitar.
Now every foolish janizary braggs
To cutt his painted turbants into flaggs,

And knitts and bends his meeting brow and bow,
As arch'd and horned as his cressents doe.
Some trembling, stand amaz'd, and gazing seeme
Rather to wellcome then resist the streame:
Some eager to revenge ther private wronge,
Grow weake the while the common foe grows strong.
You only dare arise i' th' watchfull East,
When all the world thus setts with drousy West;
You in your morne can face the triple moone,
And may ecclipse it ere your age is noone.
You that have traveld ore, and seene, and knowne
That perfect microcosme of your owne,
And all your passions to subjection brought,
And settled all the houshould of each thought;
You, you may safely other worlds descrye,
And other thoughts and other passions spye.
Goe then, and gett acquaintance with your foe,
And all his stratagems and enginns know:
Goe then, and whilst, by your example, wee
Shall worke our factions to an unitye,
And then with full consenting votes declare
You captayne of our holy league and warr;

Goe you, but take my Normington along,
Who'le equall your great action with his song;
Whose pen can match your sword, and he out doe
As much of Tasso's fame as Godfry's you;
Who, whilst you choose new sceans for every fray,
Will a new plott for every canto lay.
You'le shew him Phlegra, wher the gyants fought,
And Ossa, with its pile to heaven wrought;
He'le Tempe show, wher Graces dance ther ring,
And fork'd Parnassus, wher the Muses sing:
In Eagypt youle of Pharo monsters tell,
And sigh wher fairest Cleopatra fell;
He'le weepe upon the shrine of Ptolomye,
And Phylodelphus' buried library:
Whilst you with Perseus and Darius taulke,
With Zoroaster he'le and Cadmus walke:
Youle teach where Ninus first contrived the warrs,
He where Promethius observed the starrs.
Goe then, and take him with you, syr, and when
You've seene as many, both of townes and men,
In monthes no more then were Ulisses' yeares,
Returne againe, and quitt us of our feares:

Returne with shining conquest in your face,
Unto your sad Penelopy's imbrace;
And lett him to our academy turne,
Which, ah! till then must heere in silence murne.

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TO

## MR KITELY,

ON THE SAME VOYAGE.

I like your Easterne voyage, where youle see
The land whence all derive ther pedegree;
Whether they draw from Adams paradice,
Or from Noas ark ther genealogyes:
For since we that our country call, and home,
Nott where we use to dwell, but whence wee come,
Who ist dare feare to travell where he knowes
Hee's neerer home the farther still he goes.
But you, whose vertue studyes equally
Morall and phisicall philosophy,
And counts mans risings even with his falls,
Must know your ends as well as principalls.

Then, as you Jordan and Euphrates see,
Or pass through Palestine and Arminye,
In Edens bowers youle vew your past estate,
Your future doome ith vale of Josaphat.

A PRESENT OF

## BANDS AND CUFFES.

Your token did not half so straightly bind
Bands to my neck, as feters to my mind;
Nor could those manicles my hand restraine
So strongly as they did my hart inchaine.
Oh, strange and unconseaved tirany,
With gifts to rob one of his libertye!
To bid his conquered neck and shoulders sweat
Under the baner of his owne defeat;
And make your prisoner on his armes to weare
The trophys of the victorye you beare.
Ah, now I find the cause why still you did
So smile to prick the lawne, or cut the thrid:—

You were my fate; the needle was your dart,
The thrid my life, the camberick my hart.
Ah, too, too late I now can call to mind
Why you such choyce of strings prepar'd to bind
Your slave; and lest I scapd before I dide,
You still complained the stocks were made too wide.
Yet twas not hansome, ladys such as you,
Though you might wound and binde, to cufe me too.

## THE FOREHEAD THE FIRST ASSAULT.

Let fickle, wanton lovers seeke
Theyre garlands in a smiling cheeke;
My love aspires unto the crowne
That hovers ore a foreheads frowne.
They'r idle lookes that can bee led
Inchanted to a rosy bed;
My watchfull eyes will onely dwell
Where awfull frownes kepe sentinell.
The cheekes are humble flowry plaines,
Where vulger pleasure onely raignes;
The towring fronts majestick hight
Displays a mountaine of delight.
Each rurall Pan his nimph can spye
Trip ore a cheekes fayre Thesaly;

The Muses onely Sol alow
To clime Parnassus loftye brow.
The cheekes an earthly garden bed,
With lilys and with roses spreade;
The forehead is a spheare devine,
Where plants not grow, but planits shine.
The torid zone may now be past,
With every saile, and every mast,
But thats a venterous vessel dares
Goe plow the ice o'th poler starres.
Leander-like, the calme I hate
Upon the smoothest cheekes to wate,
But love the furrowed Hellespont
Of my deare cruells swelling front.
The sinner his temtation seekes
I' th' earthy aples of the cheekes;
But thats a saintly paradise
That beares the aples of the eyes.
The cheeke, or age or death devowrs,
As soft and fading as its flowres;
The foreheads bloome no season culls,
But keepes its forme in buried sculls.

The foreheads in loves edifice
The faire engraved frontispeece,
Where nature gave in beautys face
The uper end and midle place.
Are they not natures enemyes,
Who steale it thence to cheekes or eyes?
Nor will the single forehead mone,
Because the cheekes are two for one;
Since beautys dread soveraignty
Can onely dwell in unetye.
The cheekes, the lips, the hands, the feete,
Outmatched alone, in couples meete.
Had not the forehead matchles bin,
We, Janus-like, still two had sene;
But nature made it one, because
She could not such another cause,
And wisely left it single yet,
Till she knows how to doble it:
Or, least so high a doble blisse
Should cause a doble presipice,
For murderd harts she did invent
A single toombe and monument.

So while the fickle lover seekes
Two pitfalls in two dimpled cheakes,
My constant hart shall dying crave
One forheads wrinkle for a grave.

## FOREHEAD AND CHEEKES.

### THE FIRST DUELL.

*Forehead.* LET guiltye-minded lovers seeke
Their picture in a blushing cheeke;
My virgin thoughts will best agree
With candid forheads puritye.

*Cheekes.* Let trembling cowards seeke ther face
I' th' pale, wan foreheads looking-glace;
My valiant love no meror seekes
But sanguin feelds and rosy cheekes.

*F.* Give me the white, to cloth my sence
Of love in native innocence;
Since tirant love is understoode
To paint and cloath it selfe in bloode.

*C.* Give me the red ; my Cupid goes,
Like other kings, in purple cloths ;
Let them who sin against his might,
A Gods-name pennance doe in white.

*F.* Such fortune fooles as aime at red,
By that blind rover may be led ;
But they had nede, who hit the white,
Diana's bow, or Phebus' sight.

*C.* Such fooles as can but aime aright,
Soone shoote ther boults, and hit the white ;
But they had neede be Mars his scollers,
That aime to beare away the colers.

*F.* While cheekes there colerd rainbow vary,
I' th' front the eyes are fixd and tary :
Then thats a fading eliment,
But this a lasting firmament.

*C.* If eyes are then loves stary bow,
That shoote there influence below,
Where can we loves reflection seeke
But in the region of the cheeke ?

*F.* Beneath the firmament of love
Poore wandring starrs and comets move ;

The foreheads spheire above may shine,
And lovers call it cristalline.

*C.* Pore-blind, and baren Cupids move
The starles cristallin of love,
But fruitfull Venus still apeares
I' th' lower orbs, or midle spheres.

*F.* And are not those loves fruitfull spheres,
Wherein the milky way apeares?
And to his banquet who can say
But that the forehead leads the way?

*C.* They're onely winter frutes that grow
Upon the fronts cold Alpe of snow;
But where both fruit and blome apeare,
Trew spring and paradise is there.

*F.* Ah! can it be a baren brow
Where Love himself has held the plow?
Or that a fruitles furow, where
His track and footsteps still apeare?

*C.* Alas! the fronts his comon feild,
That often falow lyes untild;
But in the cheekes' still flowry close,
He pasture finds, and fatter grows.

*F.* Supose loves garland, those who seeke,
May find inclosd in every cheeke;
Yet love his crowne will onely yeelde
To win i' th' foreheads open feelde.

*C.* Supose the single front may frowne
Under a French, or single crowne;
Yet doble cheekes united raigne,
And beare the doble crownes of Spaine.

*F.* Though cheekes there doble garlands prayse,
The forehead beares alone the bayse,
As in degree above compare,
And to the crowne imediate heire:
Then let all loyall lovers bow,
Not to the cheeke, but to the brow.

*C.* How can the brows degre be good,
So paile, and so remote in blood?
How can he claime the royall throne,
That hath no coler to the crowne,
When in the cheekes faire doble posys,
French lilys meet with English roses?

# EYES AND LIPS.

## THE SECOND DUELL.

*Eyes.* Let idle, prating lovers seeke
There fortunes in lip-rhetorick;
Ile study loves astroligye
I' th' doble sphere of beutyes eye.

*Lips.* Let idle, gasing lovers spy
There fates i' th' sphere of ether eye;
Ile reade loves sunshine or eclips
In beutys markd and naked lips.

*E.* I hope to Venus none deny
But that, in loves astronomy,
The eyes aford the best aspect;
And what would lovers more afect?

*L.* I hope to Cupid none will prove
But that, i' th' moving orbs of love,
The lips make best conjunction;
And what would lovers wish but union?

*E.* If lips are all the mouth can say,
The eyes have lips as well as they,
Which heare are onely lips to cover
The pearly treasures of a lover.

*L.* If pearles are all the eye can show,
The lips have each a perfect row,
Which, not to ope to vulger sights,
Are closd in corall cabinets.

*E.* Each rurall lover knows the price
Of corall lips cheape marchandise;
But who can prise loves diomond dart,
Is surely master of his art.

*L.* Each country-lass a ring may get,
And wear a braselet too of geat;
But loves quene onely gets the gem,
And beares the ruby diadem.

*E.* Ah! what are gemes' or jewells' light,
Compard to starres' or planets' sight?

Pore ruby lips would melt to spy
The doble sunns of ether eye.

*L.* They're falling starres and wandring spheres,
That, comet-like, disolve to teares;
Pore Sol himself must have eclips,
If but in sight of Daphnes lips.

*E.* The eyes are heavinly twins, that move
And guide us in the sea of love;
The double phare, whose welcome sight
Reveales the port of wishd delight.

*L.* Then eyes are onely flames, that show
Unto loves haven how to goe;
But what availes the blasing eye,
If lips there harbour first denye?

*E.* The eyes are loves familiers,
The intelligences of his spheres,
And can, twixt distant frend and frend,
Love characters and leters send.

*L.* They but his leter patents are,
Where vulgerd eyes' brode seales apeare;
But thers a deeper secret int,
Where lips theire privy seales imprint.

*E.* Eyes nature framd cleare, sownd, and even,
As pictures copied out of heavin,
With whose agilitye and light
We tast the glorifieing sight.

*L.* Light nature taught and levitye
To th' eyes, that they the lips might see;
Had eyes bin such a paradise,
She'de taught the lips to se the eyes.

*E.* Blind lips have but one propertye,
When eyes can fele as well as see;
There nature nigardly dispenses
Her single, here her double senses.

*L.* Dumbe eyes, that see all others blis,
Are blind to their owne hapines,
And still there muteal objects smother,
Where lips can fele and kis each other.

*E.* The eyes are guides that still convey
Loves pilgrims on there nerest way,
Lest in a woode of rivalls frighted,
They loose themselves, and be benighted.

*L.* Such subtill guids turne jelous spyes,
For Argus had a hundred eyes;

But Cupids blind, and scorning sight,
Can find his way as well by night.

*E.* If spies they bee, they may discover
Loves seasons to a woing lover;
But they by night are torches too,
That lead to finde as well as wooe.

*L.* Love's nere the nearer to be led
To Venus' lodge without a bed;
And on what pillow can he sleep,
But the soft roses of her lip?

*E.* Eyes windowes are, where loves deare paine
Flys in, and steales into the braine,
Where he the pleasing torment breeds,
And with his bitter sweetnesse feeds.

*L.* Lypps are the dores, where loves sharp food
Getts in to fill, and spill the blood;
And through the veines convayes the hart
His killing and his curing smart.

*E.* Tis fleshly love that feeds the tast;
Sight's purer food are spirits chast;
I' th' turtle's eye no venom is,
Though serpents poyson with a kisse.

*L.* Tis meare phantastick lovers fare,
To gape at spirits, feed on aire:
I' th' turtles kisse no poyson lyes,
Though basilisks can kill with eyes.

*E.* Loves eyes must surfet, sure, if fed
Upon no couler else but red;
Here joyne all objects of the vew,
Both black, and gray, and whit, and blew.

*L.* Love starves with too much apitite,
That has no fatter food then sight;
I' th' lip how all his beautys meet,
Both full and faire, and soft and sweet.

*E.* Though jealous mist of darkenesse covers
And shutts the rosy harts of lovers,
Of orient eyes one open ray
Again displays them to the day.

*L.* Though frost of coynesse make debate
Twixt Thirses' love and Phillis' state,
Of melting lipps one gentle kisse
Restores the shepard to his blisse.

*E.* As daysys red, in open feeld,
For sweetnesse to the violet yeeld,

So, in the soile of beauty's face,
The eye must of the lip take place;
Eyes that are Venus plotts of pansies,
Where lovers sett and gather fancies.

*L.* As drooping pansies hang the head,
If pinkes apeare on Venus bed,
So th' violet eye still droopes and tripps
Before the tulipps of too lipps;
Lipps that are budds and beds of roses,
Where kisses sow and gather posies.

## THE FANNE.

CRUELL Dorinda laught to heare me murne,
Cryeng I burne;
And skoffing sayd, heare, take, and coole thee, man,
With this my fan.
I sayd, no fanns, but flames my flames require,
To quench desyre;
And cry'd, well may all dull and earthly fyres
With dull and earthly fyres be more encreast;
But loves more active and sublime desyres
With active and sublime desyres are easd:
Learne then, oh learne loves high and mistik art,
To cure my burning paine;
Give me, oh give a pure and flaming hart,
And take thy fan againe.

## LETTERS TO MR NORMINGTON.

### I.

As fast as pen can fly, or inke can flowe,
No matter verse or prose, in sence or no,
To you thees broken feet are set to goe :
For though I've but a moment more to sit,
And extemporeall thoughts would aske a witt,
Yet I can write without, in spite of it.
My genious in verse of owld you know,—
A spiders weft, though small, yet lesse in show,
Who weake, would rather creepe, then fly too low.
Hence hate I so thos chymik poets' witts,
That forge a goolden verse of copper bitts,
Because tis gilt with shining epithets.

So silly glow-worms in the dark may play,
And glory in ther owne compendious day,
Til thay, with ther owne light, themselves betray.
T' invite, I grant it is enough to shew,
But such dull things as I, before we goe,
Must have our tickling on, and spurring too.
Then since bare representing is not all
To make a poeme what we perfect call,
We must be sharp too, and patheticall.
Now, since I cannot reach the latter two,
And scorne to seeke the first as much as you,
You see me write thus carelesse as I doe.
Where it a line, or half a line you see
Worth looking o're without impatiency,
Pray send it, or a coppy, back to me.

## II.

I'm mightily now taken with this way,
To save art, labor, and let nature play,
And write before I have a word to say:

Whither't be propper lazynesse in fine,
Or else despare to pitch a lute lyke thyne,
Makes me scrape boldly this gittar of myne.
Had I, lyke Doctor Gibbs, some serious trade,
It weire excuse sufficient to perswade
That rime was all the play and sport I had.
Yet made I but of verse each day a score
Lyke his, I'd sweare he playd as much, and more,
That sweats to hold a plow, or tugge an oare.
Indeed, I ever scorn'd laborious toyes,
Lyke songs here strayn'd out of our squealing boyes,
While spheires and angells sing and make no noyse.
So leaden-fingerd organists doe tire
Ther joints, to make the clattering kayes sownd higher
In verginalls, an octave then the wyre.
While Young's, or Butler's hands, one dancing went,
Lyke graces, ore the fretts, one shooting sent
A sound abstracted from all instrument;
Methought they play'd upon my hartstrings too,
And shot lyke Cupids in Apollos bow,
Such learned sweets through every veine did flow.

Such heaven-lyke musique tempers noblest rime,
To moove still smoothly round, and never clime,
Not barely keeping, but creating tyme.
And thus our soft-pend Crashaw writes, above
Thees toyling witts as much, in what should moove,
As in the choice, and obiect of his love.
And heare you see, sir, in a carelesse looke,
I know a seazon'd verse, but would be tooke
More for a skilfull carver then a cooke.
Hence have I chose this scribbling liberty,
Where every line's a verse, in spight of me,
Your humble servant, Edward Thimelby.

## III.

I'm yet a libertin in verse, and write
Both what the spirit and the flesh indite,
Nor can be yet our Crashaws convertite.
Methinkes your misticall poetik straine,
Does not so sanctify a poet's veine,
As make divinity itself prophaine.

Yet still except we prophets, saints, and kings;
Who hears a heaven's voice, of heaven sings,
Nor fears he precipices that has wings.
But I should lend the sun an arrow's pace,
And borrow nature's ragges to furnish grace,
Or pick up flowers to deck an angell's face.
As the poore whining lover, thinking shame
T' invoke his Lucy by a Christian name,
Miscalles her little duck, or pretty lambe.
With words impure to prayse a dyety,
Weire but a moderne kind of blasphemy,
As w——s, whos greatest sinnes in sanctity.
Thay who with pocky mouthes the saints dare woo,
Nor take ther sacred names, as others doe,
Vainely, and foolishly, but foulely too.
You know temtation once brought me too in,
To faigne a teare or two of Magdalen,
But she, a sinner once, forgave the sin.
And yet Medea lent me not a moane,
Nor Ariadne yet a single grone,
Nor Niobe a brest, or foot of stone.

A rapture, alter, sacrifice, a vowe,
A relique, extacye, words baudy now,
Our fathers could for harmeles termes alow.
But now the very spring of poesy
Is poysond quite, and who would draigne it dry,
Must be a better Hollander then I.
A better Hercules than I, alasse,
For such a lake, a better Boniface,
To scoure of such a Pantheon the brasse.
Had one no poet, but a painter bene
Of naked truth, weir't not a lesser sinne
To call it Venus, then a Catherin?
And, if to faigne be all in poetry,
For my part, I shall rather cheuse to me
Poetik sin, then faigned sanctity.

ON THE DEATH OF

# THE COUNTESSE OF RIVERS.

HEERE lyes two miracles in one,
*Of all our age, and of her owne.*
*A* vertue, durst mentain her prime,
When vertues self was growne a crime:
A beauty, held her springing flower;
When beauty fell in winter's power.
A vertue, not kept up in cage
Of some lone cell, or hermetage;
As though her soule, lyke ours, durst try
No goodnesse but necessity:
But, to upbrade our masking age,
A vertue on the courtly stage:

Which had it formed its sceanes by her,
Had all turn'd vertues theater.
But malice grew so high, that she
And vertue made one tragedy.
A beauty, both mature and new;
Impregnable, yet pregnant too.
So Paradise made Autumn good,
Without the fall of bloome or budd.
Or, as the sun transplants his face
On every planett's looking-glasse,
Yet looses not one glorys ray
In thos epitomes of day,
Untill, by dead of night opprest,
Himself he must betake to rest,
Leaving thos budding lights full blown,
And turn'd to sunnes now every one:
So she, though printing every yeare,
Coppys of her owne caracter,
Left beauty's perfect stamp in all,
Yet wasted not th' originall,
Till heaven, in love, contriv'd her second birth,
And left thos shining epitaphs on earth.

# SELF-LOVE MENTAYNED

TO

THE FAIRE SELF-DENYER, MY SISTER,

TH.

---

'TWEIRE fit, before I went about to proove
Self-love the onely spheire where all we moove,
To see first, what is self, then what is love.

Self-nesse, is all my beings property,
At least the best, and not the worst of me,
My soules, and not my body's entity.

And love is the uniting of my will,
Meerely to what seemes fittest for it still,
And only can my soules best powre fulfill.

This so defin'd, you may inferre from hence,
My self-love's only, in its proper sense,
In my owne good a fitting complacence.

And so deduce, all such who ruinate,
To raise their bodys welth, their soules estate,
Not to be sayd themselves to love, but hate.

Yet not to build on empty words, if you
Wil call it self-love, as the vulgar doe,
I feare in this we are self-lovers too.

For such self-love in every vice we see,
And who from every little vice is free,
Has surely more of angell much then me.

But here our blindnesse shews, how too too true,
Such love's but pride, and brookes not its owne vew,
Since we were humble, if our pride we knew.

To over-value my owne vertue, weire
Not love but fondnesse, and to recken deare
My vice, weire ignorance, or doatage cleare.

Nor does our self-love contradict that state
Where we, with reason, oft ourselves doe hate,
Since both are partners in the same debate.

To hate myself, that is to loath my ill,
Is but from bad to seperate my will,
And what is this but good self-loving still?

And thus my sence my reason seldome loves,
My passion oft my judgement disaprooves,
This way my spirit, that my body mooves.

If my owne sinne be my owne enemy,
And good controwle my bad, tis plane to see
I ever hate myself for love of me.

And when I others hate, or turne my mind
From union with them, tis because I find
Them crosse to me; self-love still ownes his kind.

Now, if 't be self-love when I hate them so,
Much more tis when to them my love I show,
Since love suites more with love, then hate, you know.

For, when I their perfections most admire,
That they weire mine is still my first desyre,
Next by self-love I to the lyke aspire.

If friends are second selves, we love aright
Ourselves, as first selves best: and though we might
Love them as first, tweire self-love still to th' hight.

Weir't possible, that any handsome she
Could once endure a thought of love from me,
That very love should none but self-love be.

For she should beare my hart still in her owne,
Nor could it prejudice self-love, to owne
Her hart and myne more worth, then mine alone.

This weire no more, then by a second choice,
To ad unto my hart a double poyse,
In self redoubled love more to rejoyce.

Or should I for her honor die, the strife,
In such a noble cause to loose a lyfe,
Would croune my self-love more then such a wyfe.

Then for my frend to die, whos worth I deeme
Beyond my owne, weire not for love of him,
But for preferring of my just esteeme.

Now if self-murder be of sinnes the worst,
Self-hatred is of vice the most accurst,
And so self-love, of vertues, still the first.

Love greater grows by how much more tis spy'd,
From self-love lesse remov'd, and more aly'd,
Or as the lov'd is more to th' lover ty'd.

So man, then neihbor, next our kin apeare,
As sister, mother, wyfe, in order deare,
As more or lesse they to ourselves draw neare.

T' expresse our perfect'st love, we're us'd to cry,
My hart, my lyfe, my soule, my better I!
And what, I pray, but self-love meanes this My?

Nay, in my purest thoughts, on God I call,
My Maker, Saviour, Comforter, my all,
And soaring highest down to self-love fall.

An Epicure might prayse, exalt, admire,
His happy careless Gods, but neire desyre,
Nor love, as not relating to their quire.

We love our God, because hee's loving knowne,
And though we dy'd, lyke him, for him alone,
Our cheefest love, as his, weire still our owne.

We sillily suppose some hidden flame
Of mother's love attracts the bleating lamb,
When tis the milke she seekes, and not the dam.

We dreame some conjugall affection charmes
The vine to clip the elme, her husband's armes,
When tis to leane, and save her bunch from harmes.

The loadston loves its iron, but tis to feede,
The iron returnes the love, but tis to breed
In 'tself new vertue from that hidden seed.

But here I pose myself, how can I vewe
Self-love in all, who find no such in you,
To whos high worth all other love is deue?

And yet I may retort, how can my sence
Doubt that in all, which, by experience,
I find in me, who have the least pretence?

In earnest, madam, such as you, who are
So lov'd by all, I grant may better spare
Self-love to us, who need a greater share.

And yet that very gratitude, which you
Referre unto yourselves, as still you doe,
Containes a smattering in't of self-love too.

Had I a style, or pen, lyke yours to try,
In such a cause I might, compendiously,
At once my self-love prayse, and justify.

Where now my slender veine must stretch in fine
To shoot out all in length, since ten of myne,
In substance hardly tythe your single line.

## A SIGH TO ST MONICA'S TEARES.

Ye tender soft-par'd mother springs,
That trickling steale from those new op'ning eyes,
Where Monica, loves siren, sings,
To inchant her Austin into Paradise;
Kind falacys, that have so well outdone
The logick of your over subtill son:

If such fertill parent showres
Revivd in him the eternall spring of blisse;
If those seede pearle-bloomes of yours
Brought him such harvest home of happines;
Oh, drop my baren soule one fruitfull teare,
Or let it gleane some pregnant sorrow there.

Then earthly parents all adieu,
Now onely Heaven must be of kin to me;
I'le be conceavd and borne anew,
And onely teares shall be my pedigree.
Thrice happy generation! to be stiled,
Of Austin's mother perles the adopted child.

## A NEW REMONSTRANCE

TO

## HIS MALIGNANT MISTRESSE.

SINCE Beauty's such a tyrant growne
In thee, I'l now discover,
What grievances can ne'ere be borne
By any freeborne lover.

Nor is my hart rebellious growne:
Since thou art still betraying
The trust and power of Beauty's throne,
It finds no more obaying.

My loves benevolence, I say,
Though deue was freely given;

Without a parlament, I'l pay
No subsidy to Heaven.

A routed faith, a plundred love,
And a sequestred deuty,
Are taxe and impost good enough
For thy delinquent beauty.

Call not my harts free homage, scant
Allegiance pay'd unto thee,
Least it engage, and covenant,
New *fealtys* to undoe thee.

Revoake not back the lyfe you give,
I'l die no doating martyr,
But question thy prerogative,
If thou repeale my charter.

Strive not thy Babell towre to build,
Or arme gainst loves free citty;
Scorne's high commission-court may yeeld
To freedomes grand committy.

Tempt not with thy new minion's pride
My love to wrath abetted;
Felton had not a knife more tryed,
Nor Pymme a toung more whetted.

Nor thinke thy force, or thy deceipt,
Of art or arme can out me:
Love has his Ferfaxes to beat,
And Crumwells too to rowt thee.

## A GLASS LAMPE BROKEN.

THIS vestall flame might ever burne,
Closd in so pure a virgin urne,
Had not the frost outmatch'd the fire,
And taught how beauty may expire.
I know thy blazing beautye's might,
I feele the heate, I see the light;
Thy soule, unto my eyes though dimme,
Transpares, *I grant, through every limbe;*
But age's frost comes on a pace,
And that may crack thy christall case.

## A GLASSE BELL IN A PENDANT, BROKEN.

WHILE this bell livd still ringing in your eare,
You heard not what it sometymes whispered there:
Upon how frale a thred the grace depends
Your smooth-tongd lover to your care commends;

And with how soft a blow of fortune's stroke,
The promises and vowes you heare are broke.
Now burst, it brekes into a lowder knell,
In prelud to your lover's passing-bell;
And toles a dirge to beautys overthrow,
That must have once its fall and breking too.

## A BROKEN WETHER-GLASSE.

Oh, trust not to mortality!
This glas was stronger farr then we;
No change of season could it dread,
No heat, no cold, and yet tis dead.

## A BROKEN BURNING-GLASS.

Boast not thy sunlyke eyes consuming stroke;
This glasse burnt all things too, and yet tis broke.

## A BROKEN HOURE-GLASSE.

MADAM, come behold your face;
Heer's your surest looking-glasse.
Though your lyfes goold-spinning thred
Promis an immortal weed;
Though your flattering servants doe
Style you Alpe, and Ætna too,
See the ground where on you stand:
All's a wrinkeling hill of sand.
Though your idle poets seeke
Constellations in your cheeke,
And miscall your eyes above
Double christallins of love,
See thos orbes, and how they passe:
All's a tender brickle glasse.
See the idol of your lover—
Earth put in a christall cover!
Which though yet it shine in you,
First was made of ashes too.
And when tyme recalls, it must,
Lyke this glasse, come all to dust.

## A BROKEN VENICE GLASSE.

VENICE, thy long lyf'd state must also passe,
Thy situation's lubrik as thy glasse.

## A GLASSE RING BROKEN.

BEHOLD this broken ring, and spy
An embleme of your false eternity.
We think our joys must have no bound,
Because they come about so cleare and round.
The circle of our happynesse
Must brake itself in tyme as well as this;
And then the ring of all the mirth we have,
Must only serve to wed our spousall grave.

## A GLASSE WATCH-COVER.

THROUGH this pure glasse you might behold the power,
And hand of tyme post on from houre to houre:
And vew the slippery spokes of fortunes wheele,
Some forwards run the race, some backwards reele.
Where even the name could warne us to forsee,
And watch our dieng opportunity.
Nay, still though broke, the very watche's case
Crumbles into a mortall houre-glasse,
Where every giant attome poysoning can
Turne, lyke it self, to dust the proudest man.

## A BROKEN PERSPECTIVE GLASS.

SYRACUSA's Ingenire,
Strangely in a christall sphere
All the motions comprizd
Of the starres epitomizd:

Til Jove envieng the wonder,
Crakt it with a clap of thunder.
But when Gallileus came,
This new optik glasse to frame,
He did every bashfull starre
Shew as naked as they are;
And th' enlarged signes could spell,
In a volume legible.
Had ther owne christalin got such a crak,
Astronomy had felt a lesser wrack.

## A BROKEN LOOKING-GLASSE.

Lady, beware your shining beautys fall,
The coppy's broke, look to th' originall:
Your radient eyes reflected hence to you,
Take heed we see them not refracted too.

## A BROKEN STILLING-GLASSE.

You nimble, metled, fyry blade,
Who all of sparkes and spirits made,
Dare with your youth and forces vye,
Even to outstrip mortality;
Behold how much to ruine you,
An other little sparke may doe.
This glas was pure, smooth, rownd, intire,
And lyke a sun breathd only fyre;
Dranke lyfe of water, soule of wyne,
In baths of rose and jessamine;
With vital spirits only fed,
And yet you see how soon tis dead.
Goe now thy fraile existence boast,
While here's the very essence lost.

## A GLASSE CHAYNE BROKEN.

CEASE to proclayme the victory,
And trophy of your ether eye;
Vaunt me no more your captive there,
Enchayned in a single haire:
Thees weire glorious fetters too,
And every linke as strong as you;
And yet you see the chayne is broke,
And I in tyme may slip the yoake.

## A GLASSE WINDOW BROKEN.

THE window of thyn eyes, my deare,
Will shatter too, if death peep there;
Nay, who'l asure them to outlast
Diseases stroke, or ages blast?
Oh, shut them now, and kindly rescue me,
And see how much tis safer not to see.

## A GLASSE OF CONSERVE OF ROSES BROKEN.

Goe, lady, heare the poet sing
Your rosy cheekes eternall spring;
Beleve your doctor has the power
Still to preserve your beautys flower:
And then behold this broken glasse,
And vew the autumne of your face:
Thees roses weire conservd as well,
And yet you see how soone they fell.

## A GLASS, ON THE ONE SIDE CONCAVE, ON THE OTHER CONVEX, BROKEN.

Come you, whose sharpe dull eyes are ever knowne
Eagles to others faults, moles to your owne;
Who to ther vertues turne a Polypheme,
Though to your owne you more then Argus seeme;
Whose lynx-like sight can perce dull earth for gold,
Yet, owle-like, dare not heavens bright sunne behold:

And, whilst your large fields seeme a spott of ground,
Mole-hills are mountaynes in your nighbours found:
Study this protean glass, whose ether side
Rays'd others modesty, allayd there pride,
Turn'd lands to landskipps, and to faryes men,
Pygmies to gyants, and to dwarfes agen.
See, see, how soone this false fac'd Janus dies,
And learne to looke on all with equall eyes.

TO

# THE FAIRE INDIAN

OF

# AMERSFORD.

NEW morne of beauty, fled from East,
T' enlighten and inrich our West:
Bright starr, in whose compendious flame
Are all the goods your sunne can frame:
Say, fairest, (ah, doe not repine
To tell our world some newes of thine,)
What spice, what gold, what ieuells' light
Inioy thy Indys since thy flight?
Confesse (thers none pursues thee heere,)
What brought you thence? what left you there?

Can any gumms or spices stay
Wher thy breath suck'd all sweets away?
Since the admired Phœnix nest
Lyes all ingrossed in thy breast.
Can any gold be spar'd to shine,
Where all made up thes brades of thine?
What saphir now can sparke, or diamond glow,
Wher all to frame thy brighter eyes did goe?

Oh, can one single pearle be left
Wher thy pure teeth made such a theft?
Can th' Indian vaunt his ivory,
Since thy smooth skinn's faire robberye?
Wher, since he lost thy lyp and cheeke,
Twere madnesse rubyes now to seeke.
All th' Easts a wildernesse for losse of you,
And bles'd Arabia now turn'd desart too.

Oh, since wee all confesse our sunne
Is by thy shining orbs outdone,
And that the fires (the torrid zone
Of love creates) are all thy owne,

Relent thy rigor and our paine,
Let pitty temper thy disdaine ;
Least we thy blaising apparition call
Not our sunn's rising, but our Phæton's fall.

Oh, tell rich plant whom heaven allowes,
To clime and clipp thy fruetfull bowes ?
Which here transplanted make all sweet,
And happy they in one to meete.
That, as in th' other Indian tree,
Meate, drinke, cloath, light, united be,
So for a portion and dowrye he
May find the summ of all the world in thee.

ON

THE DEATH OF

## MR MORGAN,

WHOSE LAST WORDS WERE, " O GOD, WHAT IS MAN!"

As sad Symiramis was sate
  Hard by the window of her cell,
To teach a note more passionate,
  Unto her sister Philomell;

Halfe sighing, and halfe singing, she
  Thus to the bird: Cease to repine
Thy brothers cruelty to thee,
  And weepe with me the fall of mine.

Weepe, weepe with me the fate of him,
  Who, at his lifes extended spann,
Left me the burden of this hymne,
  O God, O God, O what is man!

The bird heard all, and soone replyed;
Sweet, cease thy brother to bewaile:
(It was an angell lately try'd
The feathers of a nightingale:)

Oh, cease thy brothers fate to moane,
Transferd to heavens more blest abode,
And sing with me this nobler tone,
O man, O man, O what is God!

He breathes in our seraphicke fire,
Feeds in our starry milkye road,
And sings in our eternall quire,
O man, O man, O what is God!

ON THE DEATH OF

## MRS MOORE'S LITTLE SONNE,

AT AMSTERDAM.

---

Oh, stay those teares that blind thee thus,
Thou seest not how iniurious
Thou art become to th' ether skies,
Both of the starres, and of thyn' eyes.
Should I, when oft some plant I see
Wher hope had destined me a tree,
Soone blasted by the frost or wind,
Call nature, or the yeare, unkind?
In natures bookes, who knows but yet,
In some by leafe, it may be writt,
From th' ashes where that plant had stood,
Might, phœnix-like, grow up a wood?

And who dare be so rash to say
Where you your buried infant lay,
But thence some milkye vapours given,
May feed a newborn starr in heaven?

TO

## HIS MISTRESS,

UPON RETURNE FROM TRAVELLS.

---

Oh God! that I could thinke it true
That you could possibly be you.
Weire you not young, weire you not fayre,
Not red thy lypp, not browne thy haire?
What single bloome of beauty past?
What bud blowne when I saw thee last?
And now (unlesse thy ages prime
As endlesse weire as that of tyme,
Or fates had twin'd thy thred, t' apeare
Round as ther serpent, or ther yeare,
And that thy constant beauty's flame
Could, as the sun, still rise the same,)

You stil yourself unto my veue,
How can I think should yet be you?
Tis fifteene yeares, a period
Might serve a prophet, or a God,
(A Delphik Oracle might cleare
His riddle once in fifteene yeare,)
Since I saw Englands face and thine;
Now that's ecclipst, and yet you shine.
Thos eyes there wonted terror keepe,
The self-same danger's in that lyppe;
The pitt, the nett, the trapp, the hooke,
The snare is still the self-same looke.
All owld temptations still I see:
Both frute and flower combind in thee.
When I came home, and past the land
Where once our favor'd oakes did stand,
Whos naturall age, by course, survives
The common reach of human lyfes;
And could not spy one single tree
Markt with the names of thee and me;
Was now to pluck a twigge afray'd,
Where we so many garlands made;

Cause all was chang'd in every place,
I cry'd, and is this Englands face?
Say, if in yon soft christall brook,
Where thou thy softer self dost looke,
The nymph should keep her gliding face,
Still stedfast in the self same place,
Would she not loose a current's name,
Or could you iudge her still the same?
Or not a lake it rather say,
That was a river t' other day?
So you may be your daughter, true,
But never dreame that you are you.
Ah! more then rivers farre, we flow,
And to our sea of nothing goe!
Ten thousand windings turne our braine;
As many humours fill each veine;
Which, though they smoothly glide, and seeme
To kisse the channel of each limme,
In tyme, by an unseen decay,
Nibble the fayrest bankes away.
Then be not pittylessly prowd
Of what kind heaven has thee alow'd.

Since fates thy state such firmenesse give,
Oh, huswyfe thy prerogative;
Abuse not beautys soverainty,
The world may call it tyranny;
Despare may teach us all new libertys,
And thee the fate of other monarchies.

TO

## MR NORMINGTON,

AT PIACENZA,

UPON OCCASION OF THE OVERFLOWES OF PO AND TYBER.

I.

COME let me traine my muse to soare by thyne
The loftyest of the Nine;
Why should not I with Tybers deluge flow
As full as thou with Po;
Can Alpes become Parnassus there,
And Apenine not here?
What if the river's king
Raigne ore the Heleconian spring,
Can Phebus cast such partiall glances on
That urne which overwhelm'd his falling sonne?

II.

Shall you, Eridanus' new bird, out scan
The wing of Dirces swan?
From whos full pennes deep raptures gusht of owld,
Lyke rivers downe hill rould:
And I (when Tiber can not keepe
His bed) in myne here sleepe?
Wher still my muse consumes
Her flagging veine in downy plumes:
No, no, though hope could never raise my quill,
Feare now gives wings to clime yon neboring hill.

III.

See, see, the land turn'd an Egean sea,
Where mountains ciclads be;
Hark, how the tyrant water foaming roares,
Disdaining hills for shores;
Each element his seate confounds,
Where rivers brooke no bounds:
Thos streames, who, lesse, could yeeld
Rich pasture to each gladsome field,

Lyfe to each iolly swaine, now greater growne,
And swolne more high, both feeld and shepard drowne.

IV.

Alas! how rare a thing is moderate
To an unweldy state!
So one, borne to his friends and contrys good,
That flowes in welth and blood,
But bred to proiects, ayry milles
On forraine winds and hills,
Or fed ith slimy pooles
Of gluttonous gold fishing fooles,
Swells, rages, overflowes, depopulates,
Confounds his owne, ruins his neighbors states.

V.

A senate here, by popular consent
Thrust into government,
To curbe despotik power that might undoe,
Is become tyrant too:
And now braves Cesar to his face,
And then usurpes his place,

And puft so prowdly high
Above the brinkes of mortality:
Even dares the Gods to reparation,
And carves new currents to religion.

VI.

An army theire, raised to protect the cause
Of common welth and lawes,
High fed with publique tresure freely powr'd,
And plentifully showrd;
That, like a torrent overflown,
Drove desolation
Before it, now wild to see
No more the face of enemy,
'Gainst its owne citty turnes th' ungratefull flood;
Threats a new deluge there of parents blood.

VII.

A people seated in a fayre aboad,
Where milke and nectar flowd,
Where peace and iustice fild the cupps of blisse,
In a perpetual kisse:

Drunk with that ill-bestowd successe
Of there owne happinesse,
And pamperd bove ther hight,
Kick downe the bankes of iust and right:
And, blindly frantike, draw a bloody streame
Of sacred purple on ther sonnes and them.

VIII.

But stay, faint Muse, thy overdaring flight,
To this unseemely height:
Though iustly thy deare Normington not feares
'Rash Phaetons late teares,
Whos speculation him might moove
To the waters there above,
And lead him up to spy
That other Padus in the sky:
For thee ore seas to towre can get no fame,
But that of Icarus his empty name.

# POEMS

BY

THE HONOURABLE

## MRS HENRY THIMELBY.

Modern poetry too often resembles an artificial nosegay, the colours of which, though splendid, are yet tawdry, and heightened far beyond the modesty of nature, without any pretensions to fragrance; while that of a century and an half back appears as a garland fresh from the gardens of nature, and still moist and glittering with the dews of the morning.

*Headley—Introd.* p. 25.

## MRS THIMELBY,

ON

## THE DEATH OF HER ONLY CHILD.

---

Deare infant, 'twas thy mother's fault
So soone inclos'd thee in a vault:
And fathers good, that in such hast
Has my sweet child in heaven plac'd.
I'le weepe the first as my offence,
Then ioy that he made recompence:
Yet must confesse my frailty such
My ioy by greife's exceeded much:
Though I, in reason, know thy blisse
Can not be wish'd more then it is,
Yet this selfelove orerules me soe,
I'de have thee here, or with thee goe.

But since that now neyther can be,
A vertue of necessitie
I yet may make, now all my pelf
Content for thee, though not myselfe.

---

TO

## HER HUSBAND,

ON NEW-YEARS-DAY, 1651.

---

How swiftly time doth passe away,
Wher happines compleates the day!
Weeks, months, and years, but moments prove
To those that nobly are in love.
This computation's only knowne
To them that our pure flame can owne.
Succeeding yeares example take
By those are past; ther numbers wake
Envy, whilst with a will resignd
No wil is knowne til th' others mind.

UPPON THE

## RETURNE FROM OUR FRIENDS

IN STAFORDSHIRE.

---

What? has our progresse from kind friend to friend
Increas'd our ioys? or must we, now they end,
Be capable of grief? No such sad fate
Attends our love, we enioy one constant state.
Yet let not any deeme this as neglect
Of them, or of ourselves too much respect;
For we allow they can as easily give,
As tis impossible we should receave.
That speakes there vertue, but this cannot mine;
To love and you I must my ioys assigne.
For I, more apt to erre then any one,
In this ther love a serious griefe should owne,
Had not love beene so kindly prodigall
To give me you, and you to give me all.

## CONTENTED POVERTY.

You that are worldly wise, and vanely boast
Whose full cramm'd coffers may be valew'd most,
Come, and behold how happily agree
(United by contented povertie)
This unrepenting paire; five yeares are fled,
(Such hast makes time that ioy hath perfected,)
Since these possess'd so absolute a calme,
Love only knowes, who gives the soveraigne balme:
Cures all distempers, even wishes vaine,
When each from other all thats wish'd obtaine.
Tis not your wealth can such a purchace make;
Leave then to brag, and heare new lessons take.
Your heap'd up riches doe but make you poore,
You feare their losse, or els you wish for more;
So that your thoughts can never be at ease,
Whilest that the patient doates on his disease.
But if unpartially you both survay,
From them no doubt you may, the only way,

Learne to prevent your fatal destinye,
Your present trouble, horrour when you dy.
For if them, as your mammon, you despise,
Youle live in peace, and at your setting rise.

---

TO

H——— T———.

---

NATURE, nor art, (should both contest)
Can help me now, my thoughts fly higher
Then the rash Phaetons request,
Or bold Prometheus for his fier.

Such his attempt that would confine
In numbers, what is numberles;
Yet this not alters my designe,
Or makes your merit ere the lesse.

For tis allow'd by full consent,
That good intentions are no sin;

Judge we must not by the event,
What the servise ought t' have bin.

Heere plenty only makes me poore,
Commands me speake, and hold my peace;
When all is saide, yet you have more
Perfections as your dayes increase.

This satisfaction I pretend;
Since I your vertues would have showne.
That though I cannot gaine my end,
I have that I would have them knowne.

---

TO

MR E—— T——,

WHO HOLDS SELFE-LOVE IN ALL OUR ACTIONS.

---

SELFE-LOVE in all? sure I am not awake!
My dreames abuse me, or my eares mistake.
So knowne a iudgment such an errour hold!
Ile not believe 't, though nere so often told.

If y' are in iest, I care not to dispute
For proofe, how truth can the best witt confute.
Doe you selfe-love in humble Birtha find,
Who greiv'd for feare of wronging Rhōdalind,
With sober minde acknowledg'd her desert,
Fit only for her most lov'd Gondebert?
In sweete Bellario was selfe-love exprest,
Who wish'd heavens curse if't pleas'd her master best?
Examples of the same doe so abound
They helpe me not to choose, but doe confound.
Did not Queene Elnor love her husband more,
Who t' ease his paine suckt his invenom'd soare?
And that brave dame, who, following her lord,
Stept still before at sight oth' frightful sword,
Making her breast his buckler, fully prov'd,
That it was him and not herselfe she lov'd.
Say, truth with fables here you mixed see,
That shews who were, and these how we may be.
If you alleage those golden dayes are done,
Our iron age will not afford me one
Of that fam'd stamp, in all things els I yeald,
But in this cause I dare mentaine the field;

And nere goe farther, though I'me sure you'de finde,
If not mongst men, most women of this minde.
Tis not selfe-love in me, who to correct
Your errour with my shame doe truth protect;
A blush I can afford for every line,
The subiects spotles, all the faults are mine.

---

UPON

## A COMMAND TO WRITE ON MY FATHER.

---

TEARES I could soone have brought unto this hearse,
And thoughts, and sighs, but you command a verse;
And here it is, I am so much concern'd
If ere I write I am againe unlearn'd.
For greife does all things els annihilate,
As not consistent with his high estate.
If you will be obay'd, Ile hold the pen,
But you must guide my hand, instruct me then.
Dead must I say? I doe the author see
That gave me life, and not that death kill me!

If, when alive, he was the cause of breath,
Why, being dead, does he not cause my death?
This is a miracle from you I know,
For I must live whilest you will have it so.
Nor can this new giv'n life be better spent
Then to contemplate this sad monument:
Th' inclosure of a worth the world nere knew,
But in his time, and it was from him too.
So sweet a winning way he had on all,
None knew but lov'd him, no desert so small
But he would grace, and still did something say,
That none could goe unsatisfy'd away.
We may presume in heaven he went no less,
By his so soone conferred happines.
Could we consider this but as we ought,
How vane's our sorrow! what is ever sought
By all our prayres but now he dos possess,
Tis then most fit that we should acquiesce.

TO

## MY BROTHER AND SISTER ASTON,

ON THER WEDDING-DAY, BEING ABSENT.

---

THEY whom unlucky accidents remove
From this dayes duty, yet may show ther love.
For thoughts (our swift embassadors) weele send
With busy care, your busier thoughts t' attend.
Ther each one payes a wish, a tribute due,
And therfore pay'd, but of no use to you,
Whose spatious hearts are megazins, wher ioyes
Contented croud, are happy without noyse.
But if that peacefull kings, of unknowne power,
Refuse not humble presents from the poore,
And though it cannot add to ther estate,
Are pleas'd to valew 't at the givers rate,
You will accept our wealth, an ernest care,
And for your happynes a fervent praire.

## NO LOVE LIKE THAT OF THE SOULE.

Some froward heretickes in love ther bee,
Wilfull abusers of his diety;
Whose weake opinions, and whose feavorish flame,
Pretend his right, but doe abuse his name.
Such are the idle likers of a face,
Who leave the soule for the fantastick case;
Which, though to day, like some bright shrine of art,
Th' amased gazers bend to; deaths cold dart
May ere to morrow so deforme, dismay'd
The adorer stands, of what he lov'd afray'd.
Ah! then who would this busy nothing prise,
No sooner lik'd, but vanish'd from our eyes!
Yet this unlucky passion is renewed
As oft as some faire and new prospect's vew'd.
How falsely these usurpe a lovers name,
Who merit rather what the abused dame
Gave the unconstant Pamphilus, new smart
For every change of his removing hart.

And is not thers, like his vane exersise,
Who lost his mispent time in killing flies ?
Since the pursute of beuty nothing gains,
When the reward is never worth the paines.
Tis only they with iustice may pretend
A lasting ioy, whose love can know noe end.
These are the wise admirers of the soule,
And these Fame only Lovers does inrole :
Nor heat nor cold they feele, noe change of state,
Who all their thoughts to this doe consecrate.
For as that is for ever, so ther flame,
The obiect one, the passion is the same.
Then choose, fraile mortals, which you'd rather be,
Joy'd for a while, or pleas'd eternally.

UPON THE

## LADY PERSALLS PARTING WITH HER DAUGHTER WITHOUT TEARES.

You who a mistick patche's losse can mourne,
Vew this, and soone your idle passion scorne:
You whom a dog and munkye's death displease,
See this, and blush at your unwise diseuse.
Thus our vane age's humours you reforme,
And tis your wisdome tempers follye's storm.
Whose fortitude's like this? Who has an eye
That does not melt when such a losse is nigh?
Your heart I feare wept, as your eyes did smile;
Judgment and love you only reconsile.
Thes times afford none such, here trifles move
As much our care as what is worth our love.
Some happier dayes we must survay, to vew
Who had like losse, who bore it like to you:
But tis in vane; we should our labor loose,
She can't be match'd, and we should you abuse,
By all comparisons but yourselfes alone;
She does the mother, you the daughter owne.

ON

## FAIRE MRS HALL

DYING IN HER PRIME.

---

How soone these faire and forward springs
Are nip't by some unruly blast!
Whose beuty whilst the poet sings,
This sadly sighes the blessing past.

Not th' earely violet was more sweet,
Or new-blowne rose apear'd more faire;
All that is wish'd our sences meet,
But the quick losse augments our care.

So we reioyce in some kind dreame,
That makes a good as much our owne;
But waking, ebs the flowing streame,
Sorrow contracts us to her stone.

TO

## SIR WILLIAM AND MY LADY PERSALL,

UPPON THE DEATH OF THEIR LITTLE FRANKE.

---

HAPPY parents, mourne no more,
You this iewell but restore:
Nor yet question Heavens will,
Why he was not lent you still.
As you merited that grace,
So his innocence the place
We all ambition; nor could you
Covet yours to bar his due.
Say in him we know did meete
All was good, and all was sweet,
Does this aggravate your cross?
Your gaine is greater then your loss.
For, alas! what did he here?
Please your eye, delight your eare:
He your senses' welcome guest,
Treates your soules now with a feast.

Tis his powerfull praires give you
All good here, and heaven too.
Yet hence your comfort most will rise,
God loves the child that quickly dies.

---

TO

## CANNALL, IN MOURNING.

---

What all in black! all mourning! O that wee
Mistooke the place, or saw not what we see.
In favor of our eyes we must be gon,
For if we stay, we shall pertake a moane
Not common, since all obiects speake this crosse
As no particular but a general losse.
Come gratitude, and let selfe-love depart;
Weele stay and hear it, though it breake our hart.
Is this the house to which none ever came
Unwilling or unwelcome? Happy fame,
But not eternall! for alas, no more
It can be now as it has beene before.

See the sad owners, whose contented looke
Us'd to assure us such, as planet stroake,
(Though kind and civill) now instruct our feares,
And tell our paine ith' language of their teares.
By which moist characters how soone is sed
A mothers losse, the Lady Persall dead.
A mother unto all, her flowing hart
Deny'd not any, as her child, a part.
Her liberall hand could not decrease her store,
Since her more liberall wish still gave us more.
Gratefull let us pay back the debt we owe,
Whilst thus our eyes in silent sorrows flowe.

---

TO

## THE LADY SOUTHCOT,

ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

---

If mongst the happy number this day crowd
To kis your hand, my humble pens alowd,

46888

Looke not by it to find your story told;
My conscious feares forbid me act so bold,
A taske for ablest wits, and worth ther paines
To speake such wonders in such current straïnes.
Nor doe I aspire here to wish you ioy,
A welcome servant to the winged boy;
For praires can nothing add when all's your owne,
You give to all, but can receave from none.
Let me recall that hasty word, you may
Only from him whom you have chose to-day.
Equall your merit is, your power is soe,
And all you are to one another owe.
What's then my aime? to hide me in the throng,
My voyce be heard, but not observed my song.
In ernest it were handsome, and tis fit,
Since none thinks more, or worse can utter it:
A blush is sav'd too, my obedience showne,
To vote with th' best is all I dare to owne.

TO

## SIR WILLIAM AND MY LADY PERSALL,

UPON THE DEATH OF THEIRE AND OUR DEARE MALL.

---

We are too much concern'd to dry your teares,
Nor can they lessen yours, to heare our cares.
But frendship will be busy, though we know
That repetition but augments our woe.
Lets tread a middle path then, pay our praires
For what wee had, for what we lost our teares.
How could wee hope in this worlds vertues dearth
Long to enioy that little heaven on earth?
Was not her mind drawne in her lovely face?
Did not her soule shine through the cristall case?
As a cleare sun, upon a cloudles day,
On some calme streame bestowes his brightest ray.
But death inform'd us that the goale was wonne
Before the race did seeme to us begunne.
It were a sin to wish her here againe;
But pardon if I say that all the paine

For such a losse, belongs not so to you
But we may challenge equall portions too.
We rivall not, but thus our title prove,
Though yours by nature, she was ours by love.

---

TO

## THE LADY ELIZABETH THIMELBY,

ON NEW-YEARES-DAY, 1655, LOOKING DAYLY FOR HER SONNE FROM TRAVAILE.

---

PAST is the winter absence of the sunne,
The welcome embleame of your joys begunne,
Your sonne's returning, to make good the trope,
Tis he presents this new-years horiscope.
Tis his returne and presence doth salute,
First in the flowre, and after in the fruite.
For by a rich concurrence he doth bring
Profit and pleasure, harvest-home in spring.
O, happy travailes! that with even paces
Leade, hand in hand, the muses with the graces:

And put you to the study whether hee
Hath more o' th' court or th' university.
To me, at distance, the result is cleare,
All notions meete to crowne your happy yeare.
Madam, observe a poets crafty thrift,
That makes anothers stock his new-yeares-guift.

---

AN

## EPITAPH

ON A SWEET LITTLE BOY OF SIR WILLIAM PERSALL.

---

STAY, courteous passenger, this stone
Sayes something that concernes each one.
If maydes and bachelors, that wed
For pledges of ther marriage bed,
Here may they fix theire hearts, and wish
For such a lovely boy as this.
But oh, it will allay desire,
So soone your noblest sparkes expire.

If you be loving parents, here's
A jewel richly worth your teares.
Yet know, although you shed amaine,
It cannot be redeemed againe.

# POEMS

COLLECTED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ASTON.

From no Poets can so beautiful an *Anthology* be formed as from those of this period.

*Southey's Pref. to Spec. of L. E. Poets.*

A posie of gillyflowers, eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all sweete.

*Title of an ancient Miscellany.*

TO THE MOST INCOMPARABLE LADY,

## MRS CATHERINE GAGE,

UPON ST MARY MAGDALEN'S NOT FINDING OUR SAVIOUR IN THE SEPULCHRE.

---

From a sad death I come,
From a sad death I come,
To seek my surest life, to seek it in a tombe.
But alas! my sorrows have
Only here an empty grave:
Nought receaves my doubl'd moan,
But a hard and sensless stone.

When at thy Crucifix,
We did our miseries mix,
O then why was not I allow'd with thee to die:
Free from grief and killing pain,
I had never sought in vain,
Sought my life where death I find,
In thy tombe, but not so kind.

## I.

## CONCEALED LOVE.

---

Deare love, although our eyes must not discourse
Without suspect, yet shall our harts converse,
And, like to rivers hindred of there cours,
Run to the ocean of our ioyes more fierce;
Where, free from iealousie, and fortune's spite,
Weele loose our selves in seas of vast delight.

Then we will tell of stormes and former toyles,
Like welcom'd seamen on the wished shore;
Erect our trophees, offer up our spoiles,
Unto the sea-borne goddesse we adore:
Whilst in our eyes and harts her armed boy
Shall greet us with a thousand fires of ioy.

## II.

## THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

---

My wounds have bled too long, deare, say noe more,
Noe cordialls can a dying man restore;
Thinke not your words, or this alluring smile,
Can longer my dispairing soule beguile,
Which drowned already in a sea of teares,
Cares not for tides of hopes, or ebbs of feares.

But who shall sing your praise when I am gon?
Or who can love so well as I have done?
When death shall sease my love, and breake these bands,
And you shall fall into imperious hands,
Then think on me, and what my hart conceives;
When they shall gather fruit, youll plucke but leaves.

## III.

## A SONG.

---

All the flatteries of fate,
Nor the pleasures of state,
Are nothing soe sweet as what love doth create:
If this you deny,
Tis time I should die,
Kind death's a reprieve when you threaten to hate.

In some shady grove,
Will I wander and rove,
With Philomell, and the disconsolate dove;
With downe hanging wing,
They mournfully sing,
The tragicke events of unfortunate love.

With my plaints Ile conspire,
To heighten loves fire,

Still vanquishing life, till at length I expire:
And when I am dead,
In some cold leavy bed,
Be interd with a dirge of that disolate quire.

## IV.

## CRUELTY IN LOVE.

Disdaine me still, that I may ever love;
For who enioys his love can love noe more;
The war once done, with ease men cowards prove,
And ships return'd doe rott upon the shore.
Then though thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire,
And still Ile love, though still I must dispaire.

As heat to life, soe is desire to love;
And these once quencht, both life and love are done:
Let not my sighes nor teares thy vertue move,
Like baser mettals, that doe melt to soone.

Laugh at my woes, and though I ever mourne;
Love surfets with reward, his nurse is scorne.

---

## V.

## THE POWER OF LOVE.

---

Att the sight of my Phillis through every part
A spring-tide of ioy doth flow to my hart,
Which quickens each pulse, and swels every vaine,
Yet all my delights are still mingled with paine.

Soe strange a distemper sure love cannot bring,
To my knowledge love was a quieter thing,
Soe gentle, and tame, that it never was knowne
Soe much as to wake me when I lay alone.

But the boy is much grown, and soe alter'd of late,
He becomes a more furious passion then hate:

Since my Phillis returns to the empire of harts,
He has new-strung his bow, and sharpened his darts,
And strictly the rights of his crown to maintaine,
He breakes every hart, and turnes every braine.

## VI.

## DESPAIR.

LIKE hermitt poore,
In pensive place obscure,
I meane to spend my dayes in endlesse doubt;
To waile such woes as time can never cure,
Where none but death shall ever find me out:
And at my gates dispaire shall linger still,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

My food shall be
Of cares and sorrowes made,

My drinke nought els but teares falne from my eyes;
And for my light in this obscured shade,
The flames shall serve which from my hart arise:
And at my gates, &c.

A gowne of gray
My body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hopes, wheron Ile stay:
And late repentance linkt with long dispaire
My couch is fram'd, whereon my limbs Ile lay:
And at my gates, &c.

## VII.

## THE VICISSITUDES OF LOVE.

How bonny and briske, how pleasant and sweet,
Were Jenny and I, whilst my passion was strong;
Soe eagerly each others flame we did meet,
That a minutes delay then appear'd to be long:

The vowes that I made she seal'd with a kisse,
Till my soule I had lost in a rapture of blisse.

I vow'd, and I thought I could ever have lov'd,
Where beauty and kindnesse together I found;
Soe sweetly she lookt, and soe gracefully mov'd,
That I fancyed my strength with my ioyes to abound:
For the pleasure I gave she did dubly requite,
By finding out ever new waies to delight.

Att last, when enioyment had put out my fire,
My strength was decay'd, and my passion was done;
Soe pall'd was my fancy, soe tame my desire,
That I from my nimph very faine would have gone:
Ah! Jenny, said I, we adore thee in vaine,
For beauty enioy'd doth but turne to disdaine.

## VIII.

## TO A LADY WITH A FINE VOICE.

SING, Siren, though thy notes bring death;
Perfume the aire with thy sweet breath.
The winds are still, the river staies
Delighted with thy pleasing laies;
The Gods doe listen, and Love sweares
You drowne the musicke of the spheares.

## IX.

## CONSTANCY.

REPROACH me not, though heretofore
I only freedom did adore;
And brag'd that none, though kind, though faire,
The losse of mine could ere repaire;

Since I now willingly do yield
To Cloe's beauty all the field.

With greater ioy I did resigne
My freedome, though thou still keepst thine:
And am resolv'd constant to prove,
Should her neglect transend my love.
Strange charmes they are that make me burne,
Without the hope of a returne!

To see her, and not be in love,
A wonder like her selfe might prove:
Her charmes by vertue and by art,
Doth each of them deserve a hart.
For this my sorrowes are not small,
I have but one to pay them all.

Her eyes the fiercest hart out brave,
At once delight us and enslave;
Thou couldst not sure once look on them,
But act what now thou dost condemne.
Who then can that assault abide,
When fate doth strike on beauties side?

Her speaking to is much more free
Then after that her hearers bee;
And her voice is soe sweete and cleere,
That she inspires love through the eare.
Tis vaine to thinke of a defence,
Since she hath charmes for every sence.

I must confesse, awhile I strove,
By reason, to subdue my love;
As saints sometimes 'gainst death doe pray,
Though tis to heaven the nearest way.
Tis Cloe only hath the skill
To make me blest against my will.

No will I soe much as indure
To think unconstancy a cure,
For were I unto that sin bent,
It now would prove my punishment:
Here to adore, I must confesse
Is better then els where successe.

## X.

## THE TORMENTED LOVER.

---

I DIE when that I doe not see
Her that is life and all to me;
And if I see her yet I die,
In seeing of her cruelty;
So that to me like misery is wrought,
Both when I see, and when I see her not.

Why should I die, or silent grieve?
For who can silence e're relieve?
Yet if I speake, I may offend,
And speaking not my hart will rend:
Soe that to me, I see it is all one,
Speake I, or speake I not, I am undone.

## XI.

## A MORAL SONG.

---

THE glories of our birth and state,
Are shaddowes, not substantiall things,
There is noe armour gainst our fate,
Death laies his icie hand on kings:
Scepter and crowne,
Must tumble downe,
And in the dust be equall laid,
With the poore crooked sithe and spade.

Some men with swords doe reape the field,
And plant fresh lawrell where they kill;
Yet their strong nerves at last must yeild,
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoope to fate
And must give up there murmuring breath,
Whilst the pale captive creeps to death.

There garlands wither on there brow;
Then boast no more of mighty deeds;
For on deaths purple alter now,
See, where the victor victime bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tombe,
Only the actions of the iust
Smell sweet, and blossome in the dust.

## XII.

## A DIALOGUE.

PHILLIS.

Preethee tell me, faithlesse swaine,
Why didst thou such passion faine,
On purpose to disceave me?
I noe sooner lov'd againe,
But you began to leave me.

STREPHON.

Phillis, we must blame our fate,
Kindnes hath a certaine date;

But ere those ioyes we tasted,
You in peevishnes, or state,
The time had almost wasted.

PHILLIS.

Twas my love did yours distroy,
Strephon, had I still been coy,
I know you then would prize me;
Thinke you dreamt you did inioy,
And then youll not dispise me.

Once againe your love persue,
And I my scorne too will renew,
But passion doth soe sway me;
That could I my teares subdue,
My sighs would soone betray me.

STREPHON.

Sigh nor weepe noe more in vaine,
Nimph, your beauty soon will gaine
A more deserving lover;
Slaves that once have broke there chaine,
You seldome can recover.

## XIII.

## TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, though thy powerfull charmes,
Have forct me from my Celias armes,
That sure defence against all powers,
But those resistles eyes of yours;
Think not your conquest to maintaine,
By rigor, or uniust disdaine;
In vaine, faire nimph, in vaine you strive,
Since love doth seldome hope survive.

Although I languish for a time,
Whilst all your glories in their prime
Doe iustifie your crueltie,
By that same force that conquered me;
Yet age will come, at whose command,
Those troups of beauties must disband:
A tirants strength once tooke away,
What slave so dull as to obay?

These threatening dangers to remove,
Make me believe at least you love;
Dissemble well, and by that art,
Preserve and governe well my hart:
But if youll learne a nobler way
To keepe your empire from decay,
And so for ever fix your throne,
Be kind, but kind to me alone.

---

## XIV.

## DAMON.

---

Blushing Aurora lead the way,
Before the monarke of the day,
When wretched Damon had espide
His Phillis by a river side;
And sighing to himselfe he said,
Oh! lovely, yet, oh, cruell maid;

Since thou delightest to behold
In silver streames thy lockes of gold,
Why dost thou scorn to looke on me,
When from my eyes such streames there be?

## XV.

## THE DYING LOVER.

WALKING among thicke shades alone,
I heard a dying voice,
Which sighing said, now she is gone,
Ile make no other choice.
I lookt, and saw it was a swaine,
Who to the flying wind,
Did of some neighboring nimph complaine,
To faire, and to unkind.

Hee told me how he saw her first,
And with what gratious eyes,
And gentle speech that flame she nurst,
Which since she did dispise.
His vowes she did as fast receive,
As he could breath them to her;
Love in her eyes proclaim'd her leave,
That he alone should woo her.

They fed there flocks still neer one place,
And att one instant mett,
He gazing on her lovely face,
Fell deeper in the nett.
She seem'd of her new captive glad,
Proud of his bondage he;
Noe sheapard ere a prospect had
Of more felicitie.

If his eyes spoke, her eyes replyd,
And in there language said,
Lets noe more strive a flame to hide,
By every looke betrayd.

But the false maid or never lov'd,
Or gave so quickly ore,
Ere his was to the hight improvd,
Her kindnes was noe more.

Even her dissembling she let fall,
And let him plainly see,
That though his hart she did inthral,
Her owne was ever free.
Now, least his case should pity move,
She shuns his very sight,
And leaves him to that hopeles love,
She did create in spite.

Her name I could not make him tell,
Though vowing him my aid;
He said he never would reveale
In life, or death, the maid.
Then a wild looke the sheapard gave,
And falling underneath
A beech, where he had seene her last,
Resignd his utmost breath.

## XVI.

## A FRAGMENT.

DEARE, let me die in this faire breast,
Far sweeter then the Phenix nest:
Love raise desires by thy sweet charmes,
Within this circle of her armes;
And let her blisfull wishes cherish
My infant ioyes, that els must perish

## XVII.

## TO PHILLIS.

OH, Phillis, would the Gods decree
That you should love, and none but me,
Ide quit what ere I lov'd before,
And nere importune heaven more;

Heaven above my hopes 'twould be,
To be belovd againe by thee.

But should my Phillis cruell prove,
And with disdaine receive my love;
Though all my hopes were then in vaine,
Ide looke on you, and hope againe:
And, martir like, charm'd with your cause,
Glory to suffer by your lawes.

Though some by change procure ther peace,
My life before my love shall cease;
My love's immortall as my soule,
Which fate by death cannot controule;
For should my Phillis cruel prove,
Ide die to live and love above.

## XVIII.

## A DIRGE.

---

Ile goe to my love, where hee lies in the deepe,
And in my imbraces my deerest shall sleepe:
When we wake, the kind dolphins together shall throng,
And in chariots of shels shall draw us along.

The orient pearle, which the ocean bestowes,
With corrall wele mix, and a crown soe compose;
The sea nimphs shall sigh, and envy our blisse,
We will teach them to laugh, and there cockles to kisse.

For my love sleeps now in a watry grave,
He hath nothing to shew for his tombe but a wave:
Ile kisse his cold lips, not the corrall more red,
That growes where he lies in his watry bed.

Ah! ah! my loves dead, there was not a bell,
But a tritons shell,
To ring, to ring out his knell.

## XIX.

## A SONG.

Now that the spring hath fild our vaines
With kind and active fire,
And made greene liveries for the plaines,
And every grove a quire;
Sing we this song with mirth, and merry glee,
And Bacchus shall crowne the boule;
Heres to thee, and thee to me,
And to every thirsty soule.

## XX.

## ANOTHER.

The delights of the bottle, and the charmes of good wine,
To the power and the pleasures of love must resigne;

Though the ioyes of the night in good drinking be past,
The debauch but untill the next morning doth last;
But loves great debauch is more lasting and strong,
For that often lasts a man all his life long.

Love and wine are the bonds that fasten us all,
The world but for these to confusion would fall;
Were it not for the pleasures of love and good wine,
Mankind for each trifle there lives would resigne:
Thei'd not value there lives, nor would speake without thinking,
Nor would kings rule the world but for love and good drinking.

## XXI.

## TO SLEEP.

Care-charming Sleepe, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, gently thyself dispose
On this afflicted wight; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers, give nothing that is loud,

Or painfull to his slumbers; ease is sweet,
*When soothing dreams the wearied fancy cheat:*

And, as faire purling streams, thou son of nigh.,
*In softest, sweetest, murmurs of delight,*
Passe by his troubled sences, sing his paines,
Like hollow murmuring winds, or silver raines,
Unto thy selfe gently: O, gently glide
And kisse him into slumbers like a bride.

## XXII.

## TO HOPE.

GOE, treacherous hope, by whose deceitfull fire,
I've cherisht my tiranicall desire;
Love is a more unconstant guest then care,
And my fate such,
That it will cost as much
To love, as to dispaire.

Tis true our lives are but a long disease,
Made up of real cares, and seeming ease.
Ye Gods, who these uncertain favours give,
O, tell me why,
It is so hard to die,
Yet such a taske to live.

## XXIII.

## TO FLORA.

What though faire Flora frownes on mee,
Tis but a chance of destinie;
The wisest I have heard to say,
Tis duske before the breake of day.
Why should I curse that houre of night,
That brings the day to light?

Each angry looke appeares to me,
As witnes of her modesty;

And blustering stormes doe but forerun
The luster of a brighter sun;
Which, when appeared, I'm full posest
Her frownes are but in iest.

I know, faire Flora, in thy breast
A killing anger cannot rest;
Yet, for my humour I will love,
Though thou to me a fury prove:
I know thy soule is soe refind,
Thou wilt at last prove kind.

## XXIV.

## THE LOST MISTRESS.

Tell me, you wandring spirits of the aire,
Did you not see a nimph, more bright, more faire,
Then Venus' darling, or of parts more sweet
Then stolne delights? if such a one you meet,

Waite on her hourly, wheresoere she flies,
And cry, Amintas in her absence dies.

Goe search the vallies, plucke up every rose,
Youle find a simpathy of her in those;
Goe fish for pearle and corrall, you shall see
How orientall all her coullars be:
Then call an echo to your aid, and cry,
Cloris, Cloris, it is for thee I die.

Yet stay, I thinke I have informed you ill,
Were she on earth, she had been with me still;
Fly, fly to heaven, examin every spheare,
And see what starrs are lately fixed there:
If any brighter then the sun you see,
Fall downe and worship it, for that is shee.

## XXV.

## DISPAIRE.

Noe, noe, 'tis in vaine
To sigh or complaine,
Since the secret Ile never reveale;
The racks shall not teare it
From my breast, but Ile beare it
To my grave, where it ever shall dwell.

O, would that the Gods had created her low,
Or plact her poore lover above;
Then, then, I might freely a present bestow,
Of a hart thats all over in love.

Like the damn'd from the fire,
I sigh, and admire,
But can never presume to be blest!
Oh! the pangs of a lover,
That dares not discover
The passion that's lodg'd in his breast!

Like a deere that is wounded, I bleeding run on,
And strive still my passion to hide;
But oh! tis in vaine, for wherever I'm gon,
The bloudy dart sticks in my side.

## XXVI.

## THE BROKEN HART.

As I walkt forth one summers day,
To view the meadowes greene and gay,
A pleasant bower I espied,
Standing close by a rivers side,
And in't a maiden I heard cry,
Alas! alas! none ere did love like I.

Then round the meadow did she walke,
Catching each flower by the stalke,
Such flowers as in the meadowes grew,
The dead mans thumbe of azure blew;

And as shee pluckt them up, cries shee,
Alas! alas! none ere did love like mee.

When she had fild her apron full
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for her bed,
The flowers were pillowes for her head,
Then downe she lay, nere more did speake,
With love, alas! alas! her hart did breake.

## XXVII.

## THE DEATH OF AMINTAS.

ADUE to the pleasures and follies of love,
For a passion more noble my fancy doth move;
My sheapard is dead, and I live to proclaime,
In sorrowfull notes, my Amintas his name.
The wood-nimphs reply when they hear me complain,

Thou never shalt see thy Amintas againe :
For death hath befriended him,
Fate hath defended him,
None, none alive, is so happy a swaine.

You sheapards and nimphs that have danc'd to his laies,
Come helpe me to sing forth Amintas his praise ;
Noe swaine for the mirtle with him durst dispute,
Soe sweete were his notes, when he sung to his lute.
Then come to his grave, and your kindnes persue,
To weave him a garland of cipresse and yew :
For life hath forsaken him,
Death hath oretaken him,
Noe swaine alive will be ever so true.

Then let me alone to my wretched estate,
I lost him to soone, and I lov'd him to late ;
Ye caves and ye fountaines my witness can prove,
How deeply I sigh for the losse of my love :
And you, O ye powers, whom I chiefly adore,
This favour I never will cease to implore,
Soe that I may goe above,
And there inioy my love,
Then, then, I never will part with him more.

## XXVIII.

## INCONSTANCY.

---

Tell me noe more of constancy,
The frivolous pretence
Of cold age, narrow iealousie,
Disease, and want of sence.
Let duller fooles, on whom kind chance
Some easie hart hath throwne,
Dispairing higher to advance,
Be kind to one alone.

Old men, and weake, whose idle flame
There owne defects discovers,
Since changing can but spred there shame,
Ought to be constant lovers:
But we, whose harts doe iustly swell
With noe vaine glorious pride,
Who know how we in love excell,
Long to be often tri'd.

Then bring my bath, and strow my bed,
As each kind night returnes ;
Ile change my mistris till I'm dead,
And fate change me to wormes.

## XXIX.

## THE WITCHES SONG.

Lets have a dance upon this heath,
We gaine more life by Duncans death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no musicke but our mew;
While we dance in some old mill,
About the hopper stone, or wheele,
To some old saier bardy shrine,
Whilst the mill clacke it doth keepe time.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;

Wher the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing with drousie hum.
Then dance we over ferne and furs,
To houles of wolves, and barks of curs:
And when with none of these we meet,
We dance to the ecchos of our feet.

At the night-ravens screeching voice,
When others tremble, we reioice;
And nimbly, nimbly, trip we still,
To the echo of a hollow hill.

## XXX.

## ANOTHER.

Echo shrill, from the vale to the hill,
The goblins and the satires,
Elves and fairies doe awake,
And the sea nimphs from the waters.

They listen to our musicke sweet,
Attentively delighted,
Courting the day for a longer stay,
That they might not be benighted.

---

## XXXI.

## CONCEALED LOVE.

---

I FEED a flame within,
Which soe torments me,
That it both paines my hart,
And yet contents me.
Tis such a pleasing smart,
And I soe love it,
That I had rather die,
Then once remove it.

Yet he whom I adore,
Shall never know it;
My tongue shall nere betray,
Nor my eyes shew it:
Not a sigh, nor a teare,
My paine discloses,
But they fall silently,
Like dew on roses.

Thus to prevent my love
From being cruell,
My harts the sacrifice,
As tis the fuell:
And whilst I suffer this,
To give him quiett,
My faith rewards my love,
Though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze,
And there delight me;
While I conceale my love,
Noe frown can fright me;

To be more happy,
I dare not aspire;
Nor can I fall lower,
Mounting noe higher.

## XXXII.

## TO CLORIS.

Take heed, faire Cloris, how you tame,
By your disdaine, Amintas' flame;
A noble hart, if once deni'd,
Swels unto such a height of pride,
Twill rather burst, then daigne to be
A worshipper of cruelty.

You may use comon lovers soe;
My sighs at last to stormes will grow,
And cast such scorne upon your pride,
Twill blast all it ere diefied.

You are not faire if love you lacke,
Ingratitude makes all things blacke.

O doe not for a flocke of sheepe,
Or golden showers, when, as you sleepe,
For all those dreames ambition tels,
Forsake the place where honor dwels;
In Damons palace youll nere shine
Soe bright, as in these armes of mine.

## XXXIII.

## TO DAPHNE.

Give ore, foolish hart, and make hast to dispaire,
For Daphne regards not thy vowes nor thy praier;
When I plead for thy passion, thy paines to prolong,
She courts her guittar, and replies with a song.
Noe more shall Amintas such beauty adore,
Were the Gods soe unkind, men would worship noe more.

Noe more like a slave will I stand at thy dore,
I will wast the cold nights at thy window noe more;
Noe more with deepe sighs I my breath will exhale,
Since thy pride is to make me looke sullen and pale.
Noe more shall Amintas such pitty implore,
Were the Gods soe unkind, men would worship noe more.

Noe more shall thy frownes nor free humor perswade
Me to feare the faire idoll my fancy hath made;
Of saints so neglectful we the worship give ore,
Thy beauty is gone, and thy deity's noe more.
Noe more shall Amintas such beauty adore,
Were the Gods so unkind, men would worship noe more.

How vaine are the vows of a lover in paine,
When flattered by hopes, or opprest by disdaine!
Noe sooner my Daphne's bright eies I review,
But all is forgott, and I vow all anew.
Noe more, cruell nimph, will I murmure, noe more,
Though you still are unkind, I will ever adore.

## XXXIV.

## TO DORINDA.

---

Forgive me, Jove,
Or, if ther be a kinder God above,
Forgive a rebell to the power of love.
Heare me, kind Cupid, and accept my vow,
Mine, who devoutly at thy alter bow.
O heare me now, Dorinda, heare,
And what I have done amiss
Pardon, and seale that pardon with a kisse.
Stay, methinks the melting saint
Kindly echoes my complaint;
Looke, I fancy I descry
Pitty dropping from her eye;
Harke, she saies, Philander live,
All thy errours Ile forgive.

## XXXV.

## STREPHON.

As Amorett and Phillis satt
One evening on the plaine,
And saw the charming Strephon waite,
To tell the nimph his paine;
The threatening danger to remove,
She whispered in her eare,
Ah! Phillis, if you would not love,
That sheapard doe not heare.

None ever had soe strong an art,
His passion to convay,
Into a listning virgin's hart,
And steale her soule away.
Fly, fly betimes, for feare you give
Occasion for your fate;
In vaine, she said, in vaine you strive,
Alas! tis now too late.

## XXXVI.

## A CONFESSION.

---

SINCE you will needs my hart possesse,
Tis iust to you it should confesse
The faults to which tis given;
It is to change much more inclin'd
Then women, or the sea, or wind,
Or ought that's under heaven.

Nor will I hide from you this truth,
It hath been from its very youth
A most egregious ranger;
And since from me it often fled,
With whom it was both born and bred,
Twill scarce stay with a stranger.

Therefore, the gay, the blacke, the sad,
Which makes me often thinke twere mad,

With one kind looke could win it;
Soe naturally it loves to range,
That it hath left successe for change;
And what was glory in it.

Nay, I to it became a sport,
When I did soundly chide it fort,
It would in smiles be saying,
Your debts of love you must dispaire
To pay to all thats kind or faire,
If long with one you're staying.

And now, if you are not affraid,
After these truths which I have said,
To take this arrant rover;
Be not displeasd if I protest,
I doubt the hart within your breast
Will prove iust such another.

## XXXVII.

## A THOUGHT ON HUMAN LIFE.

Some striving knowledge to refine,
Consume themselves with thinking;
And some, whose friendship's drownd in wine,
Are kindly kild with drinking:
And some are wracked on Indian coasts,
Thither with gaine invited,
And some in smoke of battle lost,
Whom drums, not lutes, delighted.

## XXXVIII.

## ON PHILLIS.

Let fortune and Phillis frowne if they please,
Ile noe more on there deities call,

Nor trouble the fates, but will give my selfe ease,
And be happy in spite of them all.
I will have my Phillis, if I once goe about her,
But if I have not, I am better without her.

Yet if she prove vertuous, oblidging, and kind,
I then may vouchsafe for to love her;
But if pride or unconstancy in her I find,
I'de have her to know I'm above her:
For at length I have learnt, since my Phillis is gon,
To love if I please, or to let it alone.

## XXXIX.

## THE PLEASURES OF MADNESS.

THERE can bee no glad man, compar'd to the mad man,
His breast is still empty of care;
His fits and his fancyes are above all mischances,
And mirth is his ordinary fare.

The wise, and the witty, in port, town, or citty,
Are subject to sorrow and paine;
Whilst hee that is mad, knows not how to bee sad,
Nor feels any cause to complaine.

The great polytition, and the learned phisician,
Oft misse in their well-layed designes;
But the man that is mad, will allways bee glad,
For he ne'r at miscarryage repines.

## XL.

## DISPAIRE.

How severe is fate, to breake a hart
That never went a roving;
To torture it with endlesse smart,
For only constant loving.

I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
And wash my watry pillow;
I walke the woods alone all day,
And wrap me round in willow.

## XLI.

## A STORME.

Harke, harke, the storme growes loud,
The daies wrapt up in a sullen cloud:
Harke, harke, the tempest sings
The sea mens dirge, and flings
The fatall waves to fatall shors,
*While round the ship the billow roars;*
And those that never praid before,
Cal now upon some unknown power.
Harke, harke, the tackling iustle,
The sea men bustle;
Cracke, cracke, down goes the maine mast downe,
Harke how they grone!

Among the rest I hear some sighs like mine;
'Tis from a lover sure. Ye Powers divine!
Calme, calme this ungentle rage,
The storme asswage;
And let kind Neptune now his trident show.
See, it growes calme, the storms now cease,
And all the Oceans face weares smiles of peace.

## XLII.

## THE ROYAL EXILE.

Sad Albina sitts in mourning,
Sighing with her armes acrosse;
Waiting for her Lords returning,
Thus she doth bemoane her losse:
Ah me! Albanius is for ever,
In spite of all those godlike charmes,
Forc'd by those he most did favour,
From his empire, and my armes.

Could you thus, ungratful nation,
Long with peace and plenty blest,
For my tender preservation,
Keepe rebellion in your breast?
Oh, yee heavens! could his devotion
Be adjudged an offence?
And an exile ore the ocean,
A reward of innocence?

May my teares, like floods stil flowing,
Swel as big as the salt maine;
Sighs like gales of wind stil blowing,
To derect him home againe:
May those rebels fly before him,
That are authers of my moan;
And blest angels soon restore him,
To his empire and his throne.

## XLIII.

## TO LOVE.

O Love, if ere thou'dst ease a hart
That owns thy power devine,
That bleeds with thy to cruell dart,
And pants with never-dying smart,
Take pitty now on mine.
Under thy shades I fainting lie,
A thousand times I wish to die,
But when I think cold death draws nigh
I grieve to loose my pleasing paine,
And call my wishes back againe.

But thus as I sat all alone,
Ith shady mirtle grove,
And to each gentle sigh and moane,
Some neighbouring eccho gave a grone,
Came by the man I love:

O! how I strove my griefs to hide,
I fainted, blusht, and almost dide—
And did each tattling eccho chide,
For fear some breath of neighboring aire
Should to his eares my sorrowes beare.

But, O ye Powers, ide die to gaine
But one poore parting kisse,
And yet ide lie on racks of paine
Ere ide a thought or wish obtaine
That honour thinks amiss.
Thus are poor maids unkindly used
By Love and Nature both abused—
And tender harts all ease refused;
And when we burn with secret flame,
Must die with grief or live with shame.

## XLIV.

## EUGENIA.

---

I FIND, my Eugenia, I've strugled in vaine,
Your powerfull charmes to withstand;
My hart can its freedome no longer maintaine,
But yeilds to your conquering hand.
When beauty, and wit, and good humour conspire,
What breast is soe cold as not to take fire.

Blind Cupid ore mortals triumphs in your eyes,
From thence doth his empire extend,
Who ever looks on you is soone made a prise,
His liberty none can defend:
Love nere shoots amiss, secure of all harts,
Whilst your brow is his bow, your lookes are his darts.

Nor lesse doth he owe to the force of your witt,
For the slaves that are hourely made;
By a fancy soe quicke, an expression soe sweet,
Your charmes to the soule are convaid.

Should you aske me the question, I cannot tell where
Love entred my breast, by the eye, or the eare.

## XLV.

## POMPEY'S GHOST.

From lasting and unclowdy day,
From ioyes refined above alay,
And from a spring without decay;

I come by Cinthias borrowed beames,
To visit my Cornelia's dreames,
And give them yet sublimer theames.

Behold the man thou lovdst before,
Pure streames have washt away his gore,
And Pompey now shall bleed no more.

By death my glories I resume,
For 'twould have been a harsher doome
To have outliv'd the Liberty of Rome.

By mee her doubtfull fortunes tri'd,
Falling bequeathed my fame this pride;
I for it liv'd, and for it di'd.

Nor shal my vengeance be withstood,
Or unattended with a flood
Of Roman and Egiptian blood.

Cesar himselfe it shall persue,
His dayes shall wretched be, and few,
And he shall fall by treason too.

Hee, by severity devine,
Shall be an offring at my shrine;
As I was his, he must be mine.

Thy stormy life regret noe more,
For fate shall waft thee soone on shore,
And to thy Pompie thee restore.

Where free from feares of sad removes,
We'll entertaine our spotlesse loves,
In beautious and immortall groves.

Where none a guilty crowne shall weare,
Nor Cæsar be Dictator there,
Nor shall Cornelia shed a teare.

## XLVI.

## THE ROYAL NUN.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

O CHRISOSTOME! look down, and see
An offering worthy heaven and thee:
Soe rich the victime, bright and faire,
That she on earth appeares a star.
Eudosia is the Virgin's name,
And after-times shall sing her fame.

Lead the Voterice, lead her in,
Her holy birth-day now begin;
In humble weeds, but cleane array,
Thy houres shall sweetly pass away:

And when the rights devine are past,
To pleasant gardins we will hast.

PULCHERIA.

Canst thou, Marina, leave the world,
The world that is devotions bane,
Wher crownes are tost, and scepters hurl'd,
Wher lust, and proud ambitions raigne ?

Canst thou thy costly robes forbeare,
To live with us in poore attire ?
Canst thou from courts to cells repaire,
To sing att midnight in the quire ?

Canst thou forget the golden bed,
Wher thou mightst sleep beyond the morne,
On matts to lay thy royall head,
And have thy beauteous tresses shorne ?

Canst thou resolve to fast all day,
And weepe and groane to be forgiven ?
Canst thou in broken slumbers pray,
And by afflictions merit heaven ?

CHORUS.

Say, Voterisse, can this be done?
Whilst we the grace divine implore—
The world shall lose the battles won,
And sin shall never chaine thee more.

MARINA.

The gate to blisse doth open stand,
And all my penance is in view;
The world, upon the other hand,
Cries out, Oh, doe not bid adue.

CHORUS.

What, what can pompe and glory doe?
Or what can human powers perswade?
That mind that hath a heaven in view,
How can it be by earth betraid?

MARINA.

Hast then, Oh, hast to take me in,
For ever locke Religions dore;
Secure me from the charmes of sin,
And let me see the world noe more.

## XLVI.

## A SCOTCH BALLAD.

---

SAWNY was tall, and of noble race,
He lov'd me better then any eane;
But now he ligs by another lass,
And Sawny wil nere be my love againe.
I gave him fine a Scotch sarke and band,
I put it on with mine owne hand,
I gave him house, and I gave him land,
Yet Sawny wil nere be my love againe.

I rob'd the groves of all there store,
And nosegaies made to give Sawny one,
He kist my hand, and faine wou'd do more,
Gud feth methought he was a bonny ean.
He squeesd my fingers, graspt my knee,
And carvd my name on each green tree,
And sigh'd, and languisht to lig by me,
Yet now he wonot be my love agen.

My bon grace, and my sun-burnt face,
He praisd, as alsoe my russet gowne;
But now he doats on the copper lace,
Of some lewd quean of London towne.
He gangs, and he gives her curds and cream,
Whilst I, poor soule, sits sighing at heam,
I ne'er see Sawny but in a dreame,
For now he will ne'er be my love againe.

## XLVIII.

## ANOTHER.

Twa bonny lads war Sawny and Jockey,
But Jockey was lov'd, and Sawny unluckie;
Sawny was tall, well favor'd, and witty,
But I in my heart thought Jockie more prittie.
For when he view'd me,
Woo'd me,
Su'd me,
Never was lad more like to have won me.

Fie,
I cry,
Did almost die,
Least Jockie should gang, and come noe more to me.

Jockie would love, but he would not marry,
And I had a dread least he should not tarry;
For his cunning tongue with wit was soe guilded,
That I was afraid my heart would have yeilded.
Dayly he prest me,
Blest me,
Kist me,
Lost was the houre me thought when he mist me.
Crying,
Denying,
And sighing ide woo him,
And meikle adoe I had to get fro him.

But unluckie fate rob'd me of my iewell,
For Sawny would make him fight in a duell,
Downe in a dale wher ciprus surrounded,
Oh! ther in my sight poor Jockie was wounded.

For when he foil'd him,
Feld him,
Kill'd him,
Who can expresse my griefe that beheld him.
Raging, I tore my haire for to bind him,
And vow'd and swore ide nere stay behind him.

## XLIX.

## A BALLAD.

1. Come, lasses and lads,
Take leave of your dads,
And away to the maypole high;
For every hee,
Hath got him a shee,
And a minstrill standing by.
Will hath got a gill,
And John hath got a Joan,
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it up and downe.

2. Strike up, saies Watt,
Agreed, saies Matt,
And I preethee, fidler, play;
Soe, saies Hodge,
Agreed, saies Madge,
For 'tis a hollyday.
Then every lad did dofe
His hat unto his lasse,
And every gill did cursie, cursie, cursie, upon the grasse.

3. Begin, saies Hall,
Ay, ay, saies Mall,
Weele have old Packinten's pound;
Noe, noe, saies Noll,
And soe saies Doll,
Weele first have Selinger's round.
Then every man began to foot it round about,
And every las did iet it, iet it, iet it, in and out

4. You are out, saies Nicke,
You lie, saies Dicke,
The fidler plaies it false;

'Tis true, saies Hugh,
And soe, saies Sue,
And soe saies nimble Joyce.
The fidler then began to play the tune againe,
And every gill did trip it, trip it, trip it, unto the men.

5. Lets kis, saies John,
Content saies Nan,
And soe saies every she;
How many, saies Batt,
Why three, saies Matt,
For that's a mayden's fee.
But they instead of three, did give them half a score,
The maids in kindnes, kindnes, kindnes, gave them as many more.

6. After an houre,
They went to the bower,
And plaid for ale and cakes;
With kisses to,
Untill they were due,
And the lasses held the stakes.

At length the maids began to quarrell with the men,
And bid them take ther kisses backe, and give them there
one againe.

7. Yet there they satt,
Untill 'twas late,
And tired the fidler quite;
Singing, and playing,
Without any paying,
From morning untill night.
They told the fidler then, they'd pay him for his play,
And each paid toopence, toopence, toopence, toopence, and
went away.

8. Good night, saies Tom,
And soe, saies John,
Good night, saies Dick to Will;
Good night, saies Cis,
Good night, saies Pris,
Good night, saies Peg to Nell
Some run, some went, some staid, and dalied by the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve to meet next
Hollyday.

## L.

TO THE TUNE OF

## "ROBIN GOOD FELLOW.

BY MATT ARUNDEL.

---

Some say, drinking does disguise men,
And there witts turnes out of doores;
Fooles they are; I'le sweare, not wise men,
And they lye like——— *
For the man that's in drink,
Speaks as he does think;
Hee's not disguised, but frank and free,
'Tis he's only soe, that's a cup to loe,
For he's disguised with modesty.

Others doe cry, what a beast he makes
Of himselfe, to drink till he cannot goe;
Fooles they are, 'tis there mistakes,
Whoever sees a beast doe soe.

He that drinkes least,
Drinkes most like a beast,
Whilst we carrous six in a band,
'Tis only then, that we drinke like men,
When we can neither goe nor stand.

Others there are, such formal grave ones,
Of great affaires they alwais prait,
They tell you who are wise and great ones,
And who are fitt to rule the state.
They censure every thing;
Nay, they spare not the king,
God blesse him, and all true cavaliers;
For they will drink deep, and goe quietly to sleepe,
Free from all gelossies and feares.

Your studious, thinking, wurking fancy,
Never leades a quiet life,
We gently play with Cate and Nancy,
Free from all debate and strife.
Whilst others sit and fret,
Because they cannot get

A place to maintain their pride and port,
We merrily sing, God blesse our good king,
The queen, the duke, and all the court.

---

## LI.

## MOPSUS AND MARINA.

---

*Mo.* Come, Marina, let's away,
For both bride and bridegroome stay;
Fie, for shame, are you so long,
Pinning of your head geere one?
Parnell neat,
All compleat,
Is gone by with Amarillis;
Jolly Dorus,
Is before us,
With his pritty blacke ey'd Phillis.

*Ma.* On, my loving Mopsus, on,
I am ready, all is done;
From my head unto my foot,
I am fitted each way toot.
Buskins gay,
Gowne of gray,
Best of all our flocks can render;
Hat of straw,
Platted through,
Cherry lip, and middle slender.

*Mo.* And I think you will not find
Mopsus any whitt behind;
For he loves as well to goe,
As most part of sheapards doe:
Cap of browne,
Bottle crowne,
With a leg I won a dancing:
And a pump,
Fitt to jump,
When we sheapards fall a prancing.

Come along then, and let's see there,
What a merry world wil be there;
Ther's Alexis of the rockes,
Come to shake his flaxen lockes,
There's such tripping,
Mounting, skipping,
Hei brave boies in lively measure:
Kitt, and Kate,
There will waite,
Tibb and Tom will take their pleasure.

*Ma.* How my mind doth longing run,
On the merry sports begun;
But, my Mopsus, much I feare,
*Croud* the fidler is not there.
*Mo.* If not he,
There wil be
*Drone* the piper that will trounce it;
*Ma.* But if *Croud*
Strucke aloud,
Lord, methinks how I could bounce it.

*Mo.* Bounce it, Mall, if you soe please,
Like a Meremaid on the seas;
And I thinke, you there wil find
Store of straines to please your mind:
Roundelaies,
Irish haies,
Cogs, and Rongs, and *Peggie Ramsy*;
*Spaniletto*,
*The venitto*,
*John come kis me*, *Wilson's fancie*.

*Ma.* But of all, there's none soe spritly,
None soe sweet, as *Touch me lightly*.
Were I at the gaspe of death,
Such a charme revives my breath.
There, there, there,
To a haire,
O, *Tom Croud*, methinks I heare thee:
Young or old,
Nere could hold,
But must rouse if they come nere thee.

*Mo.* All too long (deare love) I ween,
Have we stood upon this theame:
Let each lasse, as once it was,
Love her swain, and swain his lasse:
So shall wee
Honour'd bee
In our mating, in our meeting,
While we stand
Hand in hand,
Honest swainling with his sweeting.
Here we prate, and linger long,
While we doe our selves great wrong;
Wanting sence to understand,
What a serious worke's in hand.

*Ma.* My desire is all on fire,
Yet you goe to fast for Molly.

*Mo.* Deare the day runs away,
And it is no time to dally.

## LII.

## WITTY MR HENNINGAM'S SONG.

---

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
Noe beauty could disturb my rest:
My amorous hart no conquering faire
Had power to wound with new dispaire,
Till you descending on our plaines,
With forraigne force renew'd my chaines,
Where now you rule without controle,
The mighty sovraigne of my sole.

Your looks have more of conquering charmes,
Then all your native countryes armes;
Your troopes we can expell with ease,
They vanquish onely while we please;
But all the force that in us lies,
Yeilds no defence against your eyes.
They make us languish whilst in sight,
But absent, we must perish quite.

## LIII.

## UNPERISHABLE LOVE.

---

WHILST sighing at your feet I lye,
Pale and expiring gasp for breath,
Can you relentlesse see me dye,
And glory in your martyr's death?
Ah would the torments I sustaine
Raise but compassion in your breast,
One pitying look would ease my paine,
And give my soule eternall rest.

Tho you command mee not to live,
Which I with pleasure must obey,
My love will after death survive,
Which Fate or Time can n'ere decay.
And since all hopes of you are lost,
And joy with life must disappear,
When I'm converted to a ghost
I'le bee your guardian angell here.

## LIV.

## MIRTILLO.

---

One night, when all the village slept,
Mirtillos sad dispaire,
The wandring sheapard waking kept,
To tell the woods his care.
Begon, said he, fond thoughts begon,
And give your sorrowes ore;
Why should you waste your teares on one
That thinks on you noe more?

Yet all the birds, the flocks, and flowers,
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many pleasant houres
We here have past in love.
Ye starres above, my cruel foes,
Can tell how she hath sworne

A thousand times, that like to those
Her flame should ever burne.

But if she's lost, O! let me have
My wish, and quickly die;
In this cold banke ile make a grave,
And there for ever lie.
The nightengale the watch shall kepe,
And kindly here complaine;——
Then downe the sheapard lay to sleepe,
Never to wake againe.

---

## LV.

## ON HIS MISTRESSE GOING A VOYAGE.

---

Bright was the morning, coole the aire,
Serene was all the skie,
When on the waves I left my faire,
The center of my joy.

Heaven and nature smiling were,
And nothing sad but I.

Each rosie field its odour spread,
All fragrant was the shore,
Each water god rose from his bed,
And sigh'd, and curst his power:
The curling waves rais'd up their head,
As proud of what they bore.

Glide on, ye waters, beare these lines,
And tel her I'm distrest;
Beare all my sighs, ye cooler winds,
And waft them to her breast:
Tel her, if ere she proves unkind,
I never shall have rest.

## LVI.

## PHILLIS.

---

SMILING Phillis hath an aire
Soe ingaging, all men love her;
But her hidden vertues are
Wonders I dare not discover.
Soe bewitching, that in vaine
I endeavour to forget her,
Stil she brings me backe againe,
And I dayly love her better.

Kindnes springs within her eyes,
And from thence is allwaies flowing,
Every minute doth surprize
With fresh beauties allwaies blowing.
Were she but as true as faire,
Never man had such a treasure;

But I die with jealous care,
In the midst of all my pleasure.

Free and easie without pride,
Is her language and her fashion;
Setting gentle love aside,
She is not mov'd with any passion.
When she saies I have her hart,
Though I ought not to believe her,
She soe kindly plaies her part,
I could be deceived for ever.

## LVII.

## THE CONSTANT LOVER.

I CANNOT change as others doe,
Though you unkindly scorne,
That faithfull swaine that sighs for you,
For you alone was borne.

Noe, Phillis, noe, your hart to move
Another way I'll try,
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, and die.

When kild with greife Amintas lies,
And you to mind will call,
Those siglis that now unpitied rise,
Those teares that faintly fall;
That happy houre that ends my smart
Will then begin your paine,
For such a faithfull tender hart
Will never breake in vaine.

## LVIII.

## THE IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY.

When busie fame ore all the plaine
Philena's praises rung,

And on their oaten pipes each swaine
Her matchles beauties sung;
The envious nimphs were forc'd to yield
She had the sweetest face;
No emulous disputes they held,
But for the second place.

Young Coridon, whose stubborne hart
Noe beauty ere could move,
But smil'd to heare of bow and dart,
And brav'd the god of love;
Would view this nimph, and pleas'd at first,
Such silent charmes to see,
With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curst
His curiosity.

## LIX.

## PHILANDER AND PHILLIS.

O CRUEL bloody fate!
What canst thou now doe more?

Alas! 'tis now too late,
Philander to restore.
Why should the heavenly powers perswade
Poore mortals to believe,
That they guard us here,
Are rewarders there,
And all our joys deceive.

A poniard then she tooke,
And held it in her hand,
And with with a dying looke,
Said, thus I fate command.
Philander, O my love! I come
To meet thy shade below,
I come, she cried,
With a wound soe wide,
I need no second blow.

In purple waves her blood,
Ran streaming downe the floor,
Unmov'd she stood, to see her blood,
And blest her dying houre.
Philander, O Philander, still
The bleeding Phillis cried;

She wept a while,
Then forc'd a smile,
She clos'd her eies, and died.

## LXII.

## THE AMBITIOUS SWAIN.

Young Jemmy was a lad
Of royall birth and breeding,
With every beauty clad,
And every praise exceeding:
His face and shape soe wonderous fine,
Soe charming every part,
That every lasse upon the green
For Jemmy had a hart.

In Jemmy's powerful eyes,
Young gods of love were playing,
And in his face there lies
A thousand smiles betraying:

But ah he danced with a grace,
  None like him ere was seene,
Noe god that ever fancied was
  Had halfe soe good a meine.

To Jemmy every swaine
  Did lowly doff his bonnet,
And every lass would straine
  To please him in her sonnet:
The pride of al the youth he was,
  The glory of the grove,
The pleasure of each tender lass,
  The theame of all their love.

But oh! unlucky fate!
  A curse upon ambition!
The busie fopps of state
  Have ruin'd his condition.
For glittering hopes he's left this shade,
  His glorious houres are gone,
By flattering knaves and fooles betraid,
  Poore Jemmy is undone.

## LXIII.

## CONCEALED LOVE.

---

My life is now a burden grown,
Opprest with constant anguish,
Whilst sicke with griefe I dare not owne,
I thus unpitied languish:
But whilst I burne with secret fire,
My heart, which now is breaking,
Must needs reveale its fond desire,
Without the helpe of speaking.

Then turne, O turne, those charming eyes,
Upon your gasping lover,
The fatal wound of which he dies
You quickly will discover:
But silently to beare his woe,
Shal be your martyr's glory,
And if one pittying look you shew,
You'll understand his story.

## LXIV.

## THE TRUE USE OF POWER AND RICHES.

---

Fooles for themselves may treasures prise,
Some dazeling greatnes blind;
Beauty alone can charme our eyes
And love delight our mind.

What is the end of wealth and power,
By which we men subdue,
Unles it help us to gaine more,
To vanquish women too?

Those who on these fix there desires,
Goe right in nature's way:
All others are but wandring fires,
Which lead mankind astray.

## LXV.

## A WILLING DELUSION.

---

By shady woods, and purling streams,
I pass my life in pleasing dreams;
And would not for the world be brought
To change my false delightfull thought.
For who, alas! can happy be,
That does the truth of all things see?

Endeavour not then to persuade
That by her charmes I am betraide:
I'm not in pain if it be so,
I only beg I may not know.
For 'tis a truth to be believ'd,
That more or less we're all deceiv'd.

## LXVI.

## LAVINIA.

---

You neighb'ring nimphs, who to this grove repaire,
So often witness to my hopeless love,
Be you more just than my unpitying faire,
And let my anguish your compassion move.
Marke well those sighs with which I spend my breath,
For my dispaire admits noe cure but death.

And you, kind echoes, who for ever wake,
Attentive to unhappy lovers' mone,
When in your shades Lavinia walkes alone,
In thought of what I suffer for her sake,
In moveing sounds my last complaints repeate
To that deare cause of my untimely fate.

## LXVII.

## THE SAME.

FAREWELL all those happy days,
I past new pleasures still persuing,
Since I saw Lavinia's face,
I from that moment date my ruin.

Wit adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
And Beauty in its youthfull splendor,
Hearts best guarded soon disarme,
And force the wisest to surrender.

## LXVIII.

## BELINDA.

SHEE is gon, gon for ever, the nimph I adore!
Now fortune and love can be cruell noe more;

Now, fate, I defie thee to punish me worse,
For without my Belinda my life's but a curse:
The thought of past pleasure increases my paine,
When I sadly reflect she will nere come againe.

Belinda forsaken by him she loves best,
Returns all her scorne on her true lover's breast:
Philander in pitty to love her inclin'd,
Was banish'd, that Strephon againe might prove kind.
Soe he that loves ill, is fortunate made,
And he that loves well is for loving betraid.

## LXIX.

## WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT LOVE?

If languishing eyes without language can move,
I have oft told my Phillis I die for her love;
Ah! pity the passion which words cannot speake,
Could I tell what I thinke my poore heart would not breake.

I plead no desert to the beauty I serve,
But 'tis nobler to give what theres none can deserve;
Mongst the croud of my rivals who sigh and adore,
None merits you lesse, nor can value you more.

To purchase a smile, or a glance from her eyes,
Both my life and my fortune's too little a price;
But if to desert you can only be kind,
Like heaven, you must then to yourselfe be confin'd.

Our joyes are so ordred by nature's great doome,
That what ere we possesse, from another must come;
Then, Phillis, what pleasures with me may you prove,
While what's wanting in worth is supplied by my love.

Our life is uneasy, and sullen our fate,
Every minute is angry, and full of debate:
But kind were the powers, who, our quiet to keepe,
Sent love to relieve us, and lull us asleepe.

In an ocean of cares though against tide we saile,
Yet favring love still supplies a fresh gale:

The passage is pleasant, but ah 'tis too short!
Let us live whilst we may, and indulge the sweet sport.

## LXX.

## MARS AND CUPID.

Now, now the fight's done, and the great god of war
Lies sleeping in shades, and unruffles his care.
Love laughs at his rest, and his souldiers alarmes,
He drums, and he trumpets, and struts in his armes;
He rides on his lance, and the bushes he bangs,
And his broad bloody sword on the willow tree hangs.

Love smiles when he feeles the sharp point of his dart,
And he wings it to hit the grim god at the hart,
Who leaves his steele bed, and boulsters of brasse,
For pillowes of roses, and couches of grasse:
His courser of lightning is now grown soe slow,
In the saddle a Cupid sits bending his bow.

## LXXI.

## THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

---

KEEPE on your vaile, and hide each eye,
For with beholding them I die.
Your fatal beauty, Gorgon-like,
Me with astonishment doth strike;
Those piercing eyes, when them I see,
Are worse than basalisks to me.

Hide from my sight those hills of snow,
Such tempting vallies doe not shew,
Those azure paths lead to dispaire,
O tempt me not, forbeare, forbeare:
For whilst I thus in torments dwell,
The sight of heaven is worse than hell.

Your dainty voice, and warbling breath,
Sound like a trumpet past for death;

Your dangling tresses aré like chaines,
Tying me to eternall paines;
O, if an angell torture soe,
My life must pass in endlesse woe!

## LXXII.

## THE JEALOUS LOVER.

Forgive me, if your looks I thought
Did once some change discover;
To be too jelous is the fault
Of every tender lover.

My truth those kind reproches show,
Which you blame so severely:
A signe, alas! you little know,
What 'tis to love sincerely.

The torments of a long dispair
I did in silence smother,

But 'tis a paine I can not bear,
To think you love another.

My fate depends alone on you,
I am but what you make me;
Divinely blest if you prove true,
Undone if you forsake me.

Is there not something that holds out a strong incentive to the love of fame, and the cultivation of the mind, when we thus see its works, though shrouded by occasional depressions, yet resting on the rock of Truth, insensible, as it were, to the lapse of time, and the wreck of years, and surmounting at last every impediment, while the body to which they belonged has for ages been the plaything of the winds, or hardened with the clod of the valley?—HEADLEY—PREF. p. xii.

# POEMS,

COLLECTED BY

THE HONOURABLE HERBERT ASTON.

1658.

Down to the Restoration, it is to be wished that every poet, however unworthy of the name, should be preferred. In the worst volume of elder date the historian may find something to assist or direct his enquiries; the antiquary something to elucidate what requires illustration; the philologist something to insert in the margin of his dictionary.—SOUTHEY, PREF. TO SP. OF L. E. P.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

THE FAIR AND VERTUOUS LADY, MRS ANASTASIA STAFFORD,

WITH THAT TRULY WORTHY AND PIOUS GENT.

GEORGE HOLMAN, ESQ.

A PINDARIQUE ODE.—BY MR DRYDEN.

I.

WHEN nature, in our northern hemisphere,
Had shortned day-light, and deform'd the year;
When the departing sun
Was to our adverse tropique run;
And fair St Lucy, with the borrow'd light,
Of moon and stars, had lengthen'd night:
What more then summer's day slipt in by chance,
To beautify the calendar?

What made a spring, in midst of winter to advance,
And the cold seasons leap into a youthfull dance,
To rouse the drooping year?
Was this by miracle, or did they rise
By the bright beams of Anastasia's eyes?
To light our frozen clime,
And, happily for us, mistook their time?
'Twas so, and 'twas imported in her name;
From her, their glorious resurrection came,
And she renewed their perisht flame.
The God of nature did the same:
His birth the depth of winter did adorn,
And she, to marriage then, her second birth was born.
Her pious family, in every state,
Their great Redeemer well can imitate.
They have a right in heaven, an early place;
The beauteous bride is of a martyr's race:
And he above, with joy looks down,
I see, I see him blaze with his immortall crown.
He, on her nuptials, does his beams dispense,
Blessing the day with better influence;
He looks from heaven with joy, and gives her joy from thence.

## II.

Now, let the reasonable beast, call'd man;
Let those, who never truly scan
The effects of sacred Providence,
But measure all by the grosse rules of sence;
Let those look up and steer their sight,
By the great Stafford's light.
The God that suffered him to suffer here,
Rewards his race, and blesses them below,
Their father's innocence and truth to show;
To show he holds the blood of martyrs dear:
He crowned the father with a deathless diadem;
And all the days from him he took,
He numbred out in his eternal book:
And said, let these be safely kept for them,
The long descendants of that hallow'd stem.
To drye the mournfull widow's tears,
Let all those dayes be turn'd to years,
And all those years be whiten'd too:
Still some new blessing let 'em bring,
To those who from my martyr spring;

Still let them bloom, and still bestow
Some new content upon his race below.
Let their first revolution
Bestow a bride upon his darling son,
And crown those nuptials with a swift increase,
Such as the emptied ark did blesse:
Then, as the storms are more allay'd,
And waves decay'd,
Send out the beauteous blooming maid:
And let that virgin dove bring to her house again,
An olive branch of peace, in triumph o'er the main.
For whom, ye heavens! have ye reserv'd this joy?
Let us behold the man you chose;
How well you can your cares employ,
And to what armes your maid dispose:
Your maid, whom you have chang'd, but cannot lose:
Chang'd as the morn into the day,
As virgin snow that melts away,
And, by its kindly moisture, makes new flowers to grow.
See then, a bridegroom worthy such a bride!
Never was happy pair so fitly tied;
Never were virtues more allied;
United in a most auspicious hour—

A martyr's daughter weds a confessor!
When innocence and truth became a crime,
By voluntary banishment,
He left our sacrilegious clime,
And to a forrain country went;
Or rather, there, by Providence was sent:
For Providence designed him to reside,
Where he, from his abundant stock,
Might nourish God's afflicted flock,
And, as his steward, for their wants provide.
A troop of exiles on his bounty fed,
They sought, and found with him their daily bread;
As the large troop increast, the larger table spread.
The cruse ne're emptied, nor the store
Decreas'd the more;
For God supplied him still to give, who gave in God's own stead.
Thus, when the raging dearth
Afflicted all the Egyptian earth;
When scanty Nile no more his bounty dealt,
And Jacob, even in Canaan, famine felt;
God sent a Joseph out before;
His father and his brethren to restore:

Their sacks were filled with corn, with generous wine
Their soules refresht, their ebbing store,
Still when they came, supply'd with more,
And doubl'd was their corn:
Joseph himself by giving, greater grew,
And from his loins a double tribe increast the chosen crew.

## A DREAME.

BY MR FANSHAWE.

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I saw two swans come proudly downe the streame
Of Trent, as I his silver curles beheld;
To which, the doves that draw fayre Venus' teame,
And Venus selfe, must beauty's scepter yield.

Jove was not halfe so white, when he was one,
And courted Leda in a snowy plume;
Nor never such a taking shape put on,
Of all that love compelled him to assume.

Fayre birds, allied to him that set on fire
The world, why do ye so delight in floods?
And kindling in a thousand hearts desire,
Quench his soft movings in your gentle bloods?

Ah! since so many live in flames for you,
Leave to be swans, growe salamanders too.

## CELIA.

BY MR FANSHAWE.

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Celia hath for a brother's absence sworne,
Rash oath! that since her tresses cannot mourne
In blacke, (because uncut Apollo's hayre
Darts not a greater splendour through the ayre)
She'l make them droope in her neglect; forget
Those rings, which her white hand in order set;
And curiously did every morning curle
Into a thousand snares the silver purle.
But they are disobedient to command,
And swear they owe no homage to her hand:
That Nature is their mistresse, in her name,
The priviledge that they were borne to clayme:
Scorning to have it said, the hayre gave place
To the perfections that all parts doe grace.
So weave themselves in loopes; and curle now more
By carelesnesse, then by her care before.
Like a crisp't comet, which the starres pursue
In throngs, and mortals with pale horror view,

Threatning some great one's death—such light displayes
Her face, or like a saint that's crown'd with rayes.
Lady—what boots neglect of face, or hayre?
You must use art if you would growe less fayre.

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Dear Brother,

That you may see how Mr Fanshaw has spent his time here, I have sent you these verses, which are of his making, sence his coming hither, and hee presented them to my sister and mee. The first were made upon this occasion: Wee wer all walking in the owld halle, and looking upon Trent, and I was speaking how you used to course your boy Dick about that medow, and talking of many such things. But the next morning he came out with these verses, which I doe not think but you will like very well, for methinks they are very prity ones, if they had bin made of better subjectes. Wee made him beleeve that you should fight with him when he came into Spaine againe, for abusing your sisters so, in flattering of them so infinightly as he has don in these verses. But now to come to speeke of these other verses of his, which are made in particular to my sister Gatt. The occasion of making of them was this: We had bin one eavening at bowles, and when we caime in, my sister was opening her hayre with her fingers, and bid him tell you that she would not curle her hayer no otherwaies than it curled itselfe till she saw you againe. Uppon which theame he made these other verses, which are much admired by all here, and by the Thimelbyes. I have sent you a lettle picture which you did love much when you were here, and then I could not get one for you, but sence having got one for you, I was most willing to send it you. Once more, my dear brother, adieu.

## FOR LOVE.

UNHAPPY East! not, in that awe
You pay your lords, whose will is law;
But in your owne unmanly reigne
O'er the soft sex, and proud disdayne.
What state would bring the valew downe
Of treasure, which is all their owne?
Ther thoughts to worthless objects move,
Who thus suppress the growth of Love.
Love, that extends the high desire,
Love, that improves the manly fire;
And makes the price of beauty rise,
And all our wishes multiplyes.
Such high content dwells not in sence—
Nor can the captiv'd fayre dispense
Such sweets as these, no servile dame
Can with her beauty feed this flame.

Such joyes as these require a hart
In which no other love hath part.
Ah! who would prise his liberty,
(This faint, weak pleasure, to be free,)
Deare as those wounds which love can give?
Those bonds in which his servants live?—
Who, tost in wandring, loose desire,
Vary their love, disperse their fire;
Ayme at no more but to repeate
The thirst of sence, and quench that heate.
Let my collected passion rise,
All, and to one a sacrifice.
I feare not her discerning breast
Should bee with other love imprest,
Be to the proud resigned a prey,
Or to the loud, or to the gay.
Why should distorted nature prove
More lovely then my humble love?
What taught the elder times success
In love, but humbleness?
The nymphes resigned their virgin feares
To nothing but the shepherd's tears.

Nature with wise distrust doth arme,
And guard that tender sex from harme.
Long waiting love doth passage find
Into the slow-believing mind.
Jove, when he would with love comply,
Is said to lay his thunder by:
Too rough, he thinks, the shape of man—
Now in the softness of a swan,
Now like another nymph appeares,
And so beguiles Calista's feares.
By force, hee would have soone comprest
That which contents the ruder East:
But he, by this diviner art,
Makes conquest of the heavenly part.

S. GODOLPHIN.

## MR WALLER,

### WHEN HE WAS AT SEA.

---

WHILE I was free, I wrote with high conceit,
And Love and Beauty rais'd above their height.
Love, that bereaves us both of brayne and hart,
Sorrow and silence doth at once impart.
What hand, at once, can wield a sword and write?
Or battel paynt engaged in the fight?
Who will describe a storme must not be there:
Passion writes well neither in love nor feare.
Why, on the naked boy, have poets then
Feathers and wings bestowed, that wants a penne?

## EPHELIA.

How farre are they deceav'd, who hope in vaine,
A lasting lease of ioyes from love to obtaine!
All the dear sweets we promise, or expect,
After enioyment turn to cold neglect.
Could love a constant happiness have known,
The mighty wonder had in me bin shown.
Our passions were so favored by fate,
As if she meant them an eternall date.
So kind he lookt, such tender words he spoke,
'Twas past beliefe such vows should ere be broke.
Fixt on my eyes, how often would he say,
He could with pleasure gaze an age away.
When thoughts too great for words had made him mute,
In kisses he would tell my hand his sute.
So feirse his passion was, so far above
The common gallantries that pass for love,
At worst, I thought, if he unkind should prove,

His ebbing passion would be kinder far,
Than the first transports of all others are.
Nor was my love weaker, or less than his,
In him I centred all my hopes of bliss.
For him my duty to my friends forgott
For him I lost,—alas! what lost I not?
How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
When this great man my panting heart possesst,
Looking such things as nere can be exprest!
Thousand fresh lookes he gave me every houre,
Whilst greedily I did his looks devour.
I was so highly happy in his love,
Methought, I pitied them that dwelt above.
Think then, thou greatest, loveliest, falsest man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then,
My faithless deare, bee cruell if you can.
How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,
No, every act has shown I loved too well.
Since first I saw you, I nere had a thought
Was not entirely yours; to you I brought
My virgin innocence, and freely made
My love an offering to your noble bed.

Since when, you've bin the star by which I steer'd,
And nothing else but you I loved or fear'd.
Your smiles I onely live by, and I must,
When ere you frown, be shatter'd into dust.
Oh! can the coldness which you shew me now,
Sute with the generous heat you once did show?
I cannot live on pitty, or respect,
A thought so mean would my whole frame infect;
Less then your love, I scorn, sir, to expect.
Let me not live in dull indifferency,
But give me rage enough to let me dye.
For if from you I needs must meet my fate,
Before your pity I would chuse your hate.

# AN EPISTLE

## IN ANSWER TO EPHELIA.

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MADAM,

IF you're deceav'd, it is not by my cheat,
For all disguises are below the great.
What man or woman upon earth can say,
I ever us'd 'em well above a day?
How is it then that I inconstant am?
He changes not who allwayes is the same.
In my deare selfe I centre every thing;
My servants, friends, my mistress, and my king;
Nay, heaven and earth to that one point I bring.
Well manner'd, honest, generous, and stout,
Names by dull fooles to plague mankind found out,
Should I regard, I must my selfe constrain,
And 'tis my maxim to avoid all paine.

You fondly look for what none ere could find,
Deceav'd your selfe, and then call me unkind:
And by false reasons, would my falshood prove,
For 'tis as natural to change as love.
You may as justly at the sun repine,
Because alike it doth not alwayes shine.
No glorious thing was ever made to stay;
My blasing star but visets, and away.
As fatal too it shines as those ith' skies,
'Tis never seen but some greate lady dyes.
The boasted favor you so pretious hold,
To me's no more than changing of my gold.
What ere you gave, I paid you back in bliss,
Then where's the obligation pray of this?
If heretofore you found grace in my eyes,
Be thankfull for it, and let that suffice.
But women, beggar like, still haunt the dore
Where they receaved a charity before.
O happy Sultan, whom we barbarous call!
How much refin'd art thou above us all!
Who envies not the ioyes of thy serail?
Thee, like some god, the trembling crowd adore,
Each man's thy slave, and womankind's thy —.

Methinks I see thee underneath the shade
Of golden canopies supinely laid;
Thy crouching slaves, all silent as the night,
But at thy nod, all active as the light:
Secure in solid sloath, thou there doest reign,
And feelst the ioyes of love without the pain.
Each female courts thee with a wishing eye,
Whilst thou with awfull pride walkst careless by;
Till thy kind pleadge at last markes out the dame,
Thou fanciest most to quench thy present flame.
No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcom sound,
Of womens tongues thy sacred eares dare wound.
If any do, a nimble mute strait tyes
The true love's knot, and stopes her foolish cryes.
Thou fearst no iniur'd kinsman's threatning blade,
Nor midnight ambushes by rivalls lay'd:
Whilst here, with akeing harts our joys we taste,
Disturb'd by swords, like Democles his feast.

## ON SAINT CATHERINES DAY.

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You glorious saint, tho borne of royall blood,
All greatness scorn'd but that of being good.
Tho learn'd in many knowledges, were still,
Best knowing, and most practising God's will.
And tho more fayre than is the rosy morne,
The charmes of vertue did you most adorne.
Pray, I not great, not wise, not fayre may seeme,
In the world's false, but in heaven's just esteeme.

GERT. ASTON.

TO MY HONORD COSEN,

## MR HENRY SOMERSET,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

---

SINCE you and I in easy verse delight,
Where study banisht, nature seemes to write,
I boldly took my pen just now, to say,
What into verse would fall the smoothest way,
And hardly thought of what I was about,
Before the following wish to you dropt out.
May you have all the happiness this yeare
Can give: but then I stop'd with sudden feare,
This should not with your nobler choice agree,
Who firmely seeme resolv'd, it can not be;
Since a deare memory exacts each day,
A grief, that must all its delights outwaigh:

Let me correct my wish, your griefs forbeare;
Your numerous joys I might have added here.
Yet may you have your all sum'd up in one,
And find the highest is to covet none.

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TO MY MOST HONORD COSEN,

## MRS SOMERSET,

ON THE UNJUST CENSURE PAST UPON MY POORE MARCELIA.

---

Sigh not, Parthenia, that I'me doom'd to dye,
Since a false scandal's made the reason why.
Fortune I ever found my rigid foe,
And did not hope she now would milder grow.
A small weake barke by a rough tempest tost,
Can raise noe wonder when we heare 'tis lost;
When powerfull enemys resolve to kill,
They heed not justice, strength can do their will;
Ruled by self interest their foes confine,
And word their judgments to their owne designe.

This byas made that injuring blow be given,
That thy Arcasia had prophan'd gainst heaven.
But why this furious hurricane did rise
Where by detracting zeale I'm made a sacrifice,
I cannot reach; for sure a woman's pen
Is not (like comets,) ominous to men:
Nor could my clouded braine, (wrapt up in night,)
Destroy in all my sex their sunshine light:
The basalisk's poison lys not in my head,
To strike the wits of other women dead,
If my dull ignorance could blast them all,
Then should I justly as their victim fall.

## UPON MRS E. T.'S QUERE

### BY HER EYES,

### WHY I WAS TROUBLED?

---

MADAM, as strange a question it had prov'd,
If you had askt me if I ever lov'd.
When you drop teares, can you ere hope to finde
Any contentment in my wretched minde?
That feeles no joy but yours; shares no other griefe,
And but that you afford it, hates reliefe;
My unruly sorrowes swolne to that excess,
'Tis you alone can make them more or less.
My friendship, or experience might have showne,
How I prefer your safety to my owne;
Reach still a willing, tho' refused hand,
Altho' I fall my selfe, that you may stand.

My gratitude and conscience both must dry,
Ere I my utmost service do deny.
Trust me, or trust me not, I'me firmly fixt,
And mine from yours can never be unmixt.
I must feele all you suffer, and bemoane
Every defeature far above my owne.
For, monarch-like, you rule without dispute,
Your duty is to will, and mine to do't.
Of this hard measure I alone complayne,
Your yoke's too easy, and too loose your rayne.
All taxes, impositions, you forbeare,
In acts of grace too (to yourselfe) severe;
That we at our owne libertys repine,
Since by our freedomes, you your owne confine.
Humility, and goodness, in excess,
Are all the impietyes which you express,
And (if you'le take my counsell) ought repress.
Justice with Mercy, Truth and Peace must kiss;
They're not so perfect where we either miss.
And your calme heart so sweetly overflowes,
That its owne interest it seldom knowes:
And when it doth, the civill war mayntaynes
Rather then succour by another's paynes.

Ah! too reserv'd, too good, too sweet, too fayre,
T'afflict your selfe, and make all else dispaire.

## ON THE WORLD.

This world into a just contempt must fall,
Where reason rules, or where men think at all.
'Tis nothing but stupidity can prize,
Its airy hopes, and glittering vanitys.
These may surprise a man of sense, 'tis true,
But they can never stand a second view.

## ON TIME.

TIME of itselfe is nothing; but from things
Themselves, and what is done, sense of time springs.
From things that are in motion, or at rest,
Time's truest notion we conceave the best.
From instant and past things, a sense wee take;
Time without these does no impression make.

## UPON MR ABRAHAM COWLEY'S RETIREMENT.

# ODE

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### I.

No, no, unfaithfull world, thou hast
Too long my easy heart betray'd;
And me too long thy football made.
But I am wiser grown at last,
And will improve by all that I have past.
I know 'twas just I should be practis'd on,
For I was told before,
And told in sober and instructive lore,
How little all that trusted thee had won;
And yet I would make haste to be undon.
Now by my suffering I am better taught,
And shall no more commit the stupid fault.

Go, get some other foole,
Whom thou mayst next ca'ole:
On me thy frowns thou dost in vain bestow,
For I know how
To be as coy and as reserv'd as thou.

II.

In my remote and humble seat,
Now I'me again possest
Of that late fugitive my breast.
From all thy tumults, and from all thy heat,
I'le find a quiet and a coole retreat:
And on the fetters I have worne,
Looke with experienc'd and revengfull scorne:
In this my sov'rain privacy,
'Tis true I cannot governe thee;
But yet myselfe I may subdue:
And 'tis the nobler empire of the two.
If every passion had got leave
Its satisfaction to receive,
Yet I would it a higher pleasure call,
To conquer one, then to endulge them all.

III.

For thy inconstant sea, no more,
I'le leave that safe and solid shore.
No, tho' to prosper in the cheat,
Thou shouldst my destiny defeat,
And make me be belov'd, or rich, or great;
Nor from myselfe shouldst me reclaim,
With all the noise, and all the pomp of fame.
Judiciously I'de thee despise,
Too small the bargain, and too great the price,
For them to cosen twice.
At length this secret I have learn'd,
Who will be happy will be unconcern'd:
Must all their comfort in their bosom wear,
And seek their treasure and their power there.

IV.

No other wealth will I aspire
But that of nature to admire;
Nor envy on a laurell will bestow,
While there do any in my garden grow.
And when I would be great,
'Tis but ascending to a seat,

Which nature in a lofty rock hath built;
A throne, as free from trouble, as from guilt;
Where when my soul her wings doth raise,
Above what worldlings fear or praise,
With innocence, and quiet pride, I'le sit,
And see the humble waves pay tribute to my feet.
Oh! life divine, when free from joys diseas'd!
Not alwais merry, but 'tis alwais pleas'd.

V.

A heart, which is too great a thing
To be a present for a Persian king,
Which God himselfe would have to be his court,
Where angels would officiously resort,
From its own hight would much decline,
If this converse it should ressigne,
Ill natur'd world for thine.
Thy unwise rigour hath thy empire lost,
It hath not only set me free,
But it hath made me see,
They only can of thy possession boast,
Who do enjoy thee least, and understand thee most.

For lo, the man, whom all mankind admir'd,
By every grace adorn'd, and every muse inspir'd,
Is now triumphantly retir'd !
The mighty Cowley this hath done ;
Aud over thee a Parthian conquest won,
Which future ages shall adore ;
And which in that subdues thee more,
Then either Greek or Roman ever could before.

## ON SOLITUDE.

In fields and woods may I safe pleasures find,
Nature's Almighty cause adore,
Admire the workes, the author more,
Where objects both delight the heart and mind.

May vallys teach me to be fruitfull too,
May hills excite me to aspire
Like them to heaven with rais'd desire,
And may my thoughts flow pure as fountains doe.

From birds, I'le learn to sing my Maker's praise,
The sheep shall make me wish I may
Grow usefull and as meek as they,
And hear the Pastor that directs my ways.

Both birds and beasts shall my distrust condemn,
Who trust heaven's goodness, rove about
Free from all care and anxious doubt,
And teach me to depend on heaven like them.

Motives I ne'er shall want of love and praise,
For heaven and earth will still supply
My thoughts with such variety,
As will new wonder, fresh devotion raise.

Oh ! may I something learn from all I see
And by thy creatures still ascend
To the first cause while I attend
To nature's volumes of divinity.

# LIFE.

## I.

While frantick winds with fury blow,
And plough and shake the fickle main,
The working billows swell, with dreadful noise they flow,
To vales and hills they turn the liquid plain.
Their oozy beds profoundest waters leave,
As if the sea's proud brood, like earth's, would try
To extinguish and confound the glories of the sky:
Their bold gigantic heads they proudly heave;
O'er mountains rival mountains soar,
And foam and rave with horrid roar:
But soon each following surge its leading surge controuls,
Successively pushed on the fluid mountain rowls,
And dashed and spent dies on the shoar;
Buried and lost in the universal tomb,
Its vast maternal womb.

II.

So in life's dubious course
Wild fortune's shocks the soul disturb
With their impetuous force:
Swelled by its power, the passions rage;
No bounds the soaring will can curb;
Presumptuous minds dare Heaven engage!
But crowding years push on and forwards drive,
Till, hurried on, vain men arrive
On death's inevitable coast,
Where all, dissolved to dust, in nature's mass are lost!

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## CONSCIENCE.

INTERNALL Cerberus! whose griping fangs,
That gnaw the soul, are the mind's surest pangs.
Thou greedy vulture! that dost gorging tire
On hearts corrupted by impure desire:
*Subtle and buzzing hornet! that dost ring*
*A peal of horrour ere thou givst the sting*

The soul's rough file that smoothness does impart!
That hammer that does break a stony heart!
The worm that never dies! the thorn within,
That pricks and pains; the whip and scourge of sin
The voice of God in man! which, without rest,
Doth softly cry within a troubled breast;
To all temptations is that soul left free
That makes not to itself a curb of thee!

## A PASTORAL PROTEST OF LOVE,

BY

## DAMON TO STELLA.

When I thee all o'er do view,
I all o'er must love thee too.
By that smooth forehead, where's exprest
The candour of thy purer breast;
By those twin-like stars that shine,
By those apples of thine eyn;

By each peachie-blossomed cheek,
And thy sattin skin, more sleek
And white than Flora's whitest lillies,
Or the maiden daffodillies;
By that ivory ridge, thy nose;
By those double blanched rows
Of teeth, as in pure coral set,
So white, so smooth, so even met;
By those lips all dewed with bliss,
Made happy in each other's kiss;
By those silk tresses, soft as down
Of tender cygnets newly blown:
By that silver stately neck
Which those curls do grace and deck;
By each alabaster hand,
From which thy taper fingers stand;
By those pretty nimble feet,
Wont in skilful steps to meet;
By the neat fabric of the whole,
Fair as the world, from either pole;
Whose each part is Paradise,
And Heaven both in and round it is;
By thyself, when thee I view,
I love thy all, and each part too.

## TO A LADY,

### ASKING HIM HOW LONG HE WOULD LOVE HER?

---

It is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be, we within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste.
The blessed that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last?
But while it does, let us take care
Each moment be with pleasure past.
Were it not madness to deny
To live because we are sure to die?

## THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

To arms! to arms! the heroes cry
A glorious death or victory!
Beauty and love, although combined,
And each so powerful alone,
Cannot prevail against a mind
Bound up in resolution;
Tears their weak influence vainly prove,
Nothing the dauntless breast can move,
Honour is blind, and deaf, ev'n deaf to love.

The field! the field! where valour bleeds,
Spurn'd into dust by barbed steeds,
Instead of wanton beds of down,
Is now the scene where we musttry
To overthrow, or be o'erthrown,
Bravely to overcome, or dye.

## ON MELANCHOLY.

STAND off, physician! let me frolick
With my humour melancholick.
'Tis pleasure—it is pain likewise;
'Tis hell, and yet a paradise.
'Tis white and black,—'tis all upon
Checker'd imagination.
'Tis an odd conceited theam;
'Tis nature's rambling idle dream;
Her cheating optick-glass, which lies,
Falsely abstracts and multiplies.

The man of Rhodes, whose stature was
Nine hundred camels' load of brass,
This mighty Phœbus can't compare
With the melancholy I bear,

In hands, feet, nose—fancy makes him
Bigger by far in every limb.

Another wasteful humour straight
Brings him down to a half ounce weight,
Then, like some bird, (a pretty folly !)
Flies aloft, wing'd with melancholy !
He's air, or some thin exhalation
Next degree to annihilation.

'Tis thraldom, freedom, 'tis express
Good company, and loneliness ;
It laughs, and cries, all in one breath ;
'Tis wealth or want, 'tis life or death.
A Bedlam-trance, 'tis what you will,
'Tis as you'd have it, well or ill.
A fickle contradicting mood,
Arising from distempered blood.

Stand off, physician ! 'tis, I'm sure,
As a disease, so its own cure.

## A SONG.

Ah! fading joy!
How quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste;
And what too soon would die, help to destroy.
As if the cares of human life were few
We seek out new,
And follow fate, which does too fast pursue.
In vain does Nature's bounteous hand supply
What peevish mortals to themselves deny.
See, how on every bough the birds express
In their wild notes, their happiness;
Not anxious how to get or spare,
They on their mother Nature lay their care.
Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles chuse to know
As none of all his subjects undergo!

## A DOMESDAY THOUGHT.

---

Oft when I hear a blustering wind,
With a tempestuous murmur joined,
I fancy, Nature in this blast
Practises how to breathe her last:
Or sighs for poor man's misery,
Or pants for fair eternity.

Go to the dull church-yard, and see
Those hillocks of mortality;
Where proudest man is only found
By a small swelling in the ground.
What crouds of carcasses are made
Slaves to the pick-axe and the spade!
Dig but a foot or two, to make
A cold bed for thy dead friend's sake,

'Tis odds, but in that scanty room,
Thou robb'st another of his tomb;
Or, in thy delving, smit'st upon
A shin-bone, or a cranion!

---

## THE IMMORTALITY OF POESIE.

### TO ENVY.

OVID. AMOR. LIB. I. ELEG. 15.

---

Envy, how dar'st thou say that I in vain
Have spent my years, or with false names profane
The sacred product of my fertile brain?

'Tis true, in th' art of war I am not skill'd,
No trophies did I e'er attempt to build,
By gaining grinning honour in the field.

I never try'd to learn the tedious laws,
Or sought, in pleading of a desperate cause,
To sell my breath for interest or applause.

Such little things I scorn; I nobly aim
At that which may secure a lasting fame,
And through the world immortalize my name.

Old Chaucer shall, for his facetious style,
Be read and praised by warlike Britons, while
The sea enriches and defends their isle.

While the whole earth resounds Eliza's fame,
Who aw'd the French, and did the Spaniard tame,
The English will remember Spenser's name.

While flatt'rers thrive and parasites shall dine,
While commonwealths afford a Catiline,
Laborious Jonson shall be thought divine.

Thee, Shakespear! poets ever shall adore,
Whose wealthy fancy left so vast a store,
They still refine thy rough but precious ore.

So long shall Cowley be admired above
The crowd, as David's troubles pity move,
Till women cease to charm and youth to love.

While we the fall of our first parents grieve,
And worship him who did that fall retrieve,
Milton shall in majestick numbers live.

Dryden will last as long as wit and sense,
While judgment is required to excellence,
While perfect language charms an audience.

As long as men are false and women vain,
While gold continues to be virtue's bane,
In pointed satire Wycherly shall reign.

When the aspiring Grecian in the east,
And haughty Philip is forgot i' th' west,
Then Lee and Otway's works shall be suppressed.

While fathers are severe, and servants cheat,
Till bawds and whores can live without deceit,
Sedley and easy Etherege shall be great.

Stones will consume, age will on metals prey,
But deathless verse no time can wear away;
That stands the shock of years without decay.

When kingdoms shall be lost in sloth and lust,
When treasures fail, and glorious arms shall rust,
Verse only lifts itself above the dust.

Come, bright Apollo, then, let me drink deep
Of that blest spring thou dost for poets keep,
While in ignoble ease the world's asleep.

Let wreaths of tender myrtle crown my head,
Let me be still by anxious lovers read,
Envy'd alive, but honour'd when I'm dead.

Till after death, desert was never crown'd,
When my ashes are forgotten under ground,
Then my best part will be immortal found.

## CUPIO DISSOLVI. ST PAULE.

THE soule which doth with God unite;
Those gaitys, how doth she slight,
Which o'er opinion sway?
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars, or on martyrs' shrines,
How doth she burne away?

How soone she leaves the pride of wealt
The flatteries of youth and health,
And fame's more pretious breath;
And every gaudy circumstance,
That doth the pomp of life advance,
At the approach of death!

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the stars,
Placing all knowledge there;
And lovers in their mistres' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
And seeke no higher sphere.

The wandring pilot toils to find
The causes that produce the wind,
Still gazing on the pole;
The polititian scornes all art
But what doth pride and power impart,
And swells the ambitious soule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,
And, gainst these powerfull follys arme,
Doth soberly disdaine,
All these fond human misterys,
As the deceitful and unwise
Distempers of the braine.

## TO MRS CONSTANCE ASTON.

As in the summer a soft falling shower
Tempereth Sol's beams, and cooles the parched earth,
Refresheth every field, to every flower
More sweetness yields, and gives to new ones birth;

So in this cloud of griefe your beauty weares,
Your eyes but warme whom they were wont to burne,
Your lovely face thus gently dew'd with teares,
For every drop doth a fresh charme returne.

And as this sorrow doth your beauty raise,
By it of future joyes yourselfe assure;
It is their dawne; those are the fairest days,
Whose morning light mists for a while obscure.

## TO MR ED. THIMELBY,

THAT UNITY IS NO ARGUMENT FOR THE FOREHEAD AGAINST THE EYES.

---

No head with bays was ever drest,
For making one sole verse; at least,
A distich must be offerd still
Upon the double-headed hill.
By number Nature's workes advance;
What's done but once is done by chance.
Of perfect things she has made a store;
To sin belongs doe it noe more.
Good poems, such as yours, ne'r lye
Uncoppyed, but multiply.
One only child, although most deare
To his parents, brings less joy than feare.
The seaman gives his ship for gon,
Loosing his anchors all but one.

## A SMALL POLLET.

How bravely men would live and dye,
Did not the fates two lives deny;
But since they us one only gave,
Ther's few well use even that they have.
Each cottage hath a single dore,
Poor men, alas! can build no more;
Great palaces esteeme it state
To have a fair and double gate.
Let not the eyes then be outdone,
By th' forehead, cause they're two for one;
Who hope that justice will do right,
Though she be blind to others' sight.
Eyes, where no pencil has a part,
Adorn'd by Nature, not by Art;
The only part from painting free,
Yet that wherein all colors be.

## TO MY MOST HONOURED COSEN, MRS E. C.

### ON NEW YEARE'S DAY.

---

MADAM, the great and rich may freely pay
To you resembling tribute on this day.
Nor should I envy the best choosers too,
Such as present you your owne beauty's view.
In fairest mirrors, that did ne'r reflect
Before so bright, so charming an aspect:
If I could make you one, where you may finde
A true, though faint resemblance of your minde.
And if my words, like breath, cast not too great
A mist o're that I would before you set,
My thoughts may be the glass, where may be showne
Something you may perhaps vouchsafe to owne:
And in that hope, they stand before you here,
And your perfections thus reflected beare.

A prudence, that imediately surveys,
And chooses out the best of thousand ways;
Yet can no trust in its owne choice repose,
And alwaise feares to err, but never does:
Nor to its end doth need a surer guide
Then its quick sight of all it ought t' avoid:
A temper, that noe stormes can discompose,
Nor with the tyde of fortune ebbs or flows;
But beares all suffrings soe, as it would say,
"Ye can't take hold of me, and will not stay."
And pleasures does at such a distance meete,
As it againe can quit without regret.
(Yet, madam, thinke that this too far extends,
If it except not those true friendship lends.)
A wit, still searching in the richest mines;
A judgment, which what that brings forth refines.
Vertue, that coines it, honor, that, like kings'
Commands, thereto a double valüe brings;
And is not satisfy'd with all you've done,
Until it makes you nobly trample on
Not only all that's ill, but all that's meane,
As in a thousand various ways 'tis seene.

A truth, that cannot stoope to a disguise,
But doth its native beautys higher prise;
And, void of the least art, more faire appeares
Than the most flatt'ring dyes that falsehood weares.
A goodness, with itselfe for ever strives
Whether it more obliges or forgives:
Does overpay all merit, and extend
Farther than any one can ere offend.
Which I arrest, till it that pardon grants,
Which my presumptuous folly so much wants;
That could such boundless excellence designe
In these poore narrow limits to confine.

## PS. 120. V. 4.

Here our chief bliss is an uncertain joy,
Which swift vicissitudes of ill destroy.
Just as the sun, who, rising bright and gay,
In clouds and showers concludes the weeping day,

So boisterous gusts oft tender flowers invade,
By tempting winds too soon abroad betray'd
Here, envious of each other's settlement,
All things contend each other to supplant;
The second minute drives the first away,
And night's impatient to succeed the day.
The eager Summer thinks the Spring too long,
And Autumn frets that Summer is not gone.
But Autumn's self to Winter must give way,
Least its cold frosts oretake and punish his delay.
Behold yon sea, how smooth, without a frown!
See, while I speak, how curled, how rough 'tis growne!
Look how serene the sky, how calm the aire!
Now hark, it thunders round the hemisphere!
This great inconstancy of human state
Corrupts each minute of our hasty fate.
Who would be slave to such a tyrant life
That still engages him in noise and strife?
And what strange frensy must those men possess
Who blindly deem long life a happiness!

## TO A GENTLEMAN,

### THAT COURTED SEVERAL LADYS.

---

SINCE, Coridon, you have a hart can pay
So many sacrifices in a day,
And that you can one for her wit adore,
And then another for her beauty more,
I have no inclination to confine
Your general offering to a single shrine.
No, Coridon, I'le quit you of your vow,
You here or there may court, when, where, or how,
Your artful love your fancy shall perswade,
And when you've done, and many conquests made,
Back on your honor looke, and there you'le see,
A ruine greater than your victory.
It easy is our weak sex to betray,
But falshood still doth stain on honor lay.

A general pitty is a vertue taught,
But general love a crime was ever thought.
Nature to man does but one hart allow,
But they do multiply it to hundreds now;
And to each object, which your covetous sense
Makes you desire, you can a hart dispence.
Like those appearing spirits, form'd of air,
Which come to touch, we find no substance there.
Thus you turn cheats in love, and juglers play,
And seem to give, yet nothing give away.
Your bounty never makes your wealth grow less,
The harts you're born with, dying you possess;
Only you brought them without perjur'd stain,
But with a thousand carry them back again.
'Tis those false vows and oaths which you express
Give your love credit, and your hopes success.
Thus to your pride you injur'd trophys raise,
But they at last will wither all your bays.
Seeking to ruine, you may ruine finde;
Fortune is sometimes just as well as blind.
They'r less than child, will lend their money out,
When they both principal and interest doubt.

And men contract such debts in love, that they
Compounding, can't one of a hundred pay;
Yet from our trust they do imperious grow,
And think it glorious they so much can owe.
They boast that none shall rule their harts alone,
They'l have a commonwealth, and not a throne.
Indeed, you all doe traiterous subjects prove,
But you are excellent levellers in love:
For least that jealousy grow from mistake,
You now in common all your courtships make.
No, Coridon, had all the world been sought,
And all perfections from all persons brought;
Had Solomon his wondrous wisdom lent,
And Alexander all his courage sent;
Had Nature rifled her exhaustless store,
And all those noble heroes we adore,
To place in you what each did but enjoy,
Your fickle humour would my love destroy:
I should, as others did, your worth admire,
But never flame would take at such a fire.

ON THE TRANSLATION OF

## THE HOUSE OF LORETTO.

---

When the misterious chamber first did move
From Jewry vales into the aire above,
A quire of angels held it downe,
Or to the highest heavens 't had flowne.
Gabriell led on before,
Towards the Hesperian shore,
Whence west winds breathed in their face,
Not to resist, but to embrace.
Ore his owne seas then Dedalus might descry
A labirinth itselfe of wonders fly;
Rhodes' great Colossus durst not aske a stay,
For here imensity contracted lay.
The virgin mother's spouse's roome
At unchast Paphos would not come;

Truth's selfe disclaim'd his seate
Should dwell in lying Crete.
Delos in vain look'd up with hope awhile;
The flying house past ore the floating isle.
Unhappy easterne nations! dayly thus
Suns rise with you, but alwaise make to us.
The never-erring chair is come
From your Antioch to our Rome;
Poore Nazareth's sole blis
Now too translated is:
On fair Loretto's hill it stands,
Thither convey'd by angells hands;
Where the same roofe, that in our father's age
A pilgrim was, is now a pilgrimage.

## THE PERFECT LOVER.

He cannot worthily be styled a lover,
That will his noble enterprise give over
For any opposition, or who is
Too covetous of comforts or of blis:
For 'tis meane love, meerly by favours made,
That growes ith sunshine, withers in the shade.
A true and perfect lover in distress
Stands firme, nor is he puft with happiness.
He aymes at no reward, nor vainly affects
Favours, nor for disfavour disrespects.
He rather flyes his ends, since by their gaine,
He loseth all the glory of his paine.
He doth not love whom accidents can move,
Or hath a reason but his love to love.
For he that truly loves can ne're reflect
On his owne interest, but ineffec t

Transform'd so perfectly in what he loves,
That by her motion, not his owne, he moves.
He hath no will but hers, and understands
All things as she conceives them or comands.
He vallewes nothing but at her esteeme,
And so himselfe ; nor strives he so to seeme,
Although his owne in nothing, for his zeale
Tells him 'tis merrit, merrit to conceale,
Which makes him practise art to hide his paine,
But still his eyes make that ambition vaine;
For though false flames may be within suppresst,
True fires are not contained within a breast.
So that who loves must vent flames through his eyes,
Sigh, flame, or burn a smother'd sacrifice.
His thoughts, words, actions, all are in excess,
For true love hath no measures which express.
Strange force in love! but more that they should prove
Madnes to judgment, reason to his love.
He apprehends no dangers, nor retreats
At any difficultyes, no deceipts
Molest nor injure him, for his owne fire
Is his owne happiness, and its owne hire.

Yet hath he one desire, nor doth that staine
The purity of love, 'tis love againe.
This the most perfectly refin'd approve;
Who roots out this anihilates his love;
It being love's very essence to desire,
T'engender the idea of his fire.
And ther's no competent reward but this,
Nor heaven, nor earth; which though he have or misse,
It neither raiseth nor puts out his flame,
That's constantly, essentially the same.
That happy accident doth only prove
His glory may be more, but not his love.
Yet boasts not of his love, nor doth pretend
A merrit of his suffrings, nor an end.
He wisheth them immortall as his love,
Which, when his body dies, finds no remove;
(Being rooted in his soule,) but doth ascend
With her, and, like her, never hath an end.

## CRUELTY.

PAST hope of cure, my heart doth grieve to see
Excesse of love repaid with cruelty.
Regardlesse she my torments doth despise,
And will not heale the wound made by her eyes.
O wretched I! that in one forme should see
Attractive sweetnesse with such cruelty.
The siren's charming voice alures us on,
Making us run to sure destruction.
So was I charmed when I her face did see,
Ne're thinking how her heart would torture me.

## TO MR NEVILL,

### AT HIS DEPARTURE.

---

BETWIXT true, reall frends there neede
No last farewells to intercede;
Those be for them that feare to mis
A parting cup or parting kis.
Your absence will be death to me;
And those who must beheaded be,
Think it a favour not to know
The coming of the fatal blow.
Let boisterous souldiers sound retreates,
And leave their foes with clamorous threats;
In silence you your parting shroud;
The sun sets oftest in a cloud.
Yet though we part, and though the lines
Of Ptolomy, (whose strength combines

The stars,) noe greater union make,
But we must needs ourselves forsake,
We'l both contemplate the same sky,
And meet in heaven before we dye.

## TO MY COSEN ASTON AND HIS LADY,

EXCUSING MY WANT OF A WEDDING GARMENT, AT THE CELEBRATION OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

THOUGH an unseemly guest to this bright day,
Where no one but the frolique or the gay
Ought to intrude, let not your joyes contemne
This sad one, since he best illustrates them.
The prince of light, in his most bright aspect,
Black spots (like other beautyes) doth affect;
So will your dazzling joyes no luster loose,
Whilst this dull shadow you vouchsafe to use:
No, 'twill increase their splendour, give the life
To the best picture of them, man and wife;

This then doth authorise my attendance here,
Makes me approach with confidence so nere;
Since I contribute what I want, I pay
The just expected tribute of the day.
Wishes as fervent as the gayest youth,
Whose gaudy outside vaporeth, that truth
The wiser brest doth hive, and not, like fire,
Fling his wild attomes till himselfe expire.
My first address of wishes for this payre
Is, may they only fix wher true joyes are;
She nere repent but her too slow beliefe
Of his establish't vertue; and our chiefe,
May he finde all the mirracles I lost;
Prodigious flames, with more prodigious frost,
Concenter'd in one bosome, thence improve
I' th' mistery of misteryes, good love.
May both (as in all else) chiefly combinde,
In the preserving of each other's minde
From all innate corruptions, and surprize
By assault of all extrinsicke enemyes.
May that blest peace begin and end their rayne,
Which cleares all tempests, and excludes all payne.

Thus he whose impotency doth permitt
Him send no present, offring vowes that fitt
The expansion of his heart, doth freely dare
Offer himselfe in sacrifice by prayer.

---

Deare Cosen,

I cannot let my folly appeare to you without my apology. You shall receave my confession, and I doe pennance in the same place wher I comitt the fault; which I hope will procure pitty for offering to write to you of you, and upon this occasion. But I want not encouragement of an unquestion'd wit, who sayth,

> But wher the theame confounds us, 'tis a sort
> Of glorious meritt proudly to fall short.

Indeed, when I considerd what a loss our family was now at, for want of those heads which are towring in another region, and, I hope, effecting for you what we doe but bleate of here, I could not but take it to heart; and though lost as ever in the understanding them, willing by imitation to express they lived in my memory, and will. Truth herselfe often told me I made verses with my heart, not my head; which, as she did not, I hope you will not disapprove, because, though ther is nothing of ornament in them, ther can be nothing of stratagem, to which she had ever a strange antipathy, as the same author better expresseth than I ever could, who so much more loved it:

> Those that best knew her, knew not whether were,
> Her heart more single, or her head more cleare.

You will pardon, I hope, this digression, and any when she comes in my way, (and I am sure I am out of mine when she is not,) and I doubt you thinke I had need make an apology for having made this, being, as you may truly say, much adoe about nothing. I should thinke so too, did I not remember that good love was the best thing in heaven and earth, and all this was but to express it was not wanting to you in the else despicable heart of

Your affectionate Uncle and
Humble Servant,

*Jan.* 1. HER. ASTON.

## ON ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

### EPITAPH.

His being was in her alone,
And he not being she was none.
They joy'd one joy, one grief they grieved,
One love they lov'd, one life they liv'd.
The hand was one, one was the sword,
That did his death her death afford.
As all the rest, so now the stone
That tombs the two is justly one.

## TO MRS GERTRUDE ASTON'S HAPPY CONDITION

### WHEN WITH MRS ELIZA THIMELBY.

---

THIRSIS.

AMARILLIS, you expres
In your lookes such happines,
And they soe assure me, who
To that heighth could make it grow;
That in some faire fruitful meade,
Where the Summer's pride is spread,
I as well might seek to know,
If the often overflow
Of a lovely streame that glides
Almost round its happy sides,
Had not lent it all this store,
That had otherwise bin poore;

Yet what does enough appeare,
I besides from you would heare.

AMARILLIS.

Thirsis, lookes but little show,
Les my words can hope to doe;
Yet the memory promises
To supply the want of these;
Deeply there imprest must be
Your forepast felicity;
And 'tis that will tell you best,
All the joyes I have possest,
(As in her their centre met,)
Since I've been with Amoret.

THIRSIS.

Then I see, since I have stray'd
Soe far off, 'twill not be made
Easily to you appeare
(Who confine all pleasure here)
That my satisfaction might
Higher rise than your delight.

AMARILLIS.

Noe, you may as soone perswade
Light is darker than the shade.
But not doubting you will owne
Our joys' day must spring alone
From those beames where mine I sought,
How can you have such a thought?

THIRSIS.

'Tis because I judge their sight
More advantaged by his light,
In our gloomy woods who shun
Than who face the noone-day sun:
And that (as in those extreames,
While his silver-twisted beames
Through the spreading branches play,
While each tree would stop their way,
And yet every bough receaves
Some amidst its trembling leaves,)
He more pleasing does appeare,
Then were all his splendor there;
So while to my darker minde,
Her bright charmes did passage finde,

And that through the thickest shade
That could be by absence made,
I beheld them victors growne,
Lovelyest then to me they shone ;
Though I grant that tooke away
The full glorys of her day.

AMARILLIS.

Though you thus would make my light,
Is but this your glimering night ;
You yourselfe have yet allow'd,
That I may be justly proud
Of my happy neighborhood,
To that all-enriching flood,
That can make my barren soile
With the fairest flowers smile.
Say if could your distant feild
Such a growth of sweetnes yeild ?

THIRSIS.

Doe not you too highly prise
That which in such hazard lyes :

Oft by a too sudden flow,
Which did seeme no bounds to know,
The faire cause of all the store
Ruin'd what she gave before.
Or if somewhat better 'twere,
While that deluge entred there,
Your amaze, but hardly gave
Leave some little part to save.
My more scarcely watered ground,
Out of danger to be drown'd,
Did a moderate harvest beare,
Which I gather'd void of feare.

AMARILLIS.

I in vain should more dispute,
You shall now yourselfe confute;
And your errour straight confess,
To our charming shepherdess.
See, she comes from yonder green,
Crown'd with flowers, this yeare's queen:
She, who to convince you cleare,
Needs but only to appeare;

Yet your pardon, (begg'd of me,)
Her first act of grace shall be.

THIRSIS.

Her approach enough does speake
All my arguments too weake:
And though truth I did aver,
Truth itselfe must yield to her.
I already doe submit,
She soe sweetly conquers it.
Reason may with justice boast
In her triumph to be lost.

## ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR SISTER,

## MRS KATH. ASTON;

### KNOWN BY THE NAME OF "GOOD LOVE."

---

I've strow'd and stuck devoutly on some hearses,
But here I burn and bury all my verses;
Some griefes by sighs and teares are understood,
But this is writt by th' fall of my owne bloud.
In other losses, senses beare a part,
Here the close mourner is a silent heart.
And what elswhere by passion is supplyd,
By reason here is better justify'd.
See reason, justice, honour, vertue, move,
To waite the solemn progress of Good Love.
With equall duty, and with paces even,
They lead and guide us after her to heaven.

To rise with her in glory, thus we must
Bravely with her on earth shake off our dust.
T' arrive unto her height and greatness there,
We must, like her, be low and little here.
And, lastly, in our proper sphere to move,
Patterne we must our first idea, Love.
Descend, Good Love, or by attraction raise
Our duller soules to sing immortall layes:
Descend, and shew how you our offrings prize,
Descend, Good Love, and fire our sacrifice.

## AN EPITAPH.

A DOUBLE dialect speakes this stone,
Our ruine and foundation.
Here is summ'd up our gaine, our losse,
Here lies our blessing, and our crosse.
Behold here underneath this floore,
The corner-stone of Bellamore.
How solid must the fabrick prove,
That's founded on the rock Good Love!

Ah! who would to this world be wedd,
Since that Good Love itselfe is dead?
Forgive the word, she could not dye,
But her mortal dress lay'd by,
To put on immortallitye.

---

TO

## HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUTCHESS OF YORK,

ON THE HAPPY BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS CATHERINA LAURA.

---

Wise Nature before Summer's heat doth bring
The gentle warmth of Zephir's breathing Spring;
And promises the fruite she will bestow
By smiling fields, and blossomes on each bow.
So this fayre bud, sprung in your beautye's May,
Seemes, at her entrance to the world, to say,
Doubt not, Great Brittayne, but my mother more
And higher blessings has for you in store;

Of which she is as bounteous Nature free,
And as an earnest of them gives you mee.
Let then this breaking light of happiness
So please all eyes, and so all hearts possess,
Those may gayne strength, and these a larger roome
To entertayne that joy which is to come.
Laura but, like Aurora, does forerun
An Edward, Henry, Charles, or James, our sun.
And may his glorious course be unclouded still
Of all that e'er shone here or ever will,
If Heaven's unsearchable decrees designe,
No offspring to great Charles and Katherine.

## FROM A SICK POETESSE TO MRS ST GEORGE,

### ON HER FEEDING THE SWANS.

---

Two freezing winters, and one summer's heat,
To the poore sufferers both seeming great,
A lovely payre of swans in pond had past,
Which pleasant walkes and shady willows grac't.
In all which time, in all within their view,
Of heaven or earth, they nothing saw or knew
Like to themselves, soe delicately white,
In brightest day nor clearest moonshine night.
Who then can blame that pride should enter there,
Where we possesse all that wee know is faire?
Such shew'd this payre to each observing eye,
By bridled necks, and wings erected high;

By stately motion girding through the waves,
A posture that commands a look, not craves.
Their feet the oares, by which they steered aright,
But plac'd by Nature kindly out of sight.
With these in state they oft to shore did row,
Where creatures kind did food on them bestow.
But nere more proud than when the vizard maske,
And long wel-spread black scarfe performed that taske.
For contraries with greatest lustre shine,
When by position close they nearest joyne.
But oh! sad hap to this long happy payre!
A hand employ'd in this kind practis'd care,
A hand, by chance, or purpose, now unveil'd,
Shew'd farr more white than all their stock could yield.
Which seene, downe fell the snowey sailes, their wings;
Each huffing feather now more closely clings.
Noe food would downe, but sick, and quite undone,
What they could not excell they wisely shunn.
Away they fly, and in close covert hide
Their shame, to be outdone in all their pride.

## TO MR CARIL,

PERSWADING HIM UPON THE DEATH OF CARD. F. TO LEAVE THE COURT.

---

He that from conquering Rome's opposers had
With rich triumphant robes so oft bin clad,
And with a numerous rank of towers,
Guarded Rome's selfe gainst future powers,
In the despis'd highway,
Poor Belisarius lay;
Ruined to beggary, and far
More ragged than his walls now are;
Who, when his life at court he call'd to mind,
Said, Here I lost my eyes, but there was blind.

Caril, you see what baites the court now uses,
With which the Graces steal you from the Muses.

And know, the blind rocks ne'er appeare,
Until they bring despair with feare.
You've lost the sound near shore,
O trust the sea noe more!
You're surely surfeited e're this,
Of all that trust the court calls blis.
Make you to port, like those who coast the main,
But to be sea-sicke, and turne home again.

## THE RECANTATION.

My owne obscureness made me lately write
Against the court's supposed want of sight.
Thus in their lamenes beggars find
Comfort with thinking others blind.
Exalted courtiers view
Dayly things strange and new;
They from the topmasts ships espye,
When decks see only sea and sky.

By height our narrow sights enlarged are,
Low men perchance see well, but never far.

Rise then, cleare soul, lighten'd with knowledge rise,
Upon the wings of fame stuck full of eyes.
Caril, surpas the eagle's flight,
Like him survey Apollo's light;
Crown'd with his laurel there,
Above noe thunder feare:
While we in valleys here are found,
In every little torrent drown'd.
Lights of the highest heaven are fixed all,
The lower stars alone wander and fall.

My soule no loftyer thoughts dares entertain
Than what may raise my verse to a higher straine;
And sing i' th' court of heaven what's done,
What course your fellow stars do run.
When stormes and billows rave,
Heaven shrinking at each wave,
Small boats near shore securer be;
Tall ships ride safer out at sea.
So while stern Boreas, and fierce Eurus blow,
Mount you above their blasts, I'le creep below.

## THE POORE NEW YEARE'S GIFT OF WISHES COBLED TOGETHER.

---

We all do in obedience here present
Our joyned wishes as a new year's rent.
We had neede be all together, that we may
Help one another out what we would say.
Each in ourselves we'd satisfie much less,
Since each wish more than we can all express.
May you love nothing but what joys may bring,
And they so many as may seme to spring.
May day ne're breake but with your hart content,
Nor night e're come without a compliment.
May them that bring you any, heaven so bless,
All still may strive to increase your happiness.
May nothing that displeases with you stay,
Nor any thing delights you keep away.
Be all your sorrow with the last year gone,
Past e're returning, and may never one

Come once unto your memory, unless
It be to encrease your present happyness.
May still the settled quiet of those mindes,
Which nether interest nor passion blindes,
Bus'ness disturbes, or sickness vexes, be
Inferior to your minde's tranquillity.
May all your riches with success be crowned,
And greater pleasure by you in them founde,
Than hope e're promised your most stronge desire,
While to possession you did still aspire.
May the most envious your joys confess,
And such as that you merite all profess.
May all the joy that witte did e're invent,
Afection ever wish, or heaven e're sent,
Be all your owne, and what still more can be,
Conspire to make up your felicitie.
May every day those joys repeated see,
Till swallowed up in blest eternitie.

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## TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, the best ease of the most troubled minde,
Rest of our labours, nurse of human kinde,
Why so unkind to me; false joyes to frame,
When the most true partake too much of dreame?
Waking, I see how extreame false they are,
Which give us joy to purchase greater care.
Then let me wake, or ever have such dreames,
And not by contradiction know extreames.

## THE GOLDEN MEAN.

---

Base thought! to value all by fortune's rate!
To count desert by who hath most estate!
Opinion saith, he happyest shall be
Who will live under her base tyranny.
But where's the man that ever yet was knowne
Happy by others' thoughts, if not his owne?
Yet many are so blinde, they live o' th' foode
Of this base tirant, take a seeming good
Before a reall; greatest comforts sell;
To have others think they've heaven, they'le live in hell.
They cannot taste a comfort or a bliss,
Unlesse the world first say that such it is;
Which when they've heard, they follow, 'tis all one,
Though reason tells them it may prove destruction.
They'l choose the glory of a golden chayne,
To tye them ever to the loathed payne

Of what they hate, a rich unhappy tye,
Obscure within, whilst gloryous to the eye.
Whilst I, unenvied, far more happy prove
Tether'd with love, and tyed to what I love.
But this no lustre casts, makes no vayne show,
All in itselfe concentred; here I'le choose
My owne opinion, though I others loose.
The world's false riches, and the plentyest store,
Breed but in man the coveting of more,
Not satisfie; true riches is content;
But false they are when with them we lament;
Which many doe, who chuse this seeming blis,
And find a griefe which their destruction is.
The brightest luster ever misery
Was cloathed in, ne'er did so dazle me,
But that through it I could discerne far lesse
Of joyes, than in the meane clad happines.

## RUSTICATIO RELIGIOSI IN VACANTIIS.

---

QUIVERING feares, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighes, untimely teares,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to find worldly harts;
Where strain'd sardonick smiles are glossing still,
And griefe is forc'd to laugh against his will;
Where mirth is but mummery,
And sorrows only reall be.

Fly from our country pastime, fly,
Sad troopes of humane misery.
Come, serened lookes,
Cleare as these cristall brookes,
Or the pure azure heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty;

Peace, and a secure mind,
Which all men seeke, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know,
Where joy, hart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorne proud towers,
And seeke them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering Care can never tempest make;
Nor murmurs ere come nigh us,
Saving of fountains which glide by us.

Here's no fantastike maske, or dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seene,
Unless upon the greene
Two harmles lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother:
Nor wounds are ever found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baites
To hasten too too hasty fates,

Unles it be
The fond credulity
Of ſilly fish, which worldlings like, still look
Upon the baite, and never on the hooke:
Nor envy, unles among
The birds, for praise of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seeke
For gemmes in some forlorne creeke;
We pearles do scorne,
Save what the dewy morne
Congeals upon each spire of grass,
Which careles sheapheards beat downe as they passe:
And gold nere here appeares
But what the yellow Ceres beares.

Sweet silent groves, O may you be
For ever mirth's blest nursery.
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these meads, these downs, these rocks, these mountains;
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;

Which we may every yeare
Find when we come to sojourne here.

## TO MRS E. T.

SAYING SHE COULD NOT BE AFFRAIDE OF MY GHOST.

O THAT you were all voyce, and I all eare,
You nothing else but speake, I only heare,
When in such accents you so kind appeare.

In such soft whispers, and so sweetly kind
Are messages convey'd to soules resign'd,
By angels, from the Great Eternal mind.

If I were dead you would not feare my ghost!
The greatest favour I could ever boast
For all my services and labour lost.

Lost not to me, but you, to whom they're meant;
They crowne my merrit to its wisht extent,
Though your just scorne their best effect prevent.

But now you've freed me from this life's pretence,
I'le joyful quit all that I have of sence,
To meet in death my long'd-for recompence.

When I a happy ghost about you walke,
See that your promise you doe never balke,
But let me with full freedom to you talke.

Bid servile feare and reverence farewell,
What I dislike, or like, directly tell,
Where you soar'd nobly, where you flag'd, where fell.

In your omissions and commissions too,
Your angell-guardian's office I would doe,
None else more carefull, more concern'd for you.

Your beautye's fear'd effects you first shall know,
Like Phaeton, no middle course would goe,
But fyr'd the stars, then scorcht the earth below.

Your vertues next, even to yourselfe proclayme,
(You hide them now as you would doe a shame)
And warme succeeding ages by their fame.

Then leade you to sad solitary groves,
Where we whole ages will discourse of love's
Various disasters, ev'n till time removes.

How vayne ambition swells the idle heart,
Pleasure corrupts, and gilds the wanton's dart,
And where base proud lucre playes his part,

There Fancy wholly leads the mind astray;
Strength of imagination beares the sway,
Till Reason's empire dwindles cleane away.

All these so free from love's exalted fire
As vice from vertue, and as soon expire,
As greasy meteors, quencht with their owne mire.

Prodigious unions fate to some assignes,
So toade to tulip, inke to paper joynes,
And cherub's beauty to the devill's coynes.

Amongst these strange events, we'le mingle those
Whose happy love with milke and honey flowes,
Whilst broods of joyes their halcion calmes disclose.

Hands ever claspt, and hearts as straitely tyde,
Cemented knots, which nothing can divide,
So firmly in each other they abide.

Their mingled soules they with one rudder steere,
The self same hate, the like aversion beare,
And sympathizing cause of hope and feare.

Their intermixed thoughts pass to and fro,
Give each intelligence of all they know,
Like twins, their soules unto each other grow.

Their minds concentring banish as offence
The least propriety in any sense,
Or any joy, that hath his rise from thence.

Like two bright lamps they burn with equal fires,
Each life takes breath from th' other, and expires;
Their interest but one as their desires.

No storms rise here, no not the least contest,
They reign securely in each other's breast,
Reciprocal fruition still a feast.

The kind results of such a vertuous strife,
Such emulations between man and wife,
Is angells' glory fixt to human life.

Without which, wedlock's but a dirty tye,
A profanation, an ungodly lye,
Where fortunes jugle conscience to comply.

Such friendship's a sweet bread, without all leaven,
Love's strongest chayne, a yoake that's sweet and even,
And leads two soules the easyest way to heaven.

Love's proper spheare, the region of his bliss,
Where nothing else ever transacted is,
And peace and truth eternally doe kiss.

Like Jacob's angells, I will active prove,
Ascend, descend, desire will speed improve,
To beare you sweetest messages of love.

## THE FAIRIES' SONG.

Wee dance on hills above the wind,
And leave our footsteps there behind,
Which shall to after ages last,
When all our dancing dayes are past.

Sometimes we dance upon the shore
To whisteling winds and seas that roare
Then wee make the wind to blow,
And sett the seas a dancing too.

The thunder's noise is our delight,
And lightning makes us day by night,
And in the ayre we dance on high
To the loud musick of the sky.

About the moone we make a ring,
And falling stars we wanton fling
Like squibbs and rocketts, for a toy,
While what frights others is our joy.

But when wee would hunt away our cares,
Wee boldly mount the galloping spheares;
And riding so from east to west,
Wee chace each nimble zodiac beast.

Thus, giddy growen, wee make our beds,
With thick black clouds to rest our heads,
And flood the earth with our darke showers,
That did but sprinkle these our bowers.

Thus having done with orbs and sky,
Those mighty spaces vast and high,
Then downe we come, and take the shapes,
Sometimes of cats, sometimes of apes.

Next turn'd to mites in cheese, forsooth,
Wee gett into some hollow tooth,

Wherein, as in a Christmasse hall,
Wee frisk and dance the devil and all.

Then we change our wily features
Into yett far smaller creatures,
And dance in joynts of gowty toes,
To painfull tunes of groans and woes.

## A SONG FOR DRINKING.

Would you be a man of fashion?
Would you lead a life divine?
Take a little dram of passion,
In a lusty dose of wine.

If the nymph have no compassion,
Vain it is to sigh and grone,
Love was but put in for fashion,
Wine will doe the worke alone.

## A SONG FOR LOVE.

---

Would you know earth's highest pleasure?
Would you rivall gods above?
Drink rich wines, but drink with measure,
But feare no excess in love.

Or if wine you quite give over,
You will nothing lose thereby,
All is rapture to a lover,
So in love he live or dye.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## *WALTER LORD ASTON AND HIS LADY,*

UPON THEIR 24TH YEARE OF HAPPY MARRIAGE.

---

PARDON the humble offering I pay,
Madam, to you, your lord, and to the day.
What doth this threefold service here betoken ?
A triple cord of duty never broken.
Long live joynt-partners, soule and body one !
Long live this day that made the union !
But poore and empty is my single vote,
After the full and most authentike throate
Of a grand jury, foure-and-twenty yeares,
As happily recorded it appeares,
By the brave verdict to your joyes given in,
For truth *sans ceremonie*, for terme *sans fin*.

Thus, in short writing couch'd, behold the test,
And glorious tryal of a grand inquest;
And th' impartial judgment here discovers,
The crown and tryumph that attend true lovers.
The trope is lost, unless you reade what meant I,
But to bespeake another foure-and-twenty.
This yeare their foreman, in poetike fury,
Gives you the sense and soul of their grand jury;
And in the name and nature of Apollo,
Doth fairly prophecy the rest shall follow.
Madam, you see both heart and hand agree
To court your genius, and wee hope to see
Your joyes growne up unto a jubilye.

## A CONTEMPLATION

UPON THE SHORTNESS AND SHALLOWNESS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

---

If of the smallest star in sky
We know not the immensity;
If those pure sparkes that stars compose,
The highest human wit doe pose;
How then, poore shallow man! canst thou
The Maker of those gloryes know!

If we know not the air we draw,
Nor what keepes winds and waves in awe;
If our small sculls cannot containe
The flux and saltness of the maine;
If scarce a cause we ken below,
How can we the Supernall know!

If it be a misterious thing,
Why steele should to the loadstone cling;
If we know not why jett should draw,
And with such kisses hug a straw;
If none can truly yet reveale,
How simpathetick powders heale:

If we scarce know the earth we tred,
Or half the simples there are bred,
With mineralls, and thousand thinges,
Which for man's food and health she bringes;
If nature's so obscúre, then how
Can we the God of nature know?

What the bat's eye is to the sun,
Or of a gloworme to the moone,
The same is human intellect,
If on our Maker we reflect;
Whose magnitude is so immense,
That it transcends both soule and sense.

Poore purblind man! then sit thee still,
Let wonderment thy temples fill:

Keep a dew distance; doe not pry
Too near, lest, like the silly flye,
Whilest she the wanton with the flame doth play,
First fyres her wings, then fooles her life away.

## THE DIRGE.

What's the existence of man's life
But open war, or slumbered strife?
Where sicknes to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feeles a perfect peace,
Till Death's cold hand signs his release?

It is a storme, where the hot blood
Outvys in rage the boyling flood;
And each lov'd passion of the minde
Is like a furious gust of winde,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleepe;
Then shrinkes into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrol'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralis'd in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandring as his fancys are;
Till in a mist of darke decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a diall, which points out
The sunset as it moves about;
And shadows out, in lines of night,
The subtle stages of time's flight:
Till all-obscuring earth hath layd
The body in perpetuall shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include.

The world the stage, the prologue teares,
The acts, vain hope, and vary'd feares;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

## LIFE A PREPARATION FOR ETERNITY.

Time slowly moves to them that be
Busy in infelicity;
Whose every sun dos still beget
An age of woes before it set,
And ere their noone of life is gone,
They thinke the world's long course they've run.
Grief is time's multiplying glas,
By which we judge we slowly pas
On to the grave, the place of rest
To the unhappy and opprest.

Here, by tempestuous winds o'erblown,
And there, by thunder stricken downe ;
Here, clouds of rain doe overcast,
And there, the furious lightnings blast.
Now mountain seas do deluge joy,
And there a rock stands to destroy ;
On every side there's nothing found
But numerous cares with triumph crown'd,
Which poor man's life doe still invade,
Least we forget for what we're made,
And from the love of things possest
End our desires of being more blest.
Wise heaven, who knew our childish will
Did thus provide against the ill ;
Ord'ring our course of life to be
A passing change of misery.
Where the strong pain of every sense
(Which various terrors doe commence,)
Our soules and bodys make agree
To strive for heaven's felicity ;
And our weake bark steer to that light
Which dissipates the world's long night,

Whose glorys we can never see
Whilest burden'd with mortality.
Contempt and want, the world's great care,
Are a rich freight to carry there,
If that our will submission bring
And patience in the suffering,
Whose great reward we shall receive
When we this earthly prison leave;
And every atome of our pain
Find an eternity of gain.

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, the abstract of the world's chiefe joy!
Which once contracted nothing can destroy;
Whose first original, if true, doth rise
From purest love, and perfect sympathys.
The spring of soules, by which two equal move,
And one another's bliss and griefs do prove;
Whose different bodys but one heart admit,
And both have but one will to govern it.
From friendship we receave all that which can
Make living here supportable to man;
There is a secret in it does contain
A remedy or ease for every pain;
It never flys us when we're in distress,
Nor grows more courtly in our happiness.
It flatters not, nor roughly dos reprove,
But acts as faithfull love does reason move.

It councels us in cares, no storms can shake
Its strong foundation, or disunion make.
Length of enjoyment still augments the fire,
For as it longer burnes it flames the higher.
It does not now the passionate lover play,
And then by its own heat melt all away,
Like grosser love's fantastick happiness,
Which gaining what creates it, still grows less;
And if deny'd, despair does then supply
Possession's place, for hopeles love will dye.
False fond chimera of a sicken'd brain!
Contentment's ruine, and the judgment's stain!
Misterious passion, tempest of the mind,
Which once being entred, none a calm can find.
Now hopes, then feares, do agitate the breast;
The raging soule's with jealousy opprest:
Expires by what it seekes, enjoy'd success,
And surfeits of its long'd for happiness.
Sure all its ills had never then bin try'd,
When love by men was vainly deify'd.
But they that perfect friendship do possess,
Had they the world besides would find it less.

## RETIREMENT.

WHATEVER sins by turns have sway'd me,
Ambition never reach'd my heart;
Its lewd pretences ne'er betray'd me,
In publick ills to act a part.

Let others, fame or wealth pursuing,
Despise a mean but safe retreat;
I'le ne'er contrive my owne undoing,
Nor stoop so low as to be great.

The faithless court, the pensive 'change,
What solid pleasures can they give?
Oh let me in the country range,
'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live.

The beauteous scene of lofty mountains,
Smiling valleys, murmuring fountains,
Lambs in flowery pastures bleating,
Ecchos our complaints repeating;
Birds in cheerfull notes expressing
Nature's bounty, and their blessing;
Bees with busy sounds delighting,
Groves to gentle sleep inviting;
Whisp'ring winds the poplars courting,
Swains in rustic circles sporting;
These afford a lasting pleasure,
Without guilt, and without measure.

---

ON

## THE DEATH OF MY DEARE SISTER, C. A.

---

WHERE nature for a share of griefe do's call,
Friendship for more, and merit most of all,
What heart can swell so high, what time can be
Ever enough to satisfy all three?

Nay, 'tis one cause of sorrow more, that they
Challenge a greater debt then I can pay;
And my discharge thereof must only be
Desire to doe it, and incapacity.
Tho' I sometimes with lost indeavour frame
These arguments, t' invalidate their claime.
I urge 'gainst nature the necessity
Of death; she has paid a debt, life can but be
A short forbearance of, and I shall soone
Finish the race she has before me run.
Tho' friendship justly challenges much more,
It gives resembling meanes to quit the score.
Tho' by the satisfaction which I tooke
In each discourse of hers, in every looke,
In seeing all that I could wish to see,
Where I did most desire that it should be,
I may summe up how much I've lost in her,
I must to mine her happiness prefer.
For all enjoyments here but nothings prove
To what her merit gaines by this remove.
Lastly, the want of her example, (who
Scorn'd all delights of sense, and joined thereto

A care t' inlarge her soule's capacity
In all perfection, with that constancy
Wherewith she crown'd her other vertues,) lays
The greatest claim to grief; yet that she prays
More powerfully now then she could here,
My course to that blest port of bliss to steer.
This obligation quits and leaves me alone,
My sorrow having a just cause for none.
But yet, in spite of all my reasons, must
My heart and eyes pay tribute to her dust;
And often number by my sighs and teares
The pleasures I possest, ev'n from those yeares
Ere I soe much as what was pleasure knew,
Till they to all this world could yield me grew.
She had to see my love a knowing minde,
And to returne it had a heart as kind.
On some, perhaps, this and that sorrow lyes,
But never one that did all els comprise;
And such is mine, which do's encrease admit
Even from the feare I yield too much to it.
Nor hardly doe I my misfortune more
Lament, than that excess of grief deplore:

Since 'tis an injury to her, whose state
Cannot my sorrow now participate.
And since our joys and griefes here still were one,
I doe confess it is my fault alone,
That I that happy union now destroy,
I hope we ever shall againe enjoy;
When once my thoughts fixt in her glory have
Orecome the sad remembrance of her grave

THE END.

# NOTES.

# NOTES

## TO THE TIXALL POETRY.

### THE EXPOSTULATION OF ST MARY MAGDALEN.

The few, but affecting incidents, related of Mary Magdalen, in the Gospel, are well adapted to excite the sensibility, and to warm the fancy of a poet. But sacred poetry has seldom been successful. "It is easy," says Mr Headley, "to mistake the enthusiasm of devotion for the inspiration of fancy. To mix the waters of Jordan and Helicon in the same cup was reserved for the hand of Milton; and for him, and him only, to find the bays of Mount Olivet equally verdant with those of Parnassus."

It seems pretty clear, that the writer of these stanzas was Edward Thimelby. At the conclusion of an epistle, p. 40, he has placed his name; and in the next epistle, evidently also by him, he says:

> You know temtation once brought me too in,
> To faigne a teare or two of Magdalen,

Whoever was the author, he has succeeded very well in describing the mi. emotions of passionate love, of indignation, sorrow, and despair, which ma supposed to have agitated the breast of Mary Magdalen, while standing at the foot of the cross.

At the end of the fifth stanza, the poet has given us a specimen of the taste of his contemporaries; who, instead of the simple and natural expression of sublimity, and pathos, of fancy and feeling, were delighted with nothing so much as a pedantic display of deep erudition, and with illustrations, drawn from the most abstruse and difficult parts of science. Flights of imagination, beautiful imagery, delicacy of sentiment, and elegance of language, were all to be sacrificed to far-fetched conceits, remote allusions, metaphysical subtleties, and quaint combinations of the most incongruous ideas. Their oracular language was frequently quite unintelligible. The poems of Donne, Cleaveland, and Cowley, which at this period enjoyed the highest popularity, exhibit abundant proofs of the truth of this assertion.

In these lines,

> " without thos corrall dropps
> Thees cristall waves can be no sea,
> Without thees perles that blood no Erithre,"

the poet means to compare the tears of the Magdalen, to " christall waves;" and the blood of Christ to the Red Sea, called from the Greek, ερυθρον, *red*, " Erithre." But then recollecting, that rocks of coral, and beds of pearls, are common in the Red Sea, and the neighbouring waters, he makes her declare, by a double comparison, that without the " corall dropps" of his blood the " cristall waves" of her tears cannot properly be called a sea, nor his blood a Red Sea without the pearls of her tears!

It is but justice to the authors of the poetry in this volume to remark, that there are fewer of these extravagant absurdities in their compositions than in most of the poems of the writers just mentioned.

The last stanza is eminently beautiful. It recalls to my mind those figures of the Magdalen which are to be seen in pictures of the crucifixion by some of the

first Italian painters. Sometimes she is represented kneeling on the ground, and embracing the foot of the cross, while the blood of the Redeemer is trickling down upon her head. In other pictures, she appears standing, "her golden haires" dishevelled, her hands clasped upon her breast, and her eyes fixed on the cross, in an agony of unutterable sorrow.

And spake the rest, more eloquent in teares.
*She "wayling" tore her golden haires.*

In the manuscript there is also "*raging.*" The author seems to have been doubtful which epithet to prefer.

Among the works of Chaucer, is a long poem of more than 700 lines, entitled "The Lamentacion of Marie Magdaleine, taken out of St Origen, wherein Mary Magdalen lamenteth the cruell Death of her Saviour Christ."

It is composed in stanzas of seven lines, of ten syllables each; a measure of verse, which Chaucer uses in this, and many other considerable works, and which he is supposed to have introduced into the English language. "It obtained afterward," says Godwin, (Life of Chaucer, vol. i. p. 234,) "the name of *Rythm royal*, was the favourite measure of a long succession of English poets, and is particularly dear to all genuine lovers of English poetry, as having been employed by our admirable Spenser, in his two exquisite Hymns of Love and Beauty. Perhaps the circle of English poetry does not afford a more grateful harmony, particularly as applied to compositions of the length of these last mentioned."

This poem of Chaucer's, though pathetic in some parts, is somewhat deformed by the frequent interspersion of Latin words, and lines taken from the Psalms and Evangelists; which, together with the obsoleteness of the language, give it rather a burlesque and macaronic appearance. As it is perhaps the least read of all his poems, I have selected a few stanzas from it, principally with the view of exhibiting the singular cast of sentiment, and turn of expression, which a poet thought allowable, in those days, when treating a sacred subject. It begins as follows:

Plongid in the wave of mortall distresse,
Alas for wo! to whom shal I complein?

Or who shal devoide this grete hevinesse
Fro' me, woful Marie, woful Magalein?
My Lord is gon; alas! who wrought this tein? *
This sodain chaunce persith my herte so depe
That nothing can I do but waile and wepe.—

My herte opprest with sodain avinture,
By fervent anguishe is bewrappid so
That long this life I ne maie not endure,
Soche is my pain, soch is my mortall wo;
Nevirthelesse to what parte shal I go
In hope to findin *myne owne turtill true,*
My liv'is joye, my soverain Lord Jesu.

Having given an account of the crucifixion, she continues her lamentation,

Whiche rufull sight when that I gan beholde
Out of my witte I almoste tho distraught,
I tare my here, my handis wrang and folde,
And of the sight my hert dranke soche a draught
That many a fall swounyng there I caught;
I brused my bodie fallyng on the grounde,
Whereof I fele many a grevous wounde.—

Then knelid I downe in painis outrage,
Clipping the crosse within myne armis twain,
His blode distillid downe on my visage,
My clothis eke the droppis did distain;
To have dyid for hym I would full fain,
But what shoulde it availe if I did so
Sith he is *suspensus, in patibulo?*

* Tein, or tene, Sax. grief.

The wounde, the hert, and blode of my *darling*,
Shal never slide fro my memorial,
The byttir paines also of tormenting
Within my soule be gravin principal;
The spere, alas! that was so sharpe withall,
So thrillid my herte, as to my feling,
That body and soule were at departing.—

Than gan I there min armis to unbrace,
Up lifting my handis, ful mourningly,
I sighid and sore sobbid in that place,
Both hevin and erthe might have herd me crie,
Weeping, and said, alas! incessauntly,
*Ah, my swete herte, my gostly paramour!*
Alas, I may not thy body socour!

* * * * *

Adue, my Lorde! my love so faire of face!
Adue, my turtle dove, so freshe of hue!
Adue, my mirthe! adue, al my solace!
Adue, alas! my Saviour Lorde Jesu!
Adue, the gentillist that er I knewe!
Adue, my most excellent paramour!
Fairir than rose, swetir than lylly flour!

Adue, my hope of plesure eternal!
My lyfe, my welth, and my prosperite!
Mine herte of golde, my perle oriental!
Myne adamant of parfite charite!
My chefe refuge and my felycite!
My comforte and my recreacioun!
Farewel, my perpetual salvacioun!

Farewel, mine emperour celestiall!
And most beautiful prince of al mankinde
Adue, my Lord, of hert moste lyberal!
Farewel, my swetist, bothe soule and minde
So loving a spouse shall I nevir finde!
Adue, my soveraine! *very gentilman!**
Farewel, dere herte, as hertely as I can.—

Adue, the fairist that evir was bore!
Alàs, I may not see your blessid face!
Nowe welaway that I shal se no more
Thy blessid visage, so replete with grace,
Wherin is printed my parfite solace!
Adue, mine hertis rote and al for ever!
Nowe farith wel, I must from thee discever!

P. 6. The Mr P., on whose little daughter this poem was composed, was probably Mr Persall, brother to Sir W. Persall, of Canwell, in Staffordshire, who married Frances Aston, second daughter of the first Lord Aston.

The comparison, in the second stanza, of the essence of roses, extracted by the still, to the soul of the child received into heaven, is fanciful and pretty, and poetically expressed.

As Plato called God the "Great Geometer," from the order, regularity, and contrivance, which are visible in the universe, so, when considered as the Author of Nature, and the Ruler of the Elements, he may, with equal propriety, be styled the "Almighty Chemist."

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* The first chapter of Markham's "Booke of Armorie," is entitled, "The difference between Charles and Gentleman:" and it ends thus: "From the offspring of *gentlemanly* Japhet, came Abraham, Moses, Aaron, and the prophets, &c. &c. also the king of the right line of Mary, of whom that only *absolute gentleman* Jesus was born, *gentleman* by his mother Mary, *princesse* of coat armour."

P. 9. The two last lines contain as elegant an encomium as is to be found in any funeral elegy or epitaph in the English language:

For everye sigh, and everye teare,
There lyes a grace and vertue there.

P. 10. Rhodanus is the Rhone, which rises in the same chain of mountains as the Rhine in Switzerland; visits Lyons and Avignon, and falls by several mouths into the Mediterranean.

L. 6. *With moones of Ottoman and Sophi's sun.*

The crescent has always been the ensign or standard of the Turkish armies, and the sun was the chief object of adoration among the Persians, whose emperor is called Sophi.

——Or Bactrian Sophy, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule in his retreat.—MILTON.

P. 11. l. 2. *The "carcasses" of Troy and Babylon.*

So Sulpitius, in his Letter to Cicero: "Cum uno loco tot oppidorum *cadavera* projecta jaceant."

This word is introduced with striking effect by "Janus Vitalis," in his fine epigram on the Ruins of Ancient Rome:

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa
Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ:
Hæc sunt Roma! Viden, velut *ipsa cadavera* tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?

P. 11. l. 21. *O three times happy that contented man! &c.*

Claudian has a similar exclamation in his interesting poem "De Sene Veronensi,"

Felix qui patriis ævum transegitin arvis!
Ipsa domus puerum quem videt ipsa senem.
Qui baculo nitens in quâ reptavit arenâ,
Unius numerat sæcula longa casæ.
Non illum vario traxit fortuna tumultu
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.

P. 12. l. 13. *Or if you leane to that erratick skill,*
*Makes earth a planet and the sun stand still.*

The Copernican system of the universe, which was first published to the world about the year 1540, appears not at this time, after the revolution of about 100 years, nor for some time after, to have obtained an absolute undisputed footing in England. In that admirable lesson of sublime morality, which the Archangel Raphael delivers to our first parent, (P. L. B. VIII.) after much information on the motion of the heavenly bodies, the exhortation thus concludes:—

But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the sun predominant in heaven,
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle; while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along—
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God alone, him serve and fear.

P. 13. This poem evidently alludes to some threatened invasion of Christendom by the Turks, but I am unable to point out the particular period.

L. 5. *Now every rustick hind and every boore, &c.*

Virgil has described, in a very lively manner, the agitation of a people preparing to resist an invasion:

Ardet inexcita Ausonia atque immobilis ante:
Pars pedes ire parat campis; pars arduus altis
Pulverulentus equis furit: omnes arma requirunt.
* * * * * *
Signaque ferre juvat, sonitusque audire tubarum.
* * * *
Vomeris, huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri
Cessit amor; recoquunt patrios fornacibus enses.

ÆN. B. 7. v. 620.

P. 14. l. 11. *You that have travel'd ore, and seene and knowne*
*That perfect "microcosme" of your owne.*

*Microcosm*, from the Greek, signifies the little world, and is opposed to *macrocosm*, the great world, or the universe. In this sense man is called a *microcosm*, from the admirable contrivance and wonderful distribution of parts in the human frame; and also from being imagined, by some fanciful philosophers, to have something in him analogous to the four elements. It appears to have been a favourite word with our older writers, both in prose and verse.*

P. 15. The opposite characters, of the scholar and soldier, are discriminated in these lines with spirit, learning, and judgment.

P. 17. Voyages into the east appear to have been much the fashion at that period. Perhaps they were increased by the publication of the curious and entertaining Travels of George Sandys, one of the most accomplished gentlemen and smoothest versifiers of his time. He translated Ovid's Metamorphoses into verse, and the easy flowing style of his numbers, has been much commended both by Dryden and Pope. He also paraphrased many parts of the Bible, and, among

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* So Sylvester, in his Translation of Du Bartas (f. 1633, p. 52):—

" Ther's under Sun (as Delphos God did showe)
No better knowledge than *our selfe to knowe;*
There is no theam more plentifull to scan,
Than is the glorious goodly frame of man;
For in man's self is fire, aire, earth, and sea;
Man's (in a word) the world's *epitomie*
Or little map"———

the rest, the Song of Solomon. I have in my possession a manuscript copy of this poetical version, transcribed in the year 1638, which I have great reason to believe has never been faithfully printed.

L. 3. *Whether they draw from Adam's paradice*
*Or from Noa's ark ther genealogyes.*

I have been told, that the famous Lord Chesterfield had a relation, a Mr Stanhope, who was exceedingly proud of his pedigree, which he pretended to trace to a ridiculous antiquity. Lord Chesterfield was one day walking through an obscure street in London, where he saw a miserable dawb of Adam and Eve in Paradise. He purchased this painting, and, having written on the top of it, "Adam de Stanhope of Eden, and Eve his wife," he sent it to his relation as a valuable old family picture.

Some years before the French revolution, one of the Fermiers Generaux, who had raised himself from a low condition to great opulence, being asked by a supercilious nobleman, "If his family was very ancient?" he replied, "My Lord, there were three sons of Noah who came with him out of the ark; I am descended from one of them, but have not been able exactly to ascertain which."

P. 19. "*Bands and Cuffes,*" I fancy, are synonimous to neckcloths and ruffles.

*You were my fate, the needle was your dart,*
*The thrid my life, the camberick my hart.*

So Gray in "The Bard:"

"Edward, lo! to sudden *fate*
Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.
Half of thy *heart* we consecrate.
The web is wove. The work is done."

Among the "Songes and Sonettes" of Sir Thomas Wyat, is one "Of his Love that pricked her Finger with a Needle."

"She sate and sowed that hath done me the wrong
Whereof I plain, and have done many a day,

And, whilst she heard my plaint in piteous song,
She wisht *my heart the sampler* that it lay."

P. 21. This, and the two following poems, (in which an ingenious attempt is made to draw a comparison between the different beauties of the different features of the face) appear to me to be quite original, both in their design and execution. In the Works of Carew, (Anderson's Edit. of the Brit. Poets, vol. iii. p. 676) are the following pretty verses, entitled

LIPS AND EYES.

In Cælia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her lips or eyes:
We, (said the eyes,) send forth those pointed darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
From us, (replied the lips,) proceed those blisses
Which lovers reap, by kind words and sweet kisses.
Then wept the eyes, and from their springs did pour
Of liquid oriental pearl a shower:
Whereat the lips, moved with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlocked their pearly treasure,
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls in Cælia's face.

P. 22. l. 21. *The foreheads bloome no season culls,*
*But keepes its forme in buried sculls.*

This is true: a cranium may be preserved for ages; and, besides its use in the study of anatomy, both human and comparative, it is capable of affording to a Lavater, or a Gall, a subject of sublime meditation, and of the most profound philosophical discussion. What use Shakspeare has made of a scull in the Grave-digger's scene in Hamlet!

P. 24. *So while the fickle lover seekes*
*Two pitfalls in two dimpled cheekes,*

*My constant hart shall dying crave,*
*One forheads wrinkle for a grave.*

In her fair cheekes two pits do lie,
To burn those slain by her eye.—CAREW.

P. 27. There are many allusions, in these poems, to the science of astronomy, but they are all drawn from the systems of the ancient philosophers, particularly that of Ptolemy; which, like the doctrines of Aristotle in logic and metaphysics, kept possession of the schools for near 2000 years. In the Ptolemaic system, there were supposed to be twelve distinct heavens, one above a nother. The highest was called *empyreum*, and was the seat of the Deity; beneath this were the *crystalline* heavens, and then came the *firmament*. The *crystalline* heavens were supposed to be without stars, and to encompass the inferior, starry, and planetary heavens; to which also they communicated their motion.

L. 13. *But where both fruit and bloome appeare,*
*True spring and paradise is there.*

Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appeared, with gay enameled colours mixed.
MILTON, P. L. B. iv.

P. 28. l. 8. *And beare the doble crownes of Spaine.*

An allusion, I suppose, to the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, by which the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon were united; and the different kingdoms of Spain were formed, like France, into one single monarchy.

The sprightliness of the dialogue in these poems, contrasted with the learned allusions drawn from so many different subjects, both of art and science, is very amusing. The memory or the imagination are continually exercised.

P. 29. The expression *lip-rhetorick* occurs before, p. 8:—

Teach lip-rhetorick to yeeld
Silent eloquence the feeld.

P. 31. *The double phare, whose welcome sight, &c.*

The light-house at Alexandria, placed on a small island at the mouth of the Nile, was called Pharos, and was so distinguished, that it gave its name to any other light-house.

L. 15. *The eyes are loves familiers, &c.*

Here we have an allusion to planetary influences and magnetic attractions, the mysterious and occult doctrines of the Rosycrusians and Astrologers. See an entertaining story of the correspondence of two absent friends in the Spectator, No. 241.

P. 33. l. 11. *Eyes windows are, where loves deare paine, &c.*

> These are the charming agonies of love,
> Whose misery delights.—THOMSON, *Spring*, v. 1071.

P. 35. *Before the tulipps of two lipps.*

In the modern jest books it is recorded, that a lady asking a gentleman which he liked best, tulips or roses, he answered, *Your ladyship's two lips before all the roses in the world.*

The concluding lines, and many others in these poems, are uncommonly smooth and melodious for the time they were written.

P. 36. But with wonder learn Love's art:
No seas of ice can cool desire,
Equal flames must quench Love's fire.—CAREW.

P. 37. *Because 'tis gilt with shining epithets.*

"It is remarkable," cried Mr Burchell, "that both the poets you mention (Ovid and Gay) have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithets. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects; and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing, at present, but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connection; *a string of epithets* that improve the sound without carrying on the sense."—*Vicar of Wak. Chap.* 8.

P. 38. *Then since bare representing is not all, &c.*

He means mere narration, or description; in which there is nothing to astonish the mind, or move the heart. The sublime and the pathetic are the only genuine sources of real poetry.

P. 39. *Had I, like Dr Gibbs, a serious trade.*

The following amusing account of Dr Gibbs is extracted and abridged from Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses.—

James Gibbs was born at Rouen, in Normandy, about the year 1616. His father was physician to the queen of Charles I. His mother was Mary Stonor, of Stonor-House, in Oxfordshire. At nine years of age he was brought over into England, where, being initiated in his rudiments, he was sent to the English college at St Omers, where he improved himself in the classics, especially in poetry, which was his darling study. Afterwards he took a turn through the Low Countries and Germany; and then settling for a while at Padua, he became a hearer of the celebrated professor of anatomy, J. Veslingius. In 1644, he removed to Rome, and was soon after appointed tutor to *Almericus*, son of Francis Duke of Modena. Having spent two years in this employment, he was entertained, in quality of physician, by Bernardini, Cardinal Spoda, Bishop of Frescati, and, after his death, was in the family of Prince Justiniani. In the year 1657, Pope Alexander VII., a great patron of learning, made him professor of rhetoric, in the noted school called Sapienza. This employment brought him 50*l.* a year, which, with certain perquisites and a sinecure, made him very easy in his circumstances. All this while he was much admired for his poetical performances, not only by the Italians, but by the Emperor Leopold, who was pleased to honour him with the title of Poet Laureat; at the same time bestowing on him a gold chain and medal, to be worn upon all solemn occasions. The diploma for this dignity bears date May 2d, 1667. In 1668, he published a work, entitled "Carminum Pars Lyrica, ad exemplum Q. Hor. Flacci, &c. Romæ 8°." Opposite the title-page is Dr Gibbs's picture, with an eagle, holding in his beak a laurel over the author's head. Under the picture are two lines, said to be composed by the celebrated Athanasius Kircher, but, as others affirm, by Dr Gibbs himself.

Tot pro Ghibbesio certabunt regna, quot urbes
Civem Mæonidem asseruere suum.

At the end of the work are several approbations by some eminent persons of those days. The university of Oxford also took notice of their countryman: for in 1670, he wrote a letter to Dr Mew, the vice-chancellor, signifying his intention of making a present to the university of his gold chain and medal, with a fair copy of his Lyrics. On the university's receiving this letter, an assembly was called, and Dr Gibbs was declared, by a diploma, doctor of physic. This diploma styles him *Europæorum principum deliciæ*; and some of the choicest wits of the university were ordered to compliment Dr Gibbs with Latin verses on the occasion. He died in 1677, aged 66, and was interred in the Pantheon, otherwise called "Santa Maria Rotunda," and "All Saints." A bust was placed over his tomb with a Latin epitaph, giving an account of his country, family, and endowments. Some, who were personally acquainted with him, have declared that he was extravagantly whimsical and conceited, but an excellent mimic; which, with the handsomeness of his person, and agreeableness in conversation, made him, in general, very acceptable.

Our poet, Edward Thimelby, seems to have held this "Delight of the European Princes" very cheap; and it appears, that the "Lyrics" and other performances of this wonderful genius, for whom "kingdoms were to contend," have now sunk into utter oblivion!

L. 12. *While spheires and angells sing, and make no noise.*

> If nature thundered in his opening ears,
> And stunned him with the *music of the spheres*,
> How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
> The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
>
> *Essay on Man, Ep.* 1.

The harmony of the spheres is much spoken of by many of the ancient philosophers and fathers of the church, and was supposed to be produced by the regular motion of the stars and planets. Plato, Philo Judæus, St Augustin, St Ambrose, St Isidore, Boethius, and many others, were strongly possessed with this notion, which they attribute to the various proportional impressions of the heavenly globes on one another; which, acting under proportional intervals, form a delightful harmony. It is impossible, according to them, that such stupendous

bodies, moving with such rapidity, should be silent; on the contrary, the atmosphere, continually impelled by them, must yield a set of sounds, proportioned to the impulses it receives: consequently, as they do not all run the same circuit, nor with one and the same velocity, the different tones arising from a diversity of motions, all directed by the hand of the Almighty, must form an admirable symphony, or concert.

Cicero has inserted this opinion of the harmony of the spheres in that sublime and eloquent fragment, called "Somnium Scipionis," where Scipio, (being lost in astonishment at the sight of the heavenly bodies, and of the nine heavens, one above another, as exhibited to him by Africanus, during his vision), exclaims, "Quid? hic, inquam, quis est, qui complet aures meas tantus, et tam *dulcis sonus?* Hic est, inquit ille, qui intervallis conjunctus imparibus, sed tamen pro rata portione, distinctis, impulsu, et motu ipsorum orbium conficitur: qui acuta cum gravibus temperans, varios æquabiliter concentus efficit, nec enim silentio tanti motus incitari possunt, et natura fert, *ut extrema, ex altera parte, graviter, ex altera autem, acuté sonent.*———Hic vero tantus est totius mundi incitatissima conversione sonitus, ut eum aures hominum capere non possint: sicut intueri solem adversum nequitis, ejusque radiis, acies vestra, sensusque vincitur."—*Cic. Op. om. Schrev.* 1661, *p.* 1318.

One might almost suppose from the following lines that Shakspeare had read this passage in Cicero.

> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
> Such harmony is in immortal sounds!
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.
>
> *Merch. of Ven. Act V. Scene I.*

See also Milton's "Arcades," Warton's edition, p. 102.

L. 15. The verginal, or verginalls, was the ancient spinet, or harpsichord, of the misses, in the 16th and 17th centuries.

L. 20. *And shot lyke Cupids in Apollo's bow.*

A beautiful line; as much as to say, that the power of these musicians was as great as that of the god of love. It puts me in mind of a fine line in Lee's "Alexander:" *Diana's soul, cast in the flesh of Venus.* Apollo was the god of music, poetry, and medicine:

——— The wise of ancient days adored
One power of physic, melody, and song.
ARMSTRONG'S *Art of Preser. Health.*

L. 21. *Such learned sweets through every veine did flowe,*
*Such heaven-like musique tempers noblest rime, &c.*

So Milton,

In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all heaven before my eyes.—*Il Penseroso.*
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the yielding soul may pierce.—*L'Allegro.*

L. 40. *Soft-pen'd Crashaw.* An epithet finely expressive of the genius and style of that tender, mystical, enthusiastic poet.

L. 8. *I know a seazon'd verse, &c.*

This claim of the poet may very fairly be allowed. He seems to have had a very good notion of what poetry really ought to be. He begins his remarks on poetical composition, by telling us that he hates

those *chemick* poets' witts,
Who forge a golden verse of copper bitts,
Because 'tis gilt with shining epithets:

Which are called by Horace, "Versus inopes *rerum* nugæque canoræ."

He then declares that

bare representing is not all
To make a poem what we perfect call;
We must be sharp too, and patheticall.

——————— neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis: neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

There must be "*acer* spiritus, ac vis, et verbis et rebus."

He says "he ever scorn'd laborious toyes" (*difficiles nugæ*) and "toyling witts" Such as Pope describes:

——— impenitently bold
In sounds, and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.—*Essay on Criticism.*

In the next letter, he protests, agreeably with the most judicious critics, against the use of sacred subjects in poetry, and equally condemns the trite, threadbare topics of mythology:—

And yet Medea lent me not a moane,
Nor Ariadne yet a single grone,
Nor Niobe a brest, or foot of stone.

He concludes by pronouncing, that "to faigne is all in poetry;" which, in fact, is all that is contained in the original meaning of the word *poet*, ποιητης from ποιεω, a maker, or inventor.

P. 40. l. 16. *Methinks your misticall poetick straine, &c.*

Boileau and Johnson were of the same opinion.

De la foi d'un Chretien les mysteres terribles
D' ornemens égayés ne sont point susceptibles.
L'Evangile à l' esprit n' offre de tous cotés,
Que penitence à faire, et tourmens mérites:
Et de vos fictions le mélange *coupable*
Même à ses verités donne l' air de la fable.

*L' Art Poet. ch. 2. v.* 200.

See Johnson's "Life of Watts," in which he affirms, "that the paucity of topics of *devotional poetry* enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction:" and that "it is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well."

The author of these poetical letters has very properly excepted the inspired writers.

Yet still except we prophets, saints, and kings;
Who hears a heaven's voice of heaven sings,
Nor fears he precipices that has wings.

P. 41. l. 16. *You know temtation once brought me too in*
*To faigne a teare or two of Magdalen.*

These two lines seem to point out Edward Thimelby as the author of the "Expostulation of St Mary Magdalen," the first poem in this collection.

P. 42. l. 8. ——————— *a better Boniface*
*To scoure of such a pantheon the brasse.*

Pope Boniface IV. was the son of a physician, and came to the tiara in 607. He converted the pantheon into a church, which he dedicated to All the Saints. This conversion of a heathen temple into a Christian church was accompanied with many ceremonies, and gave rise to the festival of All Saints, still observed by the Roman Catholic church on the first of November.

P. 43. In 1626, Thomas Lord D'Arcy was created Viscount Colchester and Earl Rivers by King Charles I. He left at his death, in 1640, only two daughters, co-heiresses.

In 1626, Sir Thomas Savage, Bart. was created Baron and Viscount Savage of Clifton, or Rock-Savage, in the county of Chester, by King Charles I. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter and heiress of the said Thomas Lord D'Arcy, Viscount Colchester and Earl Rivers. By her he had a son, John, his heir and successor.

Which John Lord Savage, as heir to his mother, succeeded also as Viscount Colchester and Earl Rivers, in 1640; it being so entailed and settled in the patent of Lord D'Arcy.

John Lord Savage was twice married; 1st, to Catherine, daughter of William, Lord Morley and Mounteagle; 2dly, to Mary, daughter of Thomas Ogle, Esq. of Tissington, in Northumberland.

It was on the first of these ladies that this encomiastic poem must have been composed. For, alluding to her children, the poet says,

> So she, though printing *every year*,
> Copyes of her owne character,
> Left beauty's perfect stamp in all,
> Yet wasted not th 'originall.

Now it appears that the first Countess Rivers had five or six children, whereas the second had only one.—(See DUGD. BAR. vol. *ii.* and BOLTON'S EXT. PEER.)

Richard Savage, second son of the Countess Rivers, celebrated in this poem, who succeeded his elder brother in the title, was father, by the Countess of Macclesfield, of the unfortunate Richard Savage; whose life, traced by the pen of Johnson, has furnished one of the most striking pieces of biography in the English, or any other language.

There was a close connexion between the families of Savage, Thimelby, and Aston. Lady Elizabeth Savage, sister of Earl Rivers, was the wife of Sir John Thimelby of Irnham, eldest brother of Edward Thimelby the poet, of Henry Thimelby, husband of Gertrude Aston, whose poems form the second part of this miscellany; and of Catherine Thimelby, often mentioned in the last part these poems, the wife of Herbert Aston, second son of the first Lord Aston. Moreover, Earl Rivers's second brother was married to the widow of Sir Edward

Somerset; and Anne, youngest daughter of the second Lord Aston, was married to Sir Henry Somerset, Sir Edward's elder brother.

P. 45. This philosophical poem on Self-love, was probably written by Edward Thimelby. "The Faire Self-Denyer, my sister, Th." was, I conjecture, Gertrude Aston, wife of his brother, Henry Thimelby. See page 90, where there is a poem by this lady to "Mr E. T. who holds Self-love in all our Actions." There are some good lines in this poem; but the metaphysical ideas, of which it is chiefly composed, are not satisfactorily developed, nor clearly expressed. Such subjects are not adapted for poetry.

About the middle of the 17th century, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld published his "Maxims." This work has been the text-book of all those writers calling themselves philosophers, who, since his time, have maintained that *self-love* is the only ruling principle of the thoughts and actions of mankind. Whoever would see the opposite system of *benevolence*, illustrated and enforced in the most philosophical and agreeable manner, may study "An Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue," by Dr Francis Hutcheson; which is one of the most beautiful specimens of philosophical investigation that has appeared in the world since the days of Plato and Xenophon.

P. 49. *So man, then neihbor, next our kin apeare,*
*As sister, mother, wyfe, in order deare,*
*As more or less they to ourselves draw neare.*

---

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and then all human race:
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind,
Take every creature in, of every kind;

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

ESSAY ON MAN, Ep. iv.

Pope has well illustrated this doctrine of self-love in many parts of the same poem, particularly at the conclusion of the third epistle:

Man, like the generous *vine*, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature linked the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

P. 50. *The loadston loves its iron, &c.*

This seems to be an allusion to one of the dark peripatetical notions concerning the virtues of the magnet, which has been a kind of *ignis fatuus* to philosophers, and a prolific source of quackery in all ages.

P. 52. St Augustin, one of the most illustrious fathers of the church, and one of the most eminent characters in the literary history of the fourth century, was the son of St Monica, who took uncommon pains to bring him back to virtue, from the dissipated and licentious course of life into which he had fallen. But, finding all her efforts ineffectual, she at last had recourse only to prayers and tears. St Augustin relates in his Confessions, l. 3. c. 12. that his mother, on one occasion, applied to a holy bishop, to assist her in her endeavours to reclaim her son; and that having shed abundance of tears in his presence, he dismissed her with these words: "Go your way; God bless you; it cannot be that a child of *such tears* should perish." And soon after she had a vision, in which she saw herself shipwrecked, but was at last saved on a plank, and, looking round, beheld her son standing by her.

P. 54. The facts and persons alluded to in this poem are so well known to

every person, in the least acquainted with the English history, that it would be needless to offer any farther illustration.

P. 57. Here is a series of epigrams, as they may be called, or short "meditations" on different broken utensils of glass; from each of which, the poet has endeavoured to extract an appropriate and striking moral. The number of these little pieces in the original MS. is considerable: I have selected those which appeared the most ingenious, and poetical.

P. 59. l. 3 *Though your lyfe's goold-spinning thred*
*Promis an immortal weed.*

*Weed* formerly meant, and in the plural, *weeds*, still means a garment, or covering, and in that sense was used for the skin, which is the natural covering of the body. So Carew:

Thy teeth, in white, do Leda's swan exceed,
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortal weed.

*See the ground where on you stand;*
All's a *wrinkeling* hill of sand.

An expressive epithet: you seem to see the sand crumbling away.

*Though your idle poets seeke*
*Constellations in your cheeke,*
*And miscall your eyes above*
*Double christallins of love.*

See the "Duell" between the lips and eyes, p. 29. and the note, p. 338.

See the *idol* of your lover—
*Earth put in a christall cover!*
*Which though yet it shine in you,*
*First was made of ashes too.*

Among the poems of the "*Amalthei*," three poetical brothers, in the 16th century, and perhaps the best Latin poets, and most elegant scholars of their age, there is a very pretty epigram, on the ashes of a lover made into sand for an hour-glass; it is thus entitled:

HOROLOGIUM PULVEREUM, TUMULUS ALCIPPI

Perspicuo in vitro, pulvis, qui dividit horas,
Dum vagus angustum sæpe recurrit iter,
Olim erat Alcippus, qui, Gallæ ut vidit ocellos,
Arsit, et est cæco factus ab igne cinis.
Irrequiete cinis! miseros testabere amantes
More tuo, nulla posse quiete frui.

P. 60. The most famous manufacture for looking-glasses in Europe was formerly at Venice. They are still made in an island near that city; but are now surpassed by those of France and Spain. This prophecy of the poet has been sadly verified in our days.

P. 61. l. 9. Where every *giant attome*, &c.
A striking antithesis.

P. 61. A broken perspective glass.
Archimedes, the greatest mathematician, it would seem, that ever lived, constructed a glass sphere, in which were shown the positions of all the planets and fixed stars, together with the *motions* of the heavenly bodies. This sphere was justly esteemed such a master-piece of ingenuity, that a representation of it was carved on his tomb. In the progress of time, however, the situation of this tomb had become unknown even to the inhabitants of Syracuse, Archimedes's native place. It was discovered by Cicero, who was very proud of the circumstance. For, having related this adventure in his "Tusculan Q." l. 5. he thus concludes: "Ita nobilissima Græciæ civitas quondam, imo etiam doctissima, sui civis unius acutissimi monumentum ignorâsset, nisi ab homine Arpinate didicisset."

The following epigram, by Claudian, on the glass sphere of Archimedes, has always been deservedly admired.

## IN SPHÆRAM ARCHIMEDIS.

Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret æthera vitro,
Risit, et ad superos talia dicta dedit;
Huccine mortalis progressa potentia curæ?
Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor.
Jura poli, rerumque fidem, legesque Deorum,
Ecce Syracosius transtulit arte senex.
Inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris,
Et vivum certis motibus urget opus.
Percurrit proprium mentitus signifer annum,
Et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit;
Jamque suum volvens audax industria mundum,
Gaudet, et humanâ sidera mente regit.
Quid falso insontem tonitru Salmonea miror?
Æmula Naturæ parva reperta manus.

Galileo invented the telescope about the year 1609; and also the pendulum, which was first applied to clock-work by his son.

P. 63. l. 7. *This glass was pure, &c.*
A pretty description of a still.

P. 64. l. 3. *Vaunt me no more your captive there*
*Enchayned in a single haire.*

So Pope,

And beauty draws us with a single hair.

We have had so much about glass in these little poems, that I cannot refrain from adding the following admirable passage from the Rambler, on the manufacture of that useful article:

" Who, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat, melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that, in this shapeless lump, lay concealed so many conveniencies of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction, was mankind taught to procure a body, at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time, with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another, with the endless subordination of animal life; and what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself."

P. 68. l. 3. *Since the admired Phœnix nest*
*Lyes all ingrossed in thy breast.*
Gums nor spice bring from the east,
For the Phœnix in her breast
Builds her funeral pile, and nest.—CAREW.

P. 69. l. 9. *That, as in th' other Indian tree,*
*Meate, drink, cloath, light, united be.*

This, I suppose, is an allusion to some fabulous tree in India, which, like the bread-tree in the South Sea Islands, and the tallow-tree, might unite in itself *meate, drinke, and light*; while its leaves or fibres would furnish *cloth*. But of this, and of the " Faire Indian of Amersford" herself, I have no further illustration to offer.

P. 70. l. 8. ——*Cease to repine*
*Thy brother's cruelty to thee, &c.*

Progne and Philomela were sisters, and the daughters of Pandion, king of

Athens. Progne was married to Tereus, king of Thrace. After some time, she expressed a wish to see her sister; upon which Tereus went to Athens to fetch her, but conceiving a criminal passion for her on the road, he ravished her; and to prevent her disclosing the horrid deed, cut out her tongue, and imprisoned her in a lone castle, in a wood; telling her sister on his return, that she had died on the road. Philomela, however, contrived to work her melancholy story in a web, or embroidery, and had it conveyed to Progne, who became enraged to such a pitch of fury, that she killed her own son Itys, and served up a part of him, as a dish to her husband, on his return from hunting. Tereus having feasted heartily upon it, asked to see his son, on which Progne produced the bloody head, and threw it in his face. This tragical affair ended by Tereus being changed into a screech-owl, Progne into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale. See Ovid's Metamorphoses.

P. 72. From this little poem might be drawn a very sublime philosophical speculation. Nature appears to act in a circle. Nothing is lost, nothing new is produced. The individuals perish, the species remain. The destruction of one body is the reproduction of another. Generation springs from the centre of corruption.

> *All has its destined period, all is change.*
> Ceaseless vicissitude and revolution
> Pervade the universe.

The earth, the atmosphere, and the waters, are one immense laboratory, in which a series of compositions and decompositions is perpetually carried on. The quickening energy of the sun, the fountain of light and life, pervades every combination of matter. Magnetism, and attraction, electricity, and galvanism, are his subordinate agents. The moon, and the other heavenly bodies, exert an influence on our globe; our globe in return has a re-action upon them. The various meteors, and other phenomena of the atmosphere, even the fiery tail of the comet, are supposed by many philosophers to owe their origin to vapours and exhalations from our earth. The supposition of the poet, therefore, though fanciful, is not extravagant. From the ashes of a plant manuring the soil, might

certainly spring a more vigorous plant, which scattering its seeds, might in time, phœnix-like, grow up a wood. And from the buried remains of the child, when its body was converted into its original elements,

——Who dare be so rash to say
But thence some milkye vapours given
May feed some new-born star in heaven?

Nay more; who will say, but while the body of the child, reduced to its original elements, is affording nourishment to the new-born star, its soul may be destined to be its inhabitant, and the companion of its course, through the etherial space?

Thou, youngest virgin-daughter of the skies—
Whether adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race, &c.

DRYDEN'S *Ode, on Killigrew.*

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.

SHAKSPEARE.

In what new region to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged *virtue* through th' etherial sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or, curious trace, the long laborious maze,
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?

TICKELL, *on the Death of Addison.*

P. 74. On the first perusal of the opening lines of this poem, one would suppose thatthe poet meant, he had left his mistress young and fair, and had found

her grown old; but so refined is his adulation, that he means quite the contrary. When he left her, not a *bud was blowne,* not *a bloome of beauty past;* and yet, after fifteen years absence, he finds her as young as ever.

P. 74. l. 10. *Round as ther serpent or ther yeare.*
A serpent, with its tail in its mouth, is an emblem of immortality.

P. 75. l. 8. Now *that's eclipst,* and yet you shine.
An allusion to the civil war and usurpation of Cromwell.

P. 76. l. 19. *In tyme by an unseen decay,*
*Nibble the fayrest bankes away.*

So Horace,

——— rura, quæ liris quietâ
*Mordet* aquâ taciturnus amnis.

There is great delicacy and tenderness of sentiment in these lines to his mistress; the thoughts are natural, the imagery is classical, the diction poetical, and the versification melodious.

P. 78. Mr Normington is so much praised in these poems, that I feel the greatest regret at not being able to afford the reader the slightest information concerning him. He appears to have been a great traveller. See pages 10, 15, and 37. I have never heard the name, nor met with it any where else.

L. 7. *What if the river's king*
*Reigne ore the Heleconian spring?*

Phœbus, or Apollo, *the river's king,* was the father of Phæeton, who, having obtained from him, for one day, the management of the chariot of the sun, conducted it so ill, that Jupiter was obliged to throw a thunderbolt at him; and poor Phæeton fell into the *Eridanus,* or *Po,* where he was drowned.

Pindar is called Dircæan, or Dirce's swan, from a fountain of that name in Bæotia, his native country. See Horace's Odes, b. iv. ode 2. and Gray's "Progress of Poesy," I. 2.

P. 82. l. 14. *That other Padus in the sky, &c.*

There is a strange mythological fiction concerning the river Po, in Latin *Padus;* as if it had its origin in heaven, or that there was a river there of that name. This is alluded to both by Virgil and Ovid, but I confess I never could understand it.

Dr Warton, I think, has observed, that English poetry is chiefly deficient in lyrical productions. Songs, and sonnets, hymns, and moral stanzas, epistles, satires, and pastorals, appear to have been the favourite subjects among those of our earlier poets, who addicted themselves to minor compositions in verse. Of the regular ode, in imitation of Pindar, and Horace, whether of the lighter or grander species, I recollect no attempt in our language before the Restoration. The Pindaric rhapsodies of Cowley, and his imitators, are, in general, below criticism, and deservedly forgotten.

Congreve, to whom, according to Johnson, "we owe the cure of our Pindaric madness," says of them, "The character of these late Pindarics, is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like number of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes."

Of this ode it must be allowed, that the subject and metre are happily chosen, and that it possesses a considerable portion of lyric enthusiasm. The allegory of the river is well preserved throughout, and the language is elevated, figurative, and poetical.

# NOTES

TO THE

## HONOURABLE MRS HENRY THIMELBY'S POEMS.

P. 85. MRS THIMELBY was at this time a widow, and, in the expression of her humble sorrows, she seems to think that her child was taken from her on account of her faults, that it might be joined to its father in heaven on account of his virtues.

P. 86. It is pleasing to read such effusions on conjugal affection; "a subject (says Dr Percy) not often celebrated by the libertine muses."

P. 89. H—— T—— is Henry Thimelby, husband of the Authoress.

P. 90. E—— T—— is Edward Thimelby, the poet; and this is an answer to the poem, p. 45, entitled "Self-love mentayned to the faire Self-denyer, my Sister Th.," which was probably written by him. The examples here brought by Mrs Thimelby in illustration and in support of her opinion, are very forcible and

apposite. In honour of the ladies they are all heroines. Birtha, Rhodalind, and Bellario, are female characters in Davenant's "Gondibert," a poem which still finds some readers, and still exercises the ingenuity of critics.

When King Edward I. had been stabbed, as was supposed, by a poisoned dagger in the Holy Land, Eleanor his queen sucked out the poison.

Who was

*That brave dame, who following her lord*
*Stept still before at sight o'th' frightful sword,*

my confined knowledge of minute history will not enable me to explain.

*Say, truth with fables here you mixed see,*
*That shews who were, and these, how we may be.*

A judicious distinction between history and fiction.

P. 92. This is an elegy on the death of the first Lord Aston, who died in 1639, soon after his return from his second embassy in Spain.

L. 11. *For greife does all things els annihilate*
*As not consistent with his high estate.*

So Tickell, in his beautiful Elegy on Addison:

What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires.
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
And flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

——— *I doe the author see,*
*That gave me life, and not that death kill me, &c,*

Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?

SHAKESP. *Rich. III. Act. 2. Sc. 2.*

P. 93. l. 9. *So sweet a winning way he had on all,*
*None knew but loved him.*

"Indeed (says Lloyd) there was in his countenance such a throne of sweetness, and his words had so powerful a charm, set off with so agreeable and taking gravity, that the *respect* due to him was not lost in the *love* he had deserved; nor the *love* he attained to abated by the *respect* he commanded."—*Worthies, vol.* ii. *p.* 249.

In Lord Bagot's house, at Blithfield, about eight miles from Tixall, there is a portrait of the first Lord Aston painted on board. He has a firm, but pleasing countenance; short, light-coloured hair, and whiskers; his dress is black, laced with gold; and round his neck is a triple gold chain, which is said to have been a present from King Charles I.

P. 94. These lines were composed on the marriage of Walter, second Lord Aston, with the Lady Mary Weston, daughter of Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, which took place in the year 1629.

P. 95. l. 7. *Which though to-day, like some bright shrine of art, &c.*

A remarkable story is related of Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia in Spain, who afterwards became a saint. He was appointed to conduct the funeral of a Spanish princess, who had died suddenly, to a town at some distance from Madrid. When the procession arrived at the place of interment, it was his duty to see the face of the princess uncovered, that he might be able to swear that it was really her body. But she was in so short a time, so dreadfully changed, that it was impossible to have known it to be her. His imagination was so struck with this horrid spectacle of one, whom he had seen but a few days before, in all the bloom of youth, and splendour of a court, that he soon after renounced all his honours, titles, and estates, and became a jesuit.

P. 97. Lady Persall was the Honourable Frances Aston, third daughter of the first Lord Aston, and sister to Mrs Henry Thimelby, author of these poems. Sir Wm. Persall of Canwell, her husband, had been previously married to a sister of Sir John Thimelby, of Irnham, so that there was a close connexion between the families. As to *mistick patches*, I fancy there is often a good deal of mystery

in a patch. Those who would be more learned on the subject, may find some information in several papers of the Spectator.

L. 9. *Your heart I feare wept, as your eyes did smile.*

A beautiful line.

P. 98. *How soon these faire and forward springs*
*Are nipt by some unruly blast!*

Thus Milton, "On the death of a fair infant:"

O fairest flower, no sooner blown than blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry.

In the MS. from which the First Division of these poems was copied, there are also some verses "On the Death of Mrs Hall," of which the following seem worthy of preservation: The *fates* Atropos, Clotho, and Lachesis, are introduced spinning the clue of her life; then follows this exclamation:

But ah! the thred was spun too fine
For any touch but hands divine;
Too soft, too slender, and too weake!
Its weight alone must make it breake.
So snapps the lute-string, when it reares
A note too high for mortall eares:
So faints the over strait-laced stemme,
Under the Tulipp's diadem:
And so the thin-blowne buble vyes
T'outpaint the rainbow till it dyes.

P. 99. Milton concludes the poem just quoted above, with sentiments and expressions very similar to these:

Then, thou the mother of so sweet a child
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent.

P. 100. l. 4. *God loves the child that quickly dies.*

This is a Greek proverb. Ον φιλει Θεος αποθνησκει νεος.

*Cannal in mourning.* *Cannal,* is Canwell, the seat of Sir William Persall. The family of Persall, or Pershall, was ancient in Staffordshire; for it appears, that Adam de Pershall, who married Agnes, daughter and heir of John de Caverswall, was sheriff of that county, 15. Edward III.

The estate, and house of Canwell, formerly a priory, and a beautiful spot, about five miles from Lichfield, is now the property of Sir Robert Lawley, Bart.

P. 101. ——————*how soone is sed,*
*A mother's losse, the Lady Persall dead!*

So Waller, 'On the Death of my Lady Rich:'

That horrid word, at once like lightning spread
Strook all our ears—the Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and fatal to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue;
That death should license have to range among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young.

Ibid. Lady Southcote was Elizabeth Aston, eldest daughter of Walter, second Lord Aston, and wife of Sir John Southcote, of Albery, in the parish of Merstham, in Surrey.

"At Albery, was formerly a capital mansion house, the residence of the Southcotes. The family were Roman Catholics, and are said to have quitted in disgust, on being refused burial for one of them in the chancel. The house was called Albery Place, and was taken down in 1750. The chapel is said to have been very splendid. The loss of this family was long felt in the parish, and a grateful remembrance of their extensive charities, has been handed down to the

present day. During their residence, no calamity or casualty happened to an individual, no unproductive season occasioned a scarcity, but ready assistance was given. The last Lady Southcote is said to have been constantly stationed, at certain well-known times, on her garden-terrace overlooking the road, prepared to hear every petition, and to answer every claim on her benevolence."—MANNING'S *Surrey*, vol. ii. p. 260.

"The arms of Southcote were Argent, a Chevron Gules, between three Coots sable."—MORANT'S *Essex*, vol. i. p. 110.

The marriage, commemorated in these lines, took place about the year 1656.

P. 103. l. 10. *Did not her soule shine through the cristall case?*
See the idol of your lover
Earth put in a cristall cover!—See above, p. 59.

l. 15. *It were a sin to wish her here againe:*

This line recalls to my mind a pretty epitaph on a child, I have met with somewhere:

Here lies his parent's hopes and fears,
Once all their joy, now all their tears:
He's now past sense, past fear of pain,
'Twere sin to wish him here again.

P. 104. l. 9. *'Tis his return, &c.*

Waller has the same thought in his poem 'On thePrince of Orange.'

On that fair tree which bears his name,
Blossoms and fruit, at once are found;
In him we all admire the same
His flowery youth with wisdom crowned.

P. 105. The elegies, elegiacal epitaphs, and other plaintive pieces, scattered up and down these poems, are perhaps the best in the whole collection. Just about this time last year, (March 1811) when I was busily employed in transcribing these poems, I received the melancholy intelligence of the death of a young lady, "in her prime," a near relation: the circumstances of which, all together,

might afford as mournful a subject for the elegiac muse, as any affliction of the kind that ever happened. This young lady was Miss Constable, only child of Francis Constable, Esq., of Burton Constable, and Wycliffe, in the county of York. She was near 17 years of age, and died of a rapid decline, in the arms of her disconsolate mother, after an illness of not more than three weeks. Though I did not want any additional cause to recall my mind to the frequent contemplation of this sorrowful subject, yet the accidental circumstance of frequently reading and transcribing these little elegies, naturally gave my thoughts a sort of poetic impulse, till at last I produced the following stanzas; which, in the hope of preserving her name, and as a slender offering to her memory, I am happy to insert in this place.

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## MARIA,

### AN ELEGY.

FRAIL is the virgin lily's flower,
Frail is the blushing rose,
When first in Flora's vernal hour
Their beauties they disclose.

But far more frail, alas! than they
The blooming maid is seen,
Who, mildly bright as dawning day
Steps forth on life's gay scene.

O soft-eyed Pity! lend thine ear,
Thy accents mix with mine;
O drop with me that gushing tear
On this cold marble shrine!

Maria!—speechless at the sound,
I feel my blood run cold—

Do I—within this narrow ground—
Do I thy grave behold!

Youth, beauty, fortune, noble birth,
To grace her steps combined;
To these—a rarer gift on earth—
Was joined a lovely mind.

Sad change! as emulous they strove
To gild her gay career;
Death—treacherous death her shroud had wove—
And laid her lifeless here.

Her parents—ah! my bleeding heart
The lab'ring verse denies;
An only child—their life's best part—
Torn—hurried from their eyes!

But see! triumphant o'er death's power,
Rapt in seraphic love,
She shines a star, who fell a flower,
In endless bliss above.

Fair spirit! bending o'er thy tomb,
I pay this tribute due;
Lost—sunk within this narrow room—
Maria!—oh!—adieu.

# NOTES

TO THE POEMS COLLECTED BY

## THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ASTON.

It is remarkable, that the first poem in this Third Division, like that in the First, is on the sorrows of Mary Magdalen.

Mrs Catherine Gage, to whom it is addressed, was the daughter of Sir Thomas Gage, Bart. of Firle, co. Suff., and second wife to Walter, third Lord Aston. At this time, young unmarried ladies of quality were always stiled Mrs; when that was disused, and they came to be called Miss, I do not know.—In the 'Guardian,' published 1713, the young ladies of the Lizard family are stiled Mrs Jane, Mrs Mary, Mrs Betty.

P. 112. I have found this song, in a curious little miscellany, entitled, "Westminster Drollery, or a choice collection of the newest songs and poems, both at court, and the theatres. By a person of quality. London 1671:" but it is very different from the copy in this collection, and much inferior to it. In the next page of the same miscellany are the following charming lines:

## A SONG AT THE DUKE'S HOUSE.

O! fain would I, before I die,
Bequeath to thee a legacy;
That thou maist say, when I am gone,
None had my heart but thou alone!
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as lover's fears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and onely should be yours.
Dearest, before you condescend
To entertain a bosom friend,
Before your liberty you sell,
Be sure you know your servant well:
For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis sometimes hot, and sometimes cold;
And men you know that when they please,
They can be sick of love's disease.
Then wisely chuse a friend that may
Last for an age, and not a day:
Who loves thee not for lip or eye,
But for thy mutual sympathie.
Let such a friend thy heart engage,
For he will comfort thee in age:
And kiss thy furrowed wrinkled brow
With as much joy as I do now.

P. 114. *Love surfeits with reward, his nurse is scorne.*

Sir John Suckling says,

Love's a camelion that lives on mere air,
And surfeits when it comes to grosser fare.

'Tis petty jealousies, and little fears,
Hopes joined with doubts, and joys with April tears,
That crown our love with pleasures; these are gone
When once we come to full fruition.

P. 117. This song is in a miscellany, entitled, "Mock Songs and Joking Poems, all novel; consisting of Mocks to several late Songs about the Town. With other New Songs, and Ingenious Pieces, much in use at Court, and both Theatres. Never before printed. By the author of Westminster Drollery. London, printed for W. Birch, at the Peacock, in the Poultry, near Old-Jury, 1675."

P. 118. l. 3. ——————*The river staies,*
*Delighted with thy pleasing laies:*

Thus Virgil:

Pastorum Musam, Damonis, et Alphèsibæi,
Immemor herbarum, quos est mirata juvenca,
Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces,
*Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.*

Eclog. viii.

And Milton in Cōmus:

Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal.

P. 122. These fine moral stanzas were first printed at the end of a play, called "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses," by James Shirley; a deservedly admired dramatic author; who died immediately after the great fire in London in 1666, in consequence, as is supposed, of the fright occasioned by that calamity. His wife died the same day, it is said, from the same cause. This song is both in Percy's "Reliques," and Ellis's "Specimens," but with some slight variations. In the MS. over the word *actions*, in the last line but one, is written *ashes*, which is perhaps an improvement.

P. 126. *Blushing Aurora lead the way*
*Before the monarke of the day:*

Thomson calls the sun,

the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east.

P. 132. This " Dirge" appears to be the love-song of some Ophelia, or distracted maiden, whose lover was drowned. There is a pathetic simplicity of sentiment, and a sweetness of numbers in it, which remind one of some of the little songs, in the plays of Shakespeare.

P. 134. XXI. These lines, though with considerable variations, are to be found in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of " Valentinian." Not being aware of this, till this part of the Tixall Poetry was printed, I had endeavoured to supply both the sense and the rhymes, which were wanting in the original MS., by the lines in italics.

P. 137. XXIV. These stanzas are in Headley's Work, but very different from the copy given here.

P. 140. *Like a deer that is wounded I bleeding run on, &c.*

This poetical simile, (whoever was the original author of it,) seems to have been taken, in this instance, from Virgil:

Uritur infelix Dido, totâque vagatur
Urbe furens; *qualis conjectâ cerva sagittâ,*
Quam procul incautam, nemora inter Cressia fixit
Pastor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum,
Nescius; illa frugâ silvas saltusque peragrat
Dictæos, *hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

P. 142. l. 15. *I lost him too soone, and I loved him too late.*

A sweet line.

P. 143. Among the poems of Cartwright, who flourished in the reign of Charles I. there is one which begins in the same spirited manner as this. I have transcribed the two first stanzas, on account of the singularity of the subject.

## NO PLATONIQUE LOVE.

Tell me no more of minds embracing minds,
And hearts exchanged for hearts;
That spirits spirits meet, as winds do winds,
And mix their subtlest parts:
That two unbodied essences may kiss
And then, like angels twist, and feel one bliss.

I was that silly thing that once was wrought
To practise this thin love;
I climbed from sex to soul, from soul to thought;
But thinking there to move,
Headlong I rowled from thought to soul, and then,
From soul I lighted at the sex agen.

P. 144. This Song, of the Witches, was composed by Sir William Davenant, and introduced into his alteration of the tragedy of "Macbeth," in 1674. I have left it among these poems chiefly on account of that strange line,

*To some old saier bardy shrine.*

As a striking instance, how the words, and sense of an author may be corrupted, and destroyed, by an ignorant, or careless copier; the true reading is,

*'To some old saw, or bardish rhyme.'*

And the former been the only reading known, and the latter supplied by some ingenious commentator, it might have been considered, as one of the happiest emendations of conjectural criticism.

P. 152. XXXV. "By Sir Charles Sedley, in Sir George Etherege's comedy of *The Man of Mode.*" Ritson, "Songs," v. i. 177.

[Mr Nichols, in his collection, gives this 'from the French of Madame de la Suze,' by Sir Car Scrope.]—PARK.

P. 158. I have found this short description of a storm, in a little miscellany,

entitled, " New Court-Songs, and Poems. By R. V. Gent. London, printed for R. Paslac at the Stationer's Arms and Ink-Bottle in Lumbard Street, 1672."

The line in italics was added by the editor for the sake of the rhyme.

P. 159. This poem alludes, I imagine, to the abdication of James II. in 1688. *Albina,* is Albion, or England, and Albanius the king, who, before he ascended the throne, was Duke of York in England, and Albany, in Scotland; the titles of his present majesty's second son.

P. 161. l. 3. *But when I think cold death draws nigh*
*I grieve to loose my pleasing paine*
*And call my wishes back again.*

So Gray, in those well-known pathetic lines:

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

P. 162. l. 8. *And yet Ide lie on racks of paine,*
*Ere ide a thought or wish obtain*
*That honour thinks amiss.*

Thus Dido, in that most beautiful passage of the fourth book of the Æneid:

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,
Ante, Pudor! quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo.

P. 164. These solemn stanzas, which commemorate one of the most memorable and tragical events of Roman history, the death of Pompey the Great, were written by *the most deservedly admired* Mrs Katherine Phillips, *the matchless* Orinda, as she is stiled in the title-page of her poems, printed in 1667. She translated the *Pompée* of Corneille, which was published with the following advertisement:

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

"I HOPE you expect no eloquence from a printer, nor regularity in a preface which hath nothing to say to you, but that Pompey being a translation out of the French of Mr Corneille, the hand that did it, is responsible for nothing but the English, and the songs between the acts, which were added only to lengthen the Play, and make it fitter for the stage, when those that could not be refused, were resolved to have it acted."

After the Third Act, "to Cornelia asleep on a couch," Pompey's ghost sings these stanzas in recitative air.

After this, a military dance as the continuation of her dream, and then Cornelia starts up as awakened in amazement, saying,

What have I seen! and whither is it gone!
How great the vision! and how quickly done!
Yet if in dreams we future things can see,
There's still some joy laid up in Fate for me.—[*Exit.*

P. 166. This poem, though exceedingly different from what is here published, is to be found in the first act of Lee's "Theodosius." St Chrisostome was archbishop of Constantinople, in the 4th century. Gibbon has given the following account of the subject of this poem: "From a motive either of prudence or religion, she, (Pulcheria) embraced a life of celibacy; and this resolution, which she communicated to her sisters Arcadia and Marina, was celebrated by the Christian world, as the sublimest effort of heroic piety. In the presence of the clergy and people, the three daughters of Arcadius dedicated their virginity to God; and the obligation of their solemn vow was inscribed on a tablet of gold and gems, which they publickly offered in the great church of Constantinople. Their palace was converted into a monastery; and all males, except the guides of their conscience, were scrupulously excluded from the holy threshold. Pulcheria, her two sisters, and a chosen train of favoured damsels, formed a religious community; they renounced the vanity of dress, interrupted by frequent fasts their simple and frugal diet, allotted a portion of their time to works of embroidery,

and devoted several hours of the day and night to the exercise of prayer and psalmody." The reader will be struck with the resemblance of this poem to that celebrated song, by Dr Percy, "Say, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me."

P. 172. This lively ballad I have discovered, in a little volume, entitled "Westminster Drollery, the Second Part; being a complete Collection of all the newest and choicest Songs, and Poems, at Court, and both the Theatres. By the authors of the First Part, never printed before. London, 1672." I have corrected from it, my MS. copy, which was very faulty. In the printed miscellany, it is called "The Rural Dance about the May-Pole."

In the second volume of that learned and useful work, Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature, and scarce Books," there is a specimen of songs, which occur in various rare plays, in the Garrick Collection. Among them, is the following, from "Actæon and Diana," by Robert Cox. No date.

*SONG.*

Come ye young men, come along,
With your musique, dance and song,
Bring your lasses in your hands,
For 'tis that which Love commands;
Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth.
Then, &c.

Here each batchelor may chuse
One that will not faith abuse;
Nor repay with coy disdain,
Love that should be loved again.
Then, &c.

And when you well reckoned have
What kisses you your sweethearts gave,
Take them all again, and more,
It will never make them poor.
Then, &c.

When you thus have spent the time
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repaire at night,
And dream there of your day's delight.
Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

P. 177. l. 15. *Your studious, thinking, working fancy,*
*Never leades a quiet life,*
*We gently play with Cate, and Nancy,*
*Free from all debate and strife.*

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

MILTON'S *Lycidas.*

P. 178. This poem, but with great variations from my MS., is to be found in a book, well known, I believe, to collectors, entitled, "Recreations for ingenious Head-pieces; or a Pleasant Grove for their Wits to walke in, of *Epigrams*, 700. *Epitaphs*, 200. *Fancies*, a number. *Fantasticks*, abundance. With their Addition, Multiplication, and Division. Mart. Non cuique datur habere nasum. London, printed by *M. Simmons*, and are to be sold by *John Hancock*, in *Pope's-head* Alley. 1650."

Besides this title, there is a very curious frontispiece, with the following en-

graved title in the middle of it: " Recreations *refined and augmented with* Ingenious Conceites *for the wittie, and* Merrie Medicines *for the* Melancholie."

P. 183. This song is in Dryden's works, and is there entitled " The Fair Stranger;" but it is divided into four stanzas, and is, in other respects, so unlike my copy, as almost to render it a different production. There are also two very different copies of it, in my MS. The Heveninghams, pronounced Henningham, were a Roman Catholic family, and resided at Aston, near Stone, in Staffordshire; now the property of my brother-in-law, Thomas Weld, Esq. of Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire.

P. 184. In the MS. this song is set to music; but a lady, whom I requested to play it, declared she could make little or nothing of it.

P. 185. This song, from Lee's tragedy of " Mithridates," has been ascribed to Sir Car Scrope, one of the mob of gentlemen and wits in Charles's days, who " thought and wrote with ease."

P. 186. LV. I am very much pleased with the structure, and metre, of this little poem, of which I have never met with an example any where else. As a further illustration of its structure, I submit the following composition to the reader, in which I have endeavoured to make the rhymes more exact than those in the text.

## TO MATILDA,

### ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIGAE

When first, in all thy youthful charms,
And dazzling beauty's pride,
Heightened by infant Love's alarms,
The nuptial knot was tied,
Which gave thee to my longing arms,
A blooming, blushing bride:

Entranced in Hymen's blissful bowers,
We hailed each rising sun,
While winged with joy the rosy hours
In ecstacy flew on;
And still we blest the heavenly powers,
Who joined our hearts in one.

Now, as with fairy-footed tread,
Time steals our years away,
Thy mildly-beaming virtues spread
Soft influence o'er life's way;
Insuring to our peaceful shed,
Love's bliss without decay.

P 186. l. 13. *When on the waves I left my faire*
*The center of my joy.*

One can hardly conceive a harder trial to the feelings, than that of parting with a dearly beloved object, who is about to embark on a long voyage. The frailty of the vessel, the dangers of the ocean, with the difficulty, and uncertainty of future communication, all combine to heighten the distress. This pathetic situation did not escape the tender Otway:

But, oh, Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I am alone already;
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off, the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked.

*Orphan, Act V.*

P. 189. LVII. Ritson gives this to Rochester.
*I cannot change as others doe, &c.*

Constancy in love, even under scorns and repulses, is much extolled by Lord Surrey, as in the following lines:

No, thinke me not so lighte,
Nor of so churlish kinde,
Though it lay in my mighte,
My bondage to unbinde.
* * * *
The fire it cannot frese;
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true love cannot lese
The constancye of minde:
Yet as soon shall the fire,
Want heate to blaze, and burne,
As I in such desire,
Have once a thought to turne.

P. 193. This poem, I imagine, contains an allusion to the misfortunes and abdication of James II.

P. 197. *For who, alas! can happy be,*
*That does the truth of all things see?*

*For 'tis a truth to be believed,*
*That more or less we're all deceived.*

The opinion expressed in these lines, is well illustrated by the following passage from Swift: "Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe, and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding, or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition: That *it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived.**

* Johnson has somewhere defined happiness to be, *A perpetual susceptibility of occasional pleasure.*

"How fading and insipid do all objects accost us, that are not conveyed in the vehicle of *delusion!* How shrunk is every thing as it appears in the glass of nature! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish, and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity, and enjoyments of mortal men."—*Tale of a Tub, Sect. IX.*

P. 203. l. 15. *But kind were the powers, who, our quiet to keepe,*
*Sent love to relieve us, and lull us asleepe.*

So Lord Rochester, in those well-known lines:

Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The surest refuge innocence can find;
The safe director of unguarded youth,
Fraught with kind wishes, and secured by truth:
That cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

# NOTES

TO THE

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I HAVE no other authority to produce, in proof of this Ode being the production of Dryden, but what is contained in the title, which is printed, just as it is in the original MS. The internal evidence is strongly in its favour. It has all the characters of Dryden's genius, and manner.

When Dryden, on the accession of James II. became a Roman Catholic, it is very probable, that he would form an acquaintance with the principal families of that persuasion, in England, in his time. Among these, that of Stafford was one of the most conspicuous; and the more so, from the circumstance of Lord Stafford having most unjustly been put to death, in 1680, for his supposed participation in Oates's plot. The principal witness against him, was one Dugdale, who had been steward to Lord Aston, but was discharged from his service, for having defrauded his lordship of a large sum of money. This perjured wretch declared, that he had assisted at a great consultation of Catholics, at Tixall, at which Lord Stafford was present; and swore, that his Lordship, on that occasion, had

given his *full particular assent* to take away the life of the king.—(See Hume's Hist. vol. viii. p. 145. Fox's Hist. of James II. p. 37—44.)

As Tixall is only four miles from Stafford castle, which was the ancient seat of the Staffords; and, as there was always a close connexion between the two families, it can excite no surprise, that a copy of Dryden's poem should have been discovered there.

Of George Holman, Esq. and his family, the only information I have been able to obtain, is contained in the following account, which was transmitted to my friend, the Rev. John Kirk, of Lichfield, by that intelligent antiquary, Mr Sharp, of Coventry.

"Philip Holman, Esq. purchased the manor of Warkworth, (co. Northampton,) of Richard Chetwood, Esq. son of Sir Richard Chetwood. Clarke's "Mirror" is dedicated to him, by which it appears, that he was born in the parish of Bennet-Fis, London, (of which, Clarke was dissenting minister,) and was a benefactor to the parish, giving a house for the minister, &c. This dedication is dated, 'from my study in Thredneedle street, this seventinth of November, 1656.'

He was buried in Warkworth church, and upon a modern white marble, under these arms, *a cheveron, between three pheons,* is this inscription, (in capitals:)

*Hic jacet Philippus Holman Dominus de Warkworth, &c. Qui obiit A. Salutis,* 1669. *Ætatis suæ* 76.

Upon a marble, on the ground, near the chancel, under these arms: Holman impaling Howard, quartering a *cheveron;* crest, *a cross-bow, between two wings,* is this inscription:

*Hic jacet Georgius Holman, dominus de Warkworth, &c. qui duxit in uxorem, Anastasiam, filiam minimam natu, Gulielmi, Vicecomitis Stafford, et Marie Vicecomitissæ Stafford, quæ novem illi liberos peperit, é quibus, sunt superstites quinque, Gulielmus, et Carolus, Maria, Anna, et Isabella novissima posthumaque, obiit,* 19. *die Maii.*

*Anno* { *Salutis,* 1698. / *Ætatis suæ,* 67.

*Cujus animæ propitietur Deus. Amen.*

In the cross aisle, under the arms and crest of Holman, is the following inscription, on a white marble:

*Hic jacet Carolus Holman, filius Georgii Holman, de Warkworth, Armigeri, et Anastasiæ, filiæ Gulielmi, Vicecomitis de Stafford, qui obiit cælebs die ix Aprilis, anno ætatis xxv. salutis MDCCXVII.*

*Cujus animæ propitietur Deus. Amen.*

The mansion was last inhabited by Mr Eyre, (the antagonist of Churton,) but about five years since was pulled down, materials sold, the ponds filled up, and the garden, with a pigeon-house at a small distance, is all that remains to mark the scite of it."

From the epitaph on George Holman, Esq. it appears, that he died in 1698; and that he had by his lady nine children. Dryden became a Catholic in 1684, and I think it probable, that Mr Holman's marriage took place that same year, or the following; which consequently fixes the date of the poem.

P. 207. *And fair St Lucy with the borrowed light*
*Of moon and stars, had lengthened night.*

Dryden here shows his knowledge of the Roman calendar, and martyrology. The feast of St Lucy, Virgin, and Martyr, is kept on the 13th of December, which is within eight days of the winter solstice, the shortest day of the year.

P. 207. l. 9. *From her their glorious resurrection came.*

Anastasia, in Greek, means resurrection. The feast of St Anastasia, martyr, is kept on Christmas day, probably from the circumstance, that the popes anciently said their second mass of Christmas night, or rather that of the morning, in the church of St Anastasia, in Rome; whence, a commemoration of her is made in the second mass.—(BUTLER'S "*Saints' Lives*," vol. xii. p. 336.)

l. 13. *And she, to marriage then, her second birth was born.*

From this line, I think, we may infer that the marriage was celebrated on Christmas day.

When we combine all these circumstances, that the lady, her husband, and the poet, were Roman Catholics, for which religion Lord Stafford had lately

suffered; that her name was Anastasia, and that her marriage took place on Christmas day, on which also the feast of St Anastasia is kept; we must allow that Dryden has shown his usual skill, and address, in adapting these topics to the occasion, and has exhibited them with the fancy and language of a poet.

P. 209. l. 9. *Their father's innocence and truth to show.*

Both Hume, and Fox, in the places cited above, have borne ample testimony to the innocence of Lord Stafford.

P. 210. l. 7. *Then, as the storms are more allay'd,*
*And waves decay'd,*
*Send out the beauteous blooming maid:*
*And let that virgin dove bring to her house again*
*An olive-branch of peace in triumph o'er the main.*

These beautiful lines afford a further proof, that this marriage did not take place, till some years after the execution of Lord Stafford. I imagine, that soon after his death, his family, to avoid the persecution of the times, went abroad; and that their return, probably to celebrate this marriage, is alluded to in the conclusion of the last line.

P. 211. *When innocence and truth became a crime, &c.*

It is probable, that Mr Holman, and many other Catholics, with their families, would leave England at this most unfortunate and turbulent period. The poet has given him a high character.

This Pindaric ode appears to me, to be, in every respect, worthy of the genius, and fame of Dryden.

P. 213. Of Sir Richard Fanshaw, the reader will find some account, in the "General Biographical Dictionary," in *Wood's* "Fasti," xi. 43. and in *Ellis's* "Specimens." He distinguished himself so much as a translator, as to draw from Sir John Denham, the following high encomium:

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line,

Those are the laboured births of slavish brains,
Not the effects of poetry, but pains.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations, and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame:
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

His poetical talents, however, are not held in such high estimation, at the present day, as they were by his contemporaries. His principal performance, the translation of the Lusiad of Camoens, has been entirely superseded by that of Mickle; though he must be allowed the merit, of having been the first, who introduced the Portuguese poet to the English reader.

The occasion of his composing the two little poems, in this Collection, is related in the letter subjoined to them; which was written on the same sheet as the poems. The writer of the letter, was the Honourable Constantia Aston, youngest daughter of the first Lord Aston, and wife of Walter Fowler, Esq. of St Thomas Priory, near Tixall. It was addressed to Herbert Aston, her second brother, who was then at Madrid, with his father, Lord Aston, ambassador to the court of Spain, from King Charles I. The letter, and poems, were probably sent in a parcel, with others, and conveyed to Madrid, by Sir Richard Fanshaw, who appears to have been very intimate with the Aston family. Among the letters, which I found at Tixall, there are eight very curious and interesting ones, from the same Constantia Fowler, to her brother Herbert Aston. The first is dated, "Colton, the 11th of August, 1636." I shall now give some extracts from it, and from some of the others:—"Wee here Mr Fanshew is in London, and porpeses to com downe, which I rejoyce at mightyly." —"Mr Fanshew has made us beleeve a great while he would come downe, but it seemes his bisnes is such it will not permit him, for he has just this day sent us letters of yours from him, which he has kept all this time, thinking to bring them himselfe. I will send your letter safe to Mrs Thimelby."—"You writt me word in your letter by Mr Fanshaw, that heretofore you sent me verses which began (Whilest here Eclipesed) this letter I did never receave, nor verses which I am most truly afflicted att, and if you doe truely love me doe not denye me, but send them me againe; for you knowe not how much I suffer that they

are lost; therefore, prethee, dere brother, send them me agane and I hope they will have better locke. ' Ah when shall I see you."—" Mr Fanshaw sent us word he went within two dayes, and soe I was fayne to send won up secretly to him post with a box which I hope he will saefely bring you; for I was soe desirus you might have it by him, because I know not when I should get it so saefly convay'd to you."

Colton, the place from which these letters are dated, and where Sir R. Fanshaw wrote the poems, was a seat of Lord Aston's, about six miles from Tixall. It was, according to Pennant,* a magnificent old mansion, and contained eighty lodging rooms; but it was burnt to the ground, a few years after this time, by the carelessness of a servant. On the spot where it stood, which commands a delightful view of the river, and vale, of Trent, there is now a farm-house, the property of Lord Viscount Anson, of Shugborough.

During Lord Aston's absence in Spain, it appears to have been the occasional residence of his three daughters, Lady Persall, Gertrude Aston, afterwards Mrs Henry Thimelby, (who in the letter is called my sister Gatt,) and Mrs Fowler.

When Sir R. Fanshaw had this " Dreame," he certainly was sleeping on the same part of Parnassus, as Spenser was on, when he wrote his " Prothalamion, or a Spousall Verse," as I think will appear by the following extract:

" With that I saw two swannes of goodly hewe,
Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was, (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near."

And soon after he mentions the

——————————lovely fowles,
Which through the skie draw Venus' silver teeme.

* Journey from Chester to London.

The plagiarism was rather too glaring, but the ladies probably knew nothing of it.

The Trent, at least in these parts, is famous for swans. I once counted on each side of Wolseley Bridge, which is about two miles from Colton, altogether five-and-thirty.

The other poem, entitled "Celia," is neat and elegant, and a fair specimen of courtly gallantry. It is a proof that Sir R. Fanshaw possessed a lively and refined imagination, when he could take advantage of such a trifling circumstance.

Towards the end of a copy of Sir R. Fanshaw's poems, in the library at Tixall, there are some latin verses "Ad Dominam navigantem," with an English translation, of which the four first lines are so uncommonly elegant, so highly polished, and so sweetly melodious, that I cannot refrain from inserting them here; though I do not believe them to be the production of Sir R. Fanshaw.

O Diva, O Formosa vale: non ventus, et æquor,
Cordibus intumeant oculisque simillima nostris:
Sed vultus imitata tuos, pectusque serenum
Mulceat Aura aures, blandumque arrideat æquor.

Farewell, fair saint; let not the seas, and wind,
Swell like the eyes, and hearts, you leave behind;
But smooth, and gentle, as the looks you wear,
Smile in your face, and whisper in your ear.

The reader will be struck with the resemblance between these exquisite verses, and the following tender lines, from one of Collins's Eclogues:

Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise,
Weak, and unfelt, as these rejected sighs!

P. 216. Sidney Godolphin was brother to the treasurer Godolphin; "a

young gentleman of incomparable parts," says Lord Clarendon; who has given him a very high character, drawn with great minuteness, in the account of his own life, and in the history of the rebellion. He was born in 1610, sent to Exeter College, Oxford, 1629, where he continued seven years. He was killed at the attack of Chagford, in Devonshire, 1643. His translation of the fourth book of the Æneid, in which he was assisted by Waller, was printed in 1658, 12mo. and may be found in Dryden's "Miscellanies," (ed. 1716,) vol. iv. p. 134.—(Ellis's "Specimens.")

Hobbes dedicated his "Leviathan" to S. Godolphin's brother, and the dedication opens as follows:

"HONOR'D SIR,

"Your most worthy brother, Mr *Sidney Godolphin*, when he lived, was pleased to think my studies something, and otherwise to oblige me, as you know, with reall testimonies of his good opinion, great in themselves, and the greater for the worthinesse of his person. For there is not any vertue that disposeth a man either to the service of God, or to the service of his country, to civill society, or private friendship, that did not manifestly appear in his conversation, not as acquired by necessity, or affected upon occasion, but inherent, and shining in a generous constitution of his nature. Therefore, in honour and gratitude to him, and with devotion to yourselfe, I humbly dedicate unto you this my discourse of Common-wealth."

I do not know if any collection of S. Godolphin's poems has been published, or if these lines, "For Love," have ever appeared in print before. They exhibit a justness, and propriety of thought, and a spirit, and vigour of expression, which may justly excite regret that his poetical compositions are not more numerous.

P. 219. These verses do not appear in the common editions of Waller's poems. They are much in his style. The title is remarkable; "Mr Waller, when he was *at sea*." "From the verses written at Penshurst, (says Johnson,) it has been collected, that he diverted his disappointment by a *voyage;* and his biographers, from his poem on the Whales, think it not improbable that he visited

the Bermudas; but it seems much more likely, that he should amuse himself with forming an imaginary scene, than that so important an incident, as a visit to America, should have been left floating in conjectural probability."

P. 220. Ephelia is a poetical name, which I have not met with elsewhere. There is in this poem both nature, and real passion, forcibly expressed.

In the "Answer to Ephelia," the lines on the Sultan, deserve to be pointed out, particularly this couplet:

> Thy crouching slaves, all silent as the night,
> But at thy nod, all active as the light.

P. 226. The reader will recollect that Gertrude Aston was Mrs Henry Thimelby.

P. 227. Henry Somerset, Esq. of Pentley Court, in Gloucestershire, was eldest son of Lord John Somerset, second son of the first, and renowned Marquis of Worcester: author of "Certamen Religiosum," and "The Golden Apothegms." Henry Somerset married Anne, daughter of Walter, second Lord Aston; and by her had a daughter, who was a nun; and one son, Edward Maria; who married two wives, Clare, and Anne, *sisters*, and daughters of Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, but died without issue in 1711.

I think it probable, that these two poems were written by Herbert Aston, uncle to Mrs Henry Somerset. The second poem is very obscure. Of the names, Marcelia, Parthenia, and Arcasia, I can make nothing.

P. 234. This ode, on Cowley's retirement, was written by Mrs Catherine Philips. It is much superior, in every respect, to a poem, which Cowley wrote on her death.

P. 240. There is something grand, and awful, in this picture of human life, compared with the tempestuous ocean, which imposes on the imagination. The diction, and versification, are not inferior to the images, and sentiments. The

easy, and rapid flow of the verse, and the variety, and exactness, of the rhymes are very remarkable.

I have found this poem in a miscellany, entitled "Chorus Poetarum; or Poems on Several Occasions. By the Duke of Buckingham, the Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, Sir George Etherege, Andrew Marvel, Esq.; the famous Spencer, Madam Behn, and several other eminent persons of this age. Never before printed. London, 1674." Prefixed, is an epistle dedicatory, to Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, by Charles Gildon. In this miscellany, this poem is ascribed to a Mr Motteux, who was a French refugee, and much connected with the wits, and scholars, of his time. He is said to have been killed, in some quarrel, in a brothel in London.

*Where all dissolved to dust, in nature's mass are lost.*

A smoke! a flower! a shadow! and a breath!
Are real things, compared with life and death:
Like bubbles, on the stream of time we pass,
Swell, burst, and mingle with the common mass.—BOYSE.

P. 241. These lines on "Conscience," were written by Sir Edward Sherburne, Kt. descended from an ancient family, seated at Stonyhurst, near Preston, and Blackburn, in Lancashire. He was born in 1618, was a zealous royalist, and in 1641, was appointed clerk of the ordnance. He was well acquainted with the duties of his station, to the discharge of which he dedicated a long life, and was the principal person concerned in drawing up the "Rules, Orders, and Instructions," given to the office of Ordnance in 1683, which, with very few alterations, have been confirmed at the beginning of every reign since, and are those by which the office is now governed. He died in 1702, and was interred in the chapel belonging to the Tower of London.

Sir E. Sherburne was a Roman Catholic; and the fine old mansion, at Stonyhurst, "half castellated, half monastic,"* devolved, about the middle of the last

* See Whitaker's "History of Craven."

century, together with the estate, to the Roman Catholic family of the Welds, of Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire. The late Mr Weld gave it, as an asylum, to the English jesuits of Liege, when they were driven from that city, by the French, in the year 1794. A short time before his death, he aliened it entirely, and transferred it to them as their property. They have made great alterations in it, and have completed very large additions to the old building; and what is very curious, and remarkable, they have introduced into all the principal apartments, the class, and recreation rooms, the refectory, dormitories, &c. the modern invention of gas lights. The house now contains above 200 persons, and is the largest Roman Catholic academy, or college in the kingdom. The grounds about it were formerly laid out in terraces, and ponds, and were adorned with many statues of lead, and stone, after the antique; there was also a large and intricate labyrinth of yew-trees. All this has now given place to a spacious play-ground for the boys.

In the year 1795, the editor of these poems, resided at Stonyhurst, for nearly five months, for the purpose of continuing his education. At that time his elder brother, the Reverend Walter Clifford, who had come there from Liege, was also an inmate of it, and a few years after became a *professed* member of the society of the jesuits, to which he was ardently and enthusiastically attached. But alas! he died in the flower of his age, in the year 1806, in the Jesuits' College, at Palermo, in Sicily, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit
Nulli flebilior quam (mihi.)

He was a young man, of very superior talents, of great literary attainments, a poet, a scholar, and a saint, of the most amiable disposition, and the most engaging manners. For many years he kept up a constant correspondence with the editor, chiefly on literary subjects. He has therefore felt his loss, not only as a brother, but as a companion, and director of his studies, whom he regrets, and laments, from year to year. Truly can he say,

I lost him too soon, and I loved him too late.

He however feels very happy, in this opportunity of coupling the remembrance of his name, with the mention of Stonyhurst; a spot, which he loved, and cherished, during life, and to which his last thoughts were turned in death.

Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart:
Lead through the paths, thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

In the library at Tixall, there is a copy of an edition of Sir Ed. Sherburne's poems, published by himself, and dedicated to the learned Stanley, editor of Eschylus, and author of the "History of Philosophy." It is entitled "Salmacis, Lyrian and Sylvia, Forsaken Lydia, The Rape of Helen, a Commentary thereon; with several other poems, and translations. By Edward Sherburne, Esq. London, printed for Thomas Dring, at the sign of the George, near Clifford's Inn, in Fleet-Street, 1651." His poems have lately been admitted into a collection of the English poets, (vol. vi.) by Mr Chalmers, in 21 volumes, to which is prefixed a short life of the author.

In these lines on "Conscience," the accumulation of images is noble, and impressive; though, perhaps, the "file" and "hammer" are rather degrading. How natural, how lively, how striking is the couplet in italics! It recalls to my memory, a most beautiful passage in "Samson Agonistes."

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place, to find some ease;
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that *like a deadly swarm*
*Of hornets armed*, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.

P. 242. In Sir William Jones's "Commentaries on Asiatic poetry," (cap. 4. de Carm. Pers.) there is an Arabic poem, with a Latin translation, which is so similar in the general cast of sentiment, and turn of expression, to this "Pastoral Protest," that I cannot refuse the reader, the entertainment, of comparing them together. Sir William Jones introduces it with this high encomium. "Hanc poematis speciem haud multum excoluisse videntur Arabes; nam Elegiæ venustatem et elegantiam sibi quasi suo jure vindicantes, carminis amatorii laudem *Persis* concedunt, quos *Turcæ*, ut solent imitantur. Subjiciam tamen carmen Arabicum, à poeta mihi quidem ignoto scriptum, sed ornatum summâ numero rum dulcedine, dictionis suavitate, imaginum splendore, translationum pulchritudine; et quod cum optimis Persarum odis audeo conferre. Complectitur form osæ adolescentulæ descriptionem.

Juro per arcum supercilii, et per medium corpus,
Perque sagittas quibus fascinum suum vibrat;
Et per laterum ejusmollitiem, et acutum aspectûs ensem,
Et frontis splendidi albedinem, et crinium nigrorem,
Perque supercilium, quod somnum ab oculo meo abigit,
Et in me, seu jubet, seu vetat, injuste agit:
Per scorpiones qui a cincinnis ejus emittuntur,
Et veneno imbuuntur ad necandos amatores ob ejus discessum:
Perque rosas genæ ejus, et myrtum lanuginis,
Et rubinum ridentis (labri) et dentium margaritas;
Et per suavem ejus odorem, et aquam dulce labentem
Ab ore ejus, cum favis, et vini guttulis; (*verba* scilicet)
Per collum ejus, cum staturæ ejus ramulo,
Et mamillas in pectore extantes, tanquam mala Punica;
Tergumque dum movet leviter vacillans,
Et dum quiescit; ac per medii corporis gracilitatem;
Et per sericum tactûs illius, et levitatem spiritûs,
Ac per omnes pulchritudinis formas quas complectitur:
Perque benevolentem ejus indolem, et linguæ veritatem;
Per bonam ejus nativitatem, et potentiæ altitudinem,
Nullum esse moscho odorem, si illum olfacimus, præter odorem hujus puellæ,

Et auram ab ejus halitu halitum suum dulcem reddere :
Solem porro nitidum illi esse inferiorem,
Ac lunam (si cum illâ comparetur) abjectissimam videri.

P. 244. This song occurs in " A Collection of Poems written upon several occasions, by several persons. London, 1673." Ritson has inserted it in his " Collection of Songs ;" vol. i. p. 276, and ascribes it to Sir George Etherege? " The note of interrogation annexed to this name, (says Mr Park) bespeaks it as uncertainly ascribed to this witty and wanton author, who, in the licentious reign of our second Charles, was one of the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease."

The concluding paragraph of Hume's Essay, entitled the " Epicurean," is so very similar to this song, that we might almost suppose he had merely dilated it, and turned it into prose. The reader will judge.

" But why does your bosom heave with these sighs, while tears bathe your glowing cheeks? Why disturb your heart with such vain anxieties? Why so often ask me, *How long shall my love yet endure?* Alas! my Celia, can I resolve this question? *Do I know how long my life shall endure?* But does this also disturb your tender breast? And is the image of our frail mortality for ever present with you, to throw a damp on your gayest hours, and poison even those joys which love inspires? Consider rather, that if life be frail, if youth be transitory, we should well employ the present moment, and lose no part of so perishable an existence. Yet a little moment, and *these* shall be no more, we shall be as if we had never been; not a memory of us be left upon earth, and even the fabulous shades below will not afford us a habitation. Our fruitless anxieties, our vain projects, our uncertain speculations, shall all be swallowed up and lost. Our present doubts concerning the original cause of all things, must never, alas! be resolved. This alone we may be certain of, that if any governing mind preside, he must be pleased to see us fulfil the ends of our being, and enjoy that pleasure for which we were created. Let this reflection give ease to your anxious thoughts, but render not your joys too serious, by dwelling for ever upon it. It is sufficient to be once acquainted with this philosophy, in order to give an unbounded loose to love and jollity, and remove all the scruples of a vain superstition; but while youth and passion, my fair one, prompt our eager desires,

we must find gayer subjects of discourse to intermix with these amorous caresses."

P. 245. This spirited song I have found in a miscellany, with this singular title: "Wit at a Venture, or Clio's Privy Garden; containing Songs and Poems on several occasions, never before in print.

——————Potare, et spargere flores
Incipiam, patiarque vel inconsultus haberi.

London, printed for John Edwin, at the Three Roses in Ludgate Street, 1674."

P. 246. The title of the miscellany, in which this poem is to be found, is still more strange than the foregoing: "Holborn Drollery, or the Beautiful Chloret surprised in the Sheets: All the Love Songs and Poems with which she hath been treated this long vacation being published. To which is annexed Flora's Cabinet unlocked. London, 1673."

I do not recollect to have met with a happier, or more expressive description of what is commonly meant by low spirits, vapours, and the blue devils.

P. 248. This song occurs, in a collection, entitled "New Court Songs and Poems. By R. V. Gent. London, printed for R. Paslac, at the Stationer's Arms and Ink-Bottle, in Lumbard Street, 1672."

P. 249. In a collection of "Divers Hymns and Poems on several occasions, by several eminent hands, London, 1708;" these lines are ascribed to Mr Flatman.

P. 250. This happy, and elegant imitation of Ovid, in which are introduced all the great names in English poetry, down to the close of the 17th century, was written, I believe, by Mr John Evelyn, son of the celebrated author of "Sylva," and other ingenious, and useful works.

P. 254. These stanzas were the production of Habington, author of "Castara."

P. 256. I found these beautiful lines, on a scrap of paper, which belonged to a letter, part of the direction on the back of it, being still legible as follows: " These for Mrs Constance Aston, at the Lady Marchiones of Clanricard's, dowager, Red Lion Square —." This must have been written at least as early as 1634, for about that time, or sooner, Constance Aston changed her name, and became Mrs Fowler.

P. 257. These lines afford a presumption, that the poem at page 21, was the production of Edward Thimelby. The thought in the four last lines appears to me original.

P. 259. Mrs E. C. was perhaps Eliza Thimelby, daughter of Sir John Thimelby, and wife of Mr Cottington; probably, Francis Cottington, nephew of Lord Cottington. Of this lady, I have four letters, addressed to her uncle, Herbert Aston, at Bellamour; by whom, these lines to her, on " New Yeares Day," were probably composed. Lord Cottington was twice ambassador in Spain, and died without issue, at Valladolid, in 1653. See his character in Clarendon's " History," vol. i. p. 151.

P. 265. The lines at the top of this page, contain allusions to the commonwealth, and usurpation of Cromwell.

P. 266. I have thought this poem worth preserving for the singularity of the subject, and the manner in which the poet has treated it. Cowley, in his elegy on Crashaw, who died at Loretto, says,

> Angels, (they say) brought the famed chapel there,
> And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.

P. 268. This effusion on love, I ascribe to Herbert Aston.

P. 272. These lines were probably written by Edward Thimelby. His friend was perhaps Henry Neville, a man of some celebrity in his day, who was second son of Sir Henry Neville, Bart. of Billingbere, in Berkshire. The reader will find

some account of him, in Wood, vol. ii. p. 918. and in Brydges's Collins's Peerage, vol. viii. p. 156.

P. 273. These lines were addressed to Walter, third Lord Aston, on his second marriage; with "Catherine Gage," daughter of Sir Thomas Gage of Firle, in Suffolk: Which marriage took place about the year 1680. Catherine Gage, Lady Aston, was the collector of the poems in the Third Division of the Tixall Poetry. The allusions to *good love,* both in the verses and letter which accompanies them, will be explained below.

P. 276. There is, I believe, a poem by Quarles, entitled "Argalus and Parthenia," in which probably this epitaph may be found.

P. 277. I think this pastoral beautiful. It is easy, perspicuous, elegant, and natural. The images are rural, and the verse is melodious. The comparison, between the pleasure of thinking of an absent friend, and the enjoyment of sunshine, through the thick branches of a wood, is highly poetical, and original. I have often contemplated the imagery there described, with great delight, but never met with it in description before. Milton had an eye to the effect, in the expression, *chequered* shade.

P. 283. I must here inform the reader, that Lord Talbot, of Ingestrie, (which is only a mile from Tixall,) has in his possession, a folio MS. beautifully, as well as accurately written, which contains a clear, and concise account of nearly all the parishes, together with the pedigrees of the families, in the Hundred of Pyrehill, in which Tixall stands. This folio MS. was compiled by Walter Chetwynd, Esq. of Ingestrie, the contemporary, and friend of Dr Plot, and of Burton, author of "The History of Leicestershire," one of the first county histories published in England. It had been lent by Lord Talbot, to the late Reverend Stebbing Shaw, and, about two years ago, was in the possession of my learned friend, Samuel Pipe Wolferstan, Esq. of Stadfold, near Tamworth; by whose kindness, I was enabled to make several valuable extracts from it, and among them the following:

"Trent having left Wolseley, and Bishton, passeth by Colton, and so takes its farewell of Pyrehill Hundred. In 20 Conq. Goiffridus held Colton, of Robert

de Stadford, there being then one hide of land, containing 6 carucates, 16 acres of meadow, and a mill, with woods a mile long, and 3 quarters broad; all which was then valued at 50s. and had been the possessions of Odo, and Ulfric, before y^e^ conquest. In y^e^ next age, Hardulfe de Gastenois, (or Wastneys) was lord of it, from whome it came by descent to S^r^ Thomas de Wastneys, Kt, whose daughter and heir, Thomasine, brought it in marriage, Temp. R. 2. to S^r^ Nicholas de Greseley, of Drakelow, Kt. In 7. Iac. S^r^ George Greisley Bart. alieued it to S^r^ Walter Aston, (then Kt. of y^e^ Bath, but after Lord Aston of Forfare, in Scotland,) whose son, Walter, Lord Aston, A° 1658, sold the scite of the manor house, and a great part of the demesnes, to William Chetwynd of Rugeley, Esq. most of y^e^ tenements to y^e^ several occupants, and y^e^ rest, (with the Royalty and Advowson) to his brother, Herbert Aston, Esq. who had also other lands here by his father's gift, on which he built and resided, giving his house the name of Bellamour, in regard it was finished by y^e^ benevolence and affection of his friends."

Had it not been for this MS. of Walter Chetwynd, the knowledge of this last curious fact, respecting the origin of Bellamore, and its name, must have perished. It was totally unknown to my mother, and aunt, the last possessors of it, as well as to all the present descendants of the Aston family. These lines also, on the death of Mrs Katherine Aston, with the epitaph, and the verses and letter, at p. 273, would have been involved in considerable obscurity; in the "darkness visible," of uncertain conjecture, while they are now as clear as noon day. For it appears, that, while Herbert Aston, (for the reason assigned by Walter Chetwynd,) gave to his house, the foreign, and well-sounding name of "Bellamore," he at the same time gave his wife the name of "Good Love," which is the meaning of that same name, in English. It has been variously written: Bellamore, (which I prefer) from the Italian, *Bel Amore*, or Bellamour, from the French.

Herbert Aston's house, "founded on the rock Good Love," is still standing, but greatly altered, and now converted into offices. An elegant, and very commodious modern mansion, was built close by it, a few years ago, by my aunt, the late Honourable Dowager Lady Blount, and is now the property, and seat of Edward Blount, Esq. her second son.

Most willingly, would I here pour forth my mind, and heart, in an attempt to delineate the character of the late Dowager Lady Blount. But the limits I am

forced to observe in these Notes, compel me to desist. I could not find room to express all that I wish, and affection, and gratitude, would forbid me to say less. I must therefore wait for another, and a better opportunity. I shall only observe in this place, that if by the name "Good Love," which Herbert Aston gave his wife, he meant to express all that is excellent, and amiable, in the female character, the name was equally applicable to the late possessor, and restorer of Bellamore. But I must check my feelings and proceed with my work.

P. 285. These elegant lines are much in the manner of Dryden. I cannot point out the author.

P. 287. The "Sick Poetesse," was probably Gertrude Aston.

P. 289. There is much ingenuity, and fancy, in this poem, and the "Recantation;" particularly in the latter. They were probably the production of Edward Thimelby. In one of his "Letters," (without date,) he writes, "At my Lady Englefeild's I shall spend most of my time which *Mr Carrall* gives me in England, into whose passe I am inserted for Flanders, there being no other way of going over." And in a poem in the quarto MS. most likely by him, entitled "A New Yeares Gift," this is the first stanza:

> Come, Janus, thou shalt be my muse to day,
> While I this new yeares debt of verses pay,
> Unto my Normington's and Carrell's bay.

To Caryl, we are indebted for the "Rape of the Lock;" and to him it is dedicated.

> ——This verse to Caryl, muse! is due.

On which Warburton has this note: "Caryl, a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of "Sir Solomon Single," and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellany, originally proposed the subject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two

noble families, those of Lord Petre, and of Mrs Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair."

P. 292. These lines, dictated by affection, and good sense, appear to have been written by, or in the name of, several individuals of the Aston family, probably collected at Tixall, or Bellamore, and were addressed perhaps to the Thimelbyes of Irnham. But I am puzzled to make out some of the Christian names. They may, however, be read, John, Constantia, Katherine, Gertrude, R——? Walter, Frances, and Mary, a daughter of the second Lord Aston.

I am surprised that H. for Herbert, is not among them; but as the A. is quite in his hand, I suspect he held the pen, on this occasion; and the lines being sent perhaps from Bellamore, his signature was therefore considered unnecessary.

P. 294. This, and the following poem, are in the MS. subscribed "Kath. Thyn." and in her hand. I therefore consider them as her composition; and they must have been written, in, or before the year 1638; as about that time she was married to Herbert Aston.

*Sleep, the best ease of the most troubled minde,*
*Rest of our labours, nurse of human kinde.*

——ὕπνος——λύων μελεδήματα
Νήδυμος, ἀμφιχυθείς.

HOMER IL. xxiii. 62.

Λυσιμέριμνε, κόπων ἡδεῖαν ἔχων ἀνάπαυσιν.

ORPHEUS, *Hymn. in Somnum*, ver. 5.

Somne, quies rerum, placidissime somne deorum,
Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corpora duris
Fessa ministeriis mulces, reparasque labori.

OVID. *Metam.* XI. 623.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

YOUNG.

"On this subject," says Headley, "poets of all ages and nations have been very eloquent; suffice it to say, that Shakespeare, in his Henry the Fourth, Part II. Act III. Sc. 1. has surpassed every thing that has hitherto appeared on the same subject." Daniel has a sonnet to sleep, which concludes thus:

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

P. 295. "The Golden Mean." See a poem at p. 88, entitled "Contented Poverty."

P. 297. This pleasing poem has been ascribed to Sir Henry Wotton, a man of great celebrity in his time. My copy has great variations from all the others which I have seen, and the title is quite different. In the other copies it is entitled, "A Description of the Country's Recreations."

P. 300. I am puzzled to make out who is meant by Mrs E. T. It probably means Eliza Thimelby, the same who is celebrated in the Pastoral, p. 277, and also at p. 230; but then I am still at a loss to make out who she was. Sir John Thimelby had an aunt called *Eliza*, who was married to one Henry Clifford, but who he was, or what became of them, I have not ascertained. Sir John's wife was Lady *Elizabeth* Thimelby; his sister *Eliza*, was married to Richard Conquest, Esq. in 1684, and his daughter *Eliza*, to Mr Cottington. Here are four Eliza Thimelbys. The one meant in these poems, I suspect was Sir J. Thimelby's sister, afterwards wife of Richard Conquest; and to clear up the matter, I have imagined, that Herbert Aston, on his first acquaintance with the Thimelbyes, became enamoured of Eliza, but afterwards married her sister Catherine. On this supposition, I ascribe to him the lines at p. 230, the Pastoral, and these Stanzas:

*In such soft whispers, &c.*

So Pope,

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild, as opening gleams of promised heaven.

P. 302. l. 17. *So loude to tulip, &c.*

I do not understand the meaning of this allusion.

P. 303. These stanzas on *happy love* are very beautiful.

l. 14. *The least propriety in any sense.*

Propriety, is to be understood here, for property, in the same sense as in that exquisite passage in Paradise Lost:

> Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
> Of human offspring, sole *propriety*
> In Paradise, of all things common else.

P. 305. I am much amused with the ingenious theory of the gout, and toothach, with which this song concludes. But I do not know, that it would afford much alleviation, under the torture of those painful complaints, to think that they were occasioned by Queen Mab, or Oberon; or by a dance of the fairies.

P. 309. I suppose this was addressed to the second Lord Aston, who was married in the year 1629; which fixes the date of this poem to the year 1658. The hope of the poet,

> to see
> (His) joyes growne up into a jubilye,

Was very nearly fulfilled; for Lord Aston lived to the year 1678, having been married 49 years. His lady survived him.

P. 311. This poem may be found towards the end of Howell's Letters: "A work, containing numberless anecdotes, and historical narratives, and forming one of the most amusing and instructive volumes of the 17th century."—(Cens. Lit. vol. vii. 232.)

P. 315. l. 7. *Whose every sun does still beget*
*An age of woes before it set.*

What a dismal picture, and how forcibly expressed!

P. 319. The passion of love is well described, and finely contrasted with the calmer enjoyments of real friendship.

P. 320. There is a pleasing selection of rural images, in the concluding lines of this little poem, and it is remarkable, that they are all double rhymes. I have discovered this, with some variations, in "A Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, Letters, &c. By Mr Brown, &c. to which is added the Character of a Latitudinarian. London, 1699." It is there entitled "An Imitation of a French Ode, in the ingenious Monsieur St Evremond's Works, tom. ii."

P. 321. This is another Elegy on the death of Catherine Thimelby, Mrs Herbert Aston, and written, I suppose, by her brother Edward. (See above, p. 283. and the note.) As she lived beloved, so she did not die unlamented.

Nothing is wanting to the perfection of this elegy, but a little more clearness of expression, and smoothness of verse. The sentiments are tender, natural, and just. The conflict between reason and affection, between sorrow and resignation, is feelingly described. It appears to have flowed warm from the heart. The conclusion is rational and pious.

END OF THE NOTES.

# APPENDIX.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE WORKS OF MICHAEL DRAYTON.

(1.)

*To my Worthy and Honoured Friend,*

MAISTER VVALTER ASTON.

(1598.)

SIR,

THOUGH without suspition of flatterie I might in more ample and freer tearmes, intimate my affection unto you, yet having so sensible a taste of your generous and noble disposition, which, without this habit of ceremony can estimate my love; I will rather affect brevitie, though it shoulde seeme my fault, then by my tedious complement, to trouble mine owne opinion settled in your judgment and discretion. I make you the patron of this Epistle of the *Black Prince*, which I pray you accept, till more easier houres may offer up from me something more worthy of your view, and my travell.

Yours, truly devoted,

MICH. DRAYTON.

(2.)

# THE BARONS WARS

IN THE RAIGNE OF EDWARD THE SECOND.

WITH ENGLAND'S

# HEROICALL EPISTLES.

BY MICHAELL DRAYTON.

1603.

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*To the Worthy and his most Honored Friend,*

MA. WALTER ASTON.

I WILL not strive m' invention to inforce,
With needless words your eyes to entertaine:
T' observe the formall ordinarie course,
That every one so vulgarly doth faine.
Our interchanged and deliberate choice,
Is with more firme and true election sorted,
Than stands in censure of the common voyce,
That with light humor fondly is transported.

Nor take I patterne of another's praise,
But what my pen can constantly avowe;
Nor walke more publique, nor obscurer wales,
Than vertue bids, and judgement will allow.

So shall my love, and best endeavours serve you,
And still shall studie, still so to deserve you.

MICHAELL DRAYTON.

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